PUNCH

VOL
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1888.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

"HILLO-O-O! Ahoy there!!!"

The Voice—a strong but silvery one, a blend, as it were, of the two sorts of "Sirens" (fog-horn and pretty girl to wit)—sounded, like that of MRS. BROWNING'S "Great God Pan," down in the reeds by the river.

Mr. PUNCH, who was "paddling his own canoe," responded with a sonorous "Aye, aye!" turned with one dexterous stroke his canoe-point shorewards, and—came plump upon old Father THAMES, the unmistakeable "reverend Sire" himself, but "so neat and so clean and well-flannelled withal," that Mr. PUNCH, accustomed of late years to the sort of mulberry-nosed mudlark of the metropolitan Thames-reaches, started in pleased surprise at his old friend's picturesque spick-and-spanness.

A moor-hen scuttled away through the reeds, and a kingfisher flashed like a winged jewel across the creek, as the prow of the Sage's canoe "pointed" at the recumbent Sire of Streams.

"Why, Father, I hardly knew you!" cried Mr. PUNCH.

"Because I appear in my native shape, undisguised by dirt, and unattended by dead dogs," responded Father THAMES, sententiously.

"Well, flannels and a clean face certainly suit you better than a costume *à la chiffonnier*, and reeds and kingfishers are worthier of your poetical antecedents than a retinue of long-shore rubbish." So the Sage.

"Of course," said Father THAMES. "But Civilisation has treated me badly. Precious few kingfishers left, I can tell you; cockney sportsmen and sham ornithologists have taken care of *that!* By the way, you'll find a beaker of Iced Deliciousness down in the moss there. Spare it not,—any more than I hope you will the pernicious fools who do their best to exterminate the Thames *fauna!*"

Then was there music as of nectar sweet
Glug-glugging from some high Olympian bottle;
The sound of shandy-gaff descending fleet
The Sage's throttle.

"But that's not the only bone I have to pick with Civilisation," pursued the Hoary Sire. "They've churned my upper reaches into saffron mud with their pestilent Steam-Launches, and converted my lower ones into a malodorous drain with their trade-refuse. They've potted my moor-hens, and peopled me with sewer-rats. Where they have not been able to make me unclean, they have made me cockneyfied. But they might Defend me!"

"Oho!" cried the Sage. "Then you too, O aged Recluse of the Reeds, O venerable Solitary of the Sedges, have been seduced by the Modern Magazine, have been lured into the maze of Contemporary Polemics!"

"Mr. PUNCH," said Father THAMES, with energy, "a Recluse may be a Patriot. And who should be a Patriot if not I? Once indeed, long, long years ago, my stream was dishonoured by a foreign ship with a broom at its mast-head. Well, well, never mind. *But I don't want it to happen again!!!*"

"Naturally," rejoined Mr. PUNCH. "National Defence is a subject which is now attracting a lot of attention. The

Defence of the Thames is a very essential part of it. An enemy's iron-clads in the Pool would be as little to your mind as torpedo-fishing at Pangbourne; eh, mine Aquatic Ancient?"

"Precisely, my PUNCHIUS! How long then would it be before TOBY there floated, paws upwards, off the Temple Gardens, whilst his Mighty Master mourned in a Tower dungeon?"

"*Sursum corda*, Sire!" responded the cute but ever-cheery Oracle of Fleet Street. "'Tis a far cry to Traitor's Gate. To adapt the Wizard once more:—

"Our Wimbledon has marksmen good,
(Though Dukes be dour and snubs be rude,)
Cockneys are chaps of loyal mood;
On Surrey hills live stalwart men,
On Kentish cliff, in Berkshire glen;

"And many a ship shall be shot-torn,
And many a man to earth be borne,
And many a hulk go up in flames,
Ere foreign foe shall sweep the Thames."

* * * *

Father THAMES gave an exultant whoop that set the Dog of Dogs yapping in joyous sympathy, and startled the distant punt-angler so that he lost the first big 'un he had hooked that afternoon.

"Natheless, my Grand Old Man of Rivers," pursued Mr. PUNCH, "we must look well after *you*. As I said, you look splendid in flannels, but we can rig you out in armour-plate at need. Neither you nor BRITANNIA herself must remain Unprotected. Whilst Scribes scribble, and Optimists orate, and Pessimists perorate, and Officials glose, and ex-Officials growl, I PUNCH, mark, and meditate, and presently shall put my foot down. You know what *that* means!

"My eye, descending from my Den, surveys
Where Thames, gay-decked, but undefended, strays;
Thames, the best-loved of all our Ocean's sons.
They 'd better watch it, our Unknowing Ones!
If they leave you unsafe from source to sea,
They 'll have to reckon, dawdling dolts, with *Me!*

* * * *

Oh, could they flow like thee, and make thy flood
Their great example; clear their minds from mud,
When quiet, be not quite so deadly dull,
Nor, *when* they move, so prompt to make a Mull!

"Shade of DENHAM, forgive me! What 's that you 've got tucked up there, Father THAMES?"

"Well—shem!—it 's—hum!—in point of fact it 's a Blue Book on National Defence!"

"The dickens it is! Find it cheer your course, and solace your solitude?"

"*On the contrary!*" cried Father THAMES, with emphasis. "Fancied it might be nice reading for bad weather, when my patriotic heart aches, and there are no pretty girls about to turn the dull pain into a pleasing flutter. But, as far as I can make out, there 's neither point nor patriotism in it, and I 'd put it aside for pipe-lights."

"Point? Patriotism! Be these your *desiderata*, dear old boy?" cried PUNCHIUS. "Then I think I can put you up to a good thing. Pitch those ponderous pages to limbo. Here 's something worth both your P's, and any number of others into the bargain: such as Pregnancy (of wisdom and wit), Pungency, Polish, Practicality, Pellucidity,—a very peck of P's summed up in one Big Big P—which is PUNCH!!! As to Defence, dear boy, it will arm you (against Dulness and other dangers) better than iron-clads in your estuary, or towers along your steeps. Take it—with my blessing!"

And Mr. PUNCH handed to Father THAMES his

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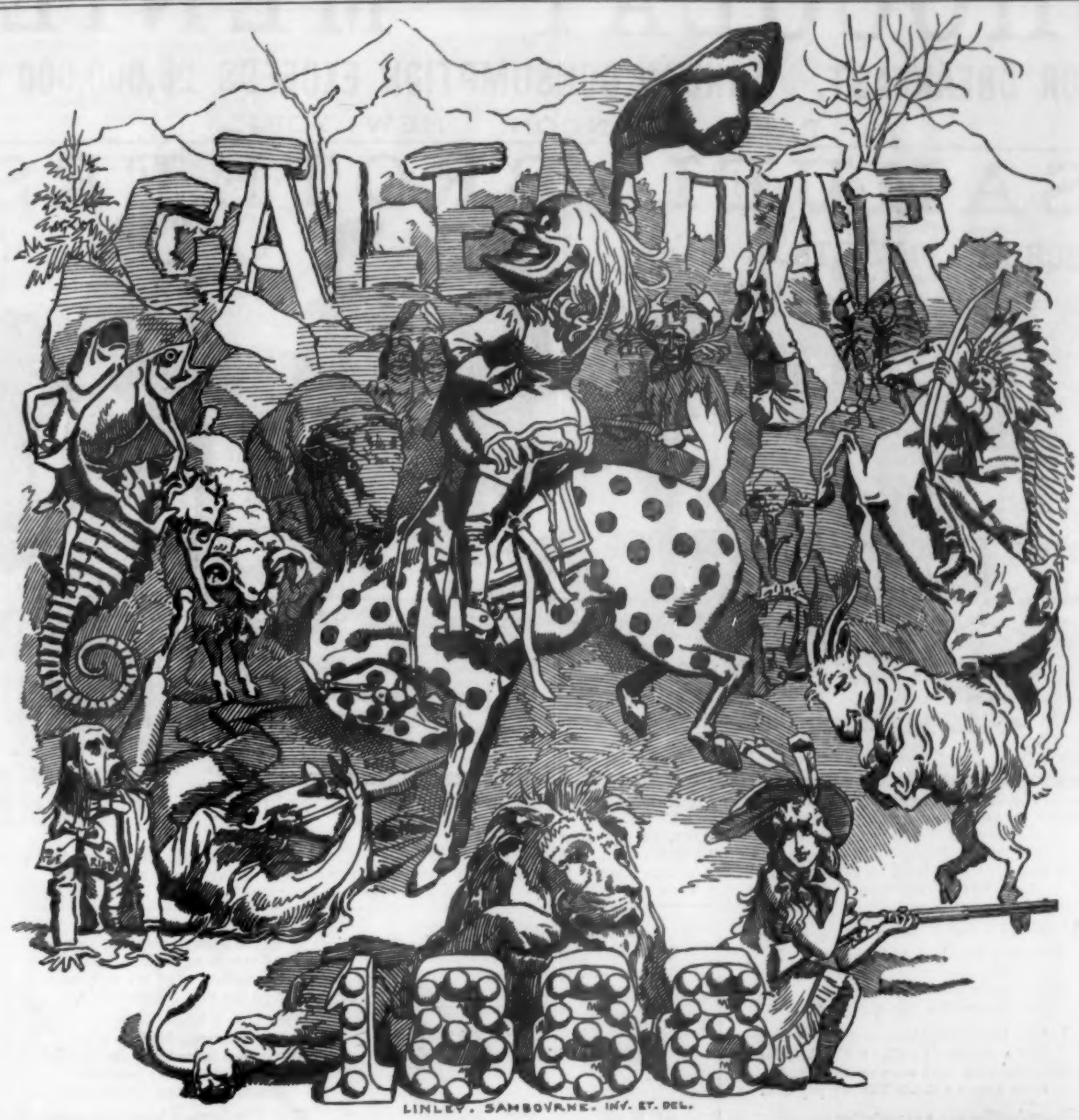


JANUARY xxxi Days.

1	S	S. af. Chr.	17	Tu	Franklin b.
2	M	Abydos t.	18	W	[illegible]
3	Tu	Hunt b.	19	Th	Watt b.
4	W	Sambourne	20	F	Fabian
5	Th	Ed. Conf. d.	21	S	Agnes
6	F	Epiphany	22	S	3 S. af. Epip.
7	S	Bp. Ely d.	23	M	Pitt d. 1806
8	S	1 S. af. Epip	24	Tu	Fox b. 1749
9	M	S. r. 8h. 6m.	25	W	Burns b.
10	Tu	S. s. 4h. 11m.	26	Th	Brazil disc.
11	W	Hil. Sit. b.	27	F	J. Gibson d.
12	Th	Lavater d.	28	S	Prescott d.
13	F	Cam. L.T. b.	29	S	Septuag. S.
14	S	Oxf. L.T. b.	30	M	Chs. I bhd.
15	S	2 S. af. Epip.	31	Tu	B. Jonson b.
16	M	B. Corunna			

FEBRUARY xxix Days.

1	W	S. Grata	16	Th	[illegible]
2	Th	S. Lincoln	17	F	Braham d.
3	F	[illegible] d.	18	S	Luther d.
4	S	S. r. 7h. 36m.	19	S	1 S. in Lent
5	S	Sexag. S.	20	M	J. Hume d.
6	M	S. s. 4h. 56m.	21	Tu	Trinidad t.
7	Tu	Q. of Sc. bh.	22	W	Ferguson d.
8	W	Hf. qr. Day	23	Th	Sir J. Reyn. d.
9	Th	Darnley m.	24	F	Matthias
10	F	Q. V. mar.	25	S	Wren d.
11	S	D. 9h. 41m.	26	S	2 S. in Lent
12	S	Quinqua. S.	27	M	[illegible]
13	M	Revol. 1688	28	Tu	J. Tenniel
14	Tu	Shrove Tu.	29	W	S. Oswald
15	W	Ash Wed.			

MARCH xxxi Days.

1	Th	St. David	17	S	St. Patrick
2	F	Wesley d.	18	S	5 S. in Lent
3	S	S. Morton	19	M	Lucknow t.
4	S	3 S. in Lent	20	Tu	S. Alexand.
5	M	S. r. 6h. 38m.	21	W	Benedict
6	Tu	Du Maurier	22	Th	Goethe d.
7	W	S. s. 5h. 50m.	23	F	Nat. Gal. f.
8	Th	Will. III. d.	24	S	Oxf. L.T. e.
9	F	Cobbett b.	25	S	Palm Sun.
10	S	Schiller b.	26	M	Q. Cam. b.
11	S	4 S. in Lent	27	Tu	Cam. L.T. e.
12	M	Gregory	28	W	Hil. Sit. e.
13	Tu	Talfourd d.	29	Th	B. Towton
14	W	Byng shot	30	F	Good Frid.
15	Th	[illegible] d.	31	S	[illegible]
16	F	Dn. Kent d.			

APRIL xxx Days.

1	S	Easter Sun	16	M	Buffon d.
2	M	Bk. Holiday	17	Tu	S. Calixtus
3	Tu	S. r. 5h. 33m.	18	W	Cam. E.T. b.
4	W	Oxf. L.T. b.	19	Th	Disraeli d.
5	Th	S. s. 6h. 36m.	20	F	Spa. fl. des.
6	F	O. Lady Day	21	S	Racine d.
7	S	Rubini b.	22	S	3 S. af. Eas.
8	S	Low Sun.	23	M	St. George
9	M	Fire Ins. ex.	24	Tu	[illegible]
10	Tu	East. Sit. b.	25	W	Prs. Alice b.
11	W	Canning d.	26	Th	D. Hume b.
12	Th	Young d.	27	F	Gibbon b.
13	F	Handel d.	28	S	[illegible]
14	S	Prs. Beatr. b.	29	S	4 S. af. Eas.
15	S	2 S. af. Eas.	30	M	Fitzroy d.

MAY xxxi Days.

1	Tu	Pr. Arth. b.	17	Th	Talleyrand d.
2	W	S. r. 4h. 31m.	18	F	East. Sit. e.
3	Th	S. s. 7h. 22m.	19	S	Oxf. T.T. b.
4	F	Sering. tkn.	20	S	Whit Sun.
5	S	Nap. I. d.	21	M	Bk. Holiday
6	S	Rogation S.	22	Tu	[illegible] b.
7	M	Nap. I. Col.	23	W	B. Ramillies
8	Tu	D. Jerrold d.	24	Th	Q. Vict. b.
9	W	Hf. qr. Day	25	F	Pr. Hel. b.
10	Th	Ascen. Day	26	S	Augustine
11	F	Chatham d.	27	S	Trin. Sun.
12	S	D. 15h. 27m.	28	M	W. Pitt b.
13	S	S. af. Ascen.	29	Tu	Trin. Sit. b.
14	M	Grattan d.	30	W	Pope d.
15	Tu	O'Connell d.	31	Th	Corp. Chris.
16	W	B. Albuera			

JUNE xxx Days.

1	F	S. r. 3h. 50m.	16	S	[illegible]
2	S	S. s. 8h. 0m.	17	S	3 S. af. Tr.
3	S	1 S. af. T.	18	M	Waterloo
4	M	B. Magenta	19	Tu	[illegible]
5	Tu	Weber d.	20	W	Q. Vic. Ac.
6	W	Calpee tkn.	21	Th	Longest Dy.
7	Th	R. Form Bill	22	F	[illegible]
8	F	[illegible]	23	S	Leibnitz b.
9	S	Dickens d.	24	S	4 S. af. Tr.
10	S	2 S. af. Tr.	25	M	Com. E.T. e.
11	M	[illegible] d.	26	Tu	Geo. IV. d.
12	Tu	D. 16h. 20m.	27	W	Cairo tkn.
13	W	Hastgs. bhd.	28	Th	Q. Vic. Cr.
14	Th	B. Naseby	29	F	St. Peter
15	F	Mag. Charta	30	S	Rousseau d.

JULY xxxi Days.

1	S	5 S. af. Tr.	17	Tu	Punch b. '41
2	M	S. r. 3h. 50m.	18	W	Sherlock d.
3	Tu	B. Sadowa	19	Th	Petrarch d.
4	W	S. s. 8h. 17m.	20	F	Margaret
5	Th	Prs. Hel. m.	21	S	R. Burns d.
6	F	O. Mids. Dy	22	S	8 S. af. Tr.
7	S	Oxf. T.T. e.	23	M	[illegible] b.
8	S	6 S. af. Tr.	24	Tu	Gibral. tkn.
9	M	Fire Ins. ex.	25	W	St. James
10	Tu	[illegible] d.	26	Th	K. Otho d.
11	W	B. Oudon.	27	F	Talavera
12	Th	B. Aghrim	28	S	Cowley d.
13	F	D. Green. b.	29	S	9 S. af. Tr.
14	S	Bastille des.	30	M	W. Penn d.
15	S	7 S. af. Tr.	31	Tu	[illegible] d.
16	M	Beranger d.			

AUGUST xxxi Days.

1	W	Lammas	17	F	Boulton d.
2	Th	B. Zama	18	S	Beattie d.
3	F	S. r. 4h. 23m.	19	S	12 S. af. Tr.
4	S	S. s. 7h. 41m.	20	M	Saragossa
5	S	10 S. af. Tr.	21	Tu	[illegible]
6	M	Bk. Holiday	22	W	B. Bosworth
7	Tu	D. 15h. 1m.	23	Th	Wallace bd.
8	W	Otway b.	24	F	St. Barthol.
9	Th	Dryden b.	25	S	Faraday d.
10	F	C. Keene b.	26	S	13 S. af. Tr.
11	S	Hf. qr. Dy	27	M	Thomson d.
12	S	11 S. af. Tr.	28	Tu	B. Leipsic
13	M	Trin. Sit. e.	29	W	Jno. Bap. bh.
14	Tu	Ld. Clyde d.	30	Th	Paley b.
15	W	W. Scott b.	31	F	Bunyan d.
16	Th	B. Vimeira			

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

1	S	B. Sedan '70	16	S	16 S. af. Tr.
2	S	14 S. af. T.	17	M	Lambert.
3	M	S. r. 5h. 17m.	18	Tu	Geo. I. land.
4	Tu	S. s. 6h. 38m.	19	W	B. Poictiers
5	W	Comte d.	20	Th	B. Alma
6	Th	Colbert d.	21	F	St. Matth.
7	F	[illegible]	22	S	[illegible]
8	S	Na. B.V.M.	23	S	17 S. af. Tr.
9	S	15 S. af. Tr.	24	M	[illegible] d.
10	M	[illegible]	25	Tu	Parsons d.
11	Tu	B. of Delhi	26	W	St. Cyprian
12	W	O.P. Riots	27	Th	[illegible]
13	Th	C. J. Fox d.	28	F	Nicopolis
14	F	Holy Cross	29	S	Mich. Day
15	S	[illegible]	30	S	18 S. af. Tr.

OCTOBER xxxi Days.

1	M	C. m. M.T. b.	17	W	Etheldreda
2	Tu	Arago d.	18	Th	St. Luke
3	W	S. r. 6h. 6m.	19	F	Kneller d.
4	Th	S. s. 5h. 29m.	20	S	B. Navarino
5	F	Placidus	21	S	21 S. af. Tr.
6	S	Faith	22	M	B. Edge Hill
7	S	19 S. af. Tr.	23	Tu	Irish Reb.
8	M	B. Actium	24	W	Mic. Sit. b.
9	Tu	St. Denys	25	Th	St. Crispin
10	W	Ox. M.T. b.	26	F	[illegible] b.
11	Th	Old Mic. D.	27	S	Cap. Cook b.
12	F	Pekin tkn.	28	S	22 S. af. Tr.
13	S	Murat shot	29	M	J. Leech d.
14	S	20 S. af. Tr.	30	Tu	Tower burnt
15	M	Fire Ins. ex.	31	W	All Hallows
16	Tu	Salamanca t.			

NOVEMBER xxx Days.

1	Th	All Saints	16	F	J. Bright b.
2	F	All Souls	17	S	Hugh Bp. L.
3	S	[illegible]	18	S	25 S. af. Tr.
4	S	23 S. af Tr.	19	M	B. Arcola
5	M	S. r. 7h. 3m.	20	Tu	L. Elgin d.
6	Tu	S. s. 4h. 22m.	21	W	J. Hogg d.
7	W	[illegible]	22	Th	St. Cecilia
8	Th	Milton d.	23	F	St. Clement
9	F	P. of Wales b.	24	S	J. Knox d.
10	S	M. Luther b.	25	S	26 S. af. Tr.
11	S	24 S. af. Tr.	26	M	[illegible] d.
12	M	Hf. qr. Dy	27	Tu	Dn. Teck b.
13	Tu	Brit. ms.	28	W	[illegible] d.
14	W	Leibnitz d.	29	Th	[illegible] b.
15	Th	Machutus	30	F	St. Andrew.

DECEMBER xxxi Days.

1	S	Prs. Wls. b.	17	M	Oxf. M.T. e.
2	S	Adv. Sun.	18	Tu	D. 7h. 45m.
3	M	Bradbury b.	19	W	Cam. M.T. e.
4	Tu	Richelieu d.	20	Th	[illegible]
5	W	S. r. 7h. 51m.	21	F	Mich. Sit. e.
6	Th	S. s. 3h. 50m.	22	S	Disraeli b.
7	F	Flaxman d.	23	S	4 S. in Adv.
8	S	C. B. V. Mary	24	M	Christ. Eve
9	S	2 S. in Adv.	25	Tu	Christ. Day
10	M	Milton b.	26	W	Bk. Holiday
11	Tu	Jno. Guy d.	27	Th	St. John
12	W	C. Cibber d.	28	F	Innocents
13	Th	St. Lucy	29	S	[illegible]
14	F	P. Albert d.	30	S	Sun. af. Chr.
15	S	I. Walton d.	31	M	Silvester
16	S	3 S. in Adv.			

CHRISTMAS AT LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.

The Curate (a Local Wit). "WHY NEEDN'T A MAN STARVE IN THE DESERT OF SAHARA? YOU GIVE IT UP? WHY, BECAUSE HE CAN FEED ON THE *SAND WHICH IS THERE*, YOU KNOW!" [*Chorus of delight.*

Appreciative Frenchman. "QU'EST-CE QU'IL DIT, CE BON MONSIEUR GREEN?"

Sir Pompey Bedell. "OH—ER—IL DEMOND 'POORKWAR IL N'AY PAH NECESSAIR POOR OON HOM DE MOOREER DE FANG DONG LE DESAIR DE SAHARA?' AY ALOR IL REPONG: 'PARSKER IL PER MONJY *LE SARBLE KEE AY LAR*, VOO SAVVY?' TRAY BONG, N'ESS PAR?"

Appreciative Frenchman. "AH—PARFAIT! TRÈS FIN! TRÈS JOLI! VOILÀ BIEN L'ESPRIT ANGLAIS!" [*Makes a Note of it!*

MADRIGAL OF THE MONEY MARKET.

OH, what shall I do with my money?
  Ah, how can I safely invest?
Not so as the bees gather honey;
  Then plunderers rifle their nest.

Land 's hardly worth more than old armour;
  Few landlords it yields a Knight's fee.
Now farming pays not e'en the Farmer,
  What rent could the Farmer pay me?

Consols offer some consolation,
  Though dividends be but mean rents.
Conversion, if not confiscation,
  Ere long may o'ertake Three-per-Cents.

No gamester gay, care-free, and frisky,
  I fear me the course of affairs
Bids Capital force into risky
  Funds, stocks, speculations, and shares.

My wealth, if unable to use it,
  In strong-box or bank shall I store?
O dear! I might, rather than lose it,
  Give all I 've got, bang, to the Poor!

POINTS OF PRUDENCE.—Make friends of none but rich people who are unlikely to ask you for pecuniary assistance. Never lend more than you can afford to lose; but if you want to stop off anyone from trying to borrow money of you above that amount, it may be expedient, at a pinch, to offer him a loan of five shillings.

AN IDYL ON THE ICE.

FUR-apparelled for the skating,
  Comes the pond's acknowledged Belle;
I am duly there in waiting,
For I 'll lose no time in stating
  That I love the lady well.

Then to don her skates, and surely
  Mine the task to fit them tight,
Strap and fasten them securely,
While she offers me, demurely,
  First the left foot then the right.

Off she circles, swiftly flying
  To the pond's extremest verge;
Then returning, and replying
With disdain to all my sighing,
  And the love I dare not urge.

Vainly do I follow after,
  She 's surrounded in a trice,
Other men have come and chaffed her,
And the echo of her laughter
  Comes across the ringing ice.

Still I 've hope, a hope that never
  In my patient heart is dead;
Though fate for a time might sever,
Though she skated on for ever,
  I would follow where she fled.

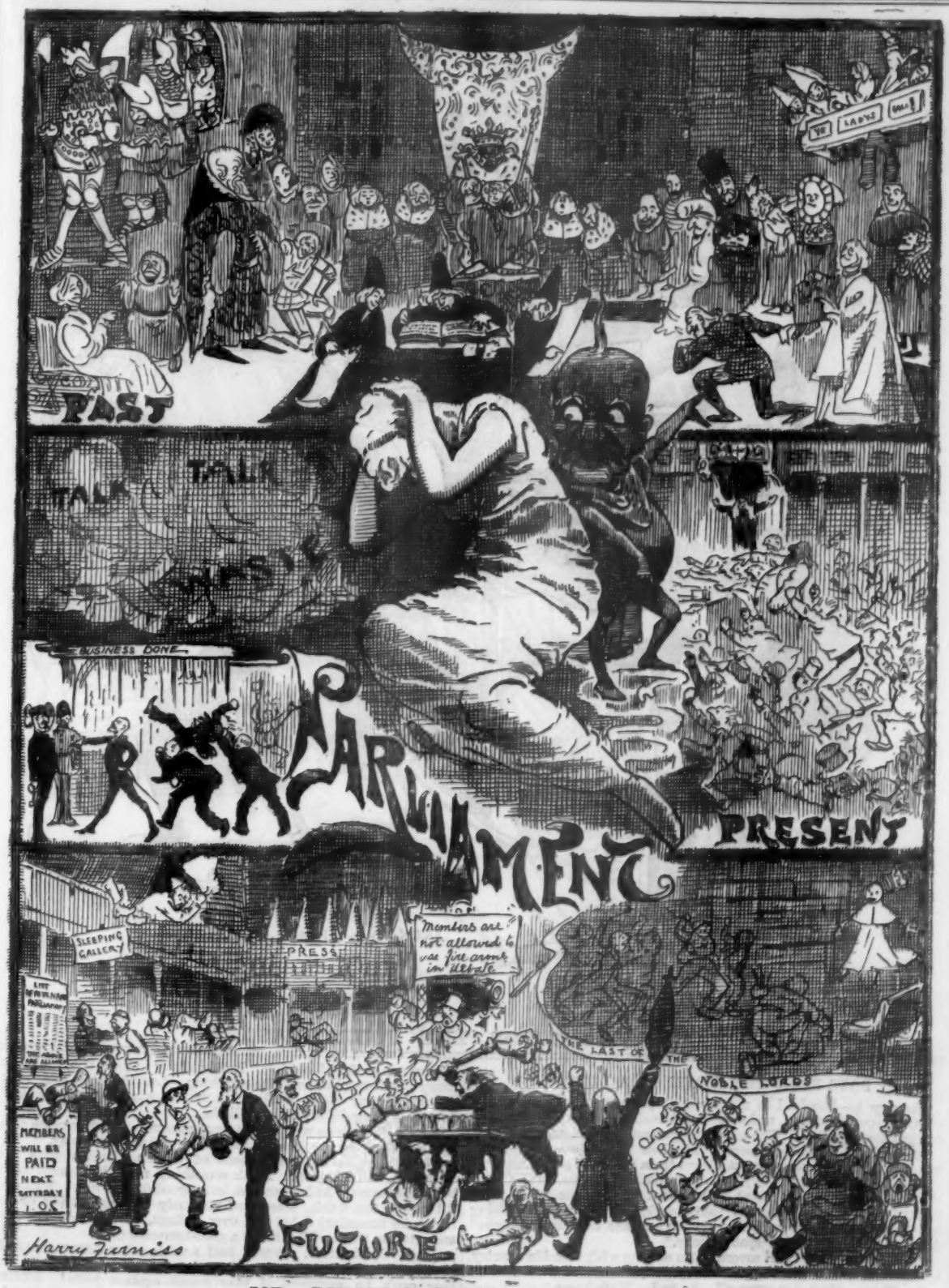
A COSTLY COMPLAINT.—Cold in the head, catarrh, and paying through the nose.

A DREADFUL DOUBLE RAP.

RAT-A-TAT, tat!
  There 's a knock at the door.
  I wonder who 's that?
  Am afraid it 's a bore;
An intruder, maybe, both a bore and a dun,
Formed of two bores together, a monster in one!

A JEWISH KING OF FRANCE.—Old CLOVIS.

A FORM OF EQUESTRIAN DRAMA.—Horse-play.



MR. PUNCH'S DISSOLVING VIEWS.

FAIRY TALES FOR THE FOUR SEASONS.

DAYS FROM THE DIARY OF A DUFFER.

January 1.—Resolved to make myself proficient in every variety of manly sport, exercise, and amusement during coming year. Nothing but practice required. Will miss no opportunity for future.

14.—Ball at Assembly Rooms. Odd how few girls seem to dance my step. Should have thought I gave them plenty of *choice*, too!

28.—Ice bearing splendidly. Volunteered to teach LETITIA figure-skating, but cut very different figure from what I anticipated. Told LETITIA I would show her the "outside edge." When I was getting up, she wanted to know whether I hadn't meant the "spread-eagle." Afraid I *did* look a trifle "spatch-cocky."

February 1.—Frost still severe. Am staying with friend in country, who promises me a mount, if a meet comes off while I am here.

7.—Thaw. Meet *does* come off. So do I. Walk home.

March 1.—Amateur performance of *School for Scandal*. My first appearance as *Joseph Surface*. Rather shaky in part, but think I was funny—audience laughed like anything. LETITIA says *next* time I had better play *Noise Without*. LETITIA was *Lady Teazle*, and I daresay my gag *did* annoy her a little.

April.—Have been whipping a trout-stream. About as much use as XERXES' flogging the Ocean. Fish sulky and wouldn't play.

May.—First Tennis tournament of Season. Drawn with Miss SHOOTER, ex-Champion. Think something must have annoyed her before she came. At her request, left a good deal to her. We kept in till nearly the finish, when unfortunately (my arm being so confoundedly muscular) I hit ball over palings, which made it "game and sett" to them. Miss S. *not* a good-tempered girl.

June.—Up the river. Rowed half a mile—when LETITIA and the others said I had better steer. If people *won't* look after their oars, they can't be surprised if they smash against posts! LETITIA wouldn't speak to me all the way from Pangbourne to Paddington!

FAIRY TALES FOR THE FOUR SEASONS.

July 14.—Played for my Department in Cricket Match. Went in last, and carried bat out—that is, they carried it out *with* me, on the hurdle. No idea the bowling was so terrific nowadays. Must practise slogging, with tennis-balls.

August 11.—On Yorkshire Moors: grouse-shooting. Find my eye is not what it was—nor, I fear, is the Keeper's. What did the man want? I *apologised!*

20.—At Zermatt. Much complimented on my mountaineering get-up.

30.—Somehow, I don't get up very high. Well, well, I can do some climbing next year. The peaks won't run away. And (as the people at Hotel are beginning to be rude and chaff me) I think I *shall.*

September.—Back in England. Had a day at the Partridges. Other men in party uncommonly civil and polite—insisted on my going first! In capital form—conversationally; told them lots of anecdotes—only my gun *would* go off in the middle and spoil the points!

October.—Pheasants. We shot over dogs; at least, I did—*one.* Not a beast worth making such a fuss about, *I* should have thought—he 'll be all right in a month or two.

November 4.—Going down to stay in country on visit. (N.B.—Take down masks to amuse children—they 'll go into fits when they see me dressed up!)

5.—They *did* go into fits. Host tells me of early train to town.

December 31.—Had to take LETITIA and her little sisters to Drury Lane to see Pantomime. Found I had mistaken date on tickets. No seats—except in Pit, "standing room only," there. Children crying, the little nuisances, because they couldn't see anything but backs! LETITIA fainted. Took her home with as many of her little sisters as I could find. LETITIA's Mother says she finds I am not to be trusted, and I had better "consider engagement at an end." Too bad—because all the children turned up in a day or two, just as I *said* they would. But I don't care—shall be more reckless in field-sports than ever this year—now I have no one but myself to consider!

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS"!

Ethel (youngest Daughter). "OH, PA' DEAR, WHAT DID GEO——WHAT DID YOUNG MR. BROWN WANT!"

Pa'. "'SECRET, MY LOVE. 'WISHED TO SPEAK TO ME PRIVATELY!"

Ethel. "OH, PA', BUT DO TELL ME—'CAUSE HE WAS SO VERY ATTENTIVE TO ME BEFORE YOU CAME IN—AND THEN ASKED ME TO LEAVE THE ROOM."

Pa'. "WELL, MY DEAR"—*(in a whisper)*—"HE 'D LEFT HIS PURSE AT THE OFFICE, AND WANTED TO BORROW EIGHTEENPENCE TO PAY HIS TRAIN HOME!!"

THE WORKHOUSE GUY.

(Ballad by Mr. Bumble.)

I SEE in print a case upon this here last Guy Fawkes Day.
Of sitch houtrageous imperance as to take my breath away.
It made me puff and blow, my face to burn, my eyes to stare. [my air.
And on my ed all over for to stand on end

A pauper inmate of St. Luke's in Chelsea, charged with cheek
Uneard of, was at Westminster ad up before the Beak. [defy,
The Master of the Workus e ad dared for to
So as to make a effigy to burn im in, a Guy.

The Labour-Master watched im from the dormitory steal, [conceal.
The Guy conweyin in is and that hobject to
A fixin of it gainst a pile of faggots wen e seed,
The witness e was down on im, and cotch'd im in the deed.

"A Guy Fawkes in the Workus!" says the Magistrate, says e,
"How was it as you come to know of that conspiracee?"
Witness replied e 'd eared about the plot the prewious day,
To bring the Master in contempt, on which is plans e lay.

The pris'ner wen e took e then the Master brought afore.
"The Guy, too," said the Beak, "thought you it any likeness bore?"
"As nigh as possible"—no fun the witness meant to poke.
The Beak observed, "I spose the Master thought it a bad joke."

There warn't no evidence, e sed—a speech I don't admire—
The pris'ner guilty of intent the heffigy to fire.
The Master was too sensible a man, e dared to say,
To mind about a effigy made up on Guy Fawkes Day.

No joke, no joke, the Master sed hisself e didn't call,
Oldin' im up to ridicule—no joke that there at all—
Raley no larfin matter, but a werry serious fact,
A scannalus and a infamus, wile, wicious, wicked hact.

The prisn'er (well I nose the kind of rogue e represents)
Was the owdacious leader of a gang of male contents.
"Sir, I got information, days afore, as ow that e
Was a preparin' that there Guy for the ridicule of Me!

"I know'd wot was a goin' on, know'd on it days, yer know, [go,
All that wile I was up to im, and on I let it
Accordingly I laid in wait meanwhile, and took my aim,
I let im finish it, Sir,—let im end is little game."

"Well," sed the Beak—a norful crime e took uncommon cool—
"Sitch public men as you don't mind a little ridicule.
'Tis ony wot their character is able to afford,
You 'd better bring this serious charge afore the Guardians' board."

Wot lenity, and clemency and levity mistook,
To let that himpious pauper off wen e was brought to book!
Im as dared bring the Master of the Workus into scorn
Should have got penial servitude as sure as e was born.

If I was Gov'nor Gen'ral of all Unions, I 'd command
This notice on the door of ev'ry Workus in the land,
By way of information to all paupers as come near—
"Give over all ideers of fun, all you as henters ere."

MR. PUNCH'S DISSOLVING VIEWS.

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.—(The Anti-Beauty Crusade in Modern Art Criticism.)

Eminent Art Critic. "YES, MY YOUNG FRIEND—AS I HAVE OFTEN SAID IN PRINT—YOU, IN COMMON WITH ALL THE MODERN ENGLISH SCHOOL OF FEMALE FIGURE PAINTERS, ARE DEPRAVED BY A MORBID AND INANE LOVE OF *PRETTINESS*, TO THE EXCLUSION OF ALL THE STERNER QUALITIES OF *CHARACTER*, *REALITY*, *TRUTH TO NATURE*—A—A——BY THE WAY, HERE COME MY WIFE AND DAUGHTERS, WHO SHARE MY VIEWS. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU." [*Our Artist understands the Eminent Critic's point of view, and forgives him.*

A TOO FAIR ONE.

He. "I DECLARE, MISS ANGELINA, YOU TREAT ME WORSE THAN YOUR DOG!"
She. "OH, MR. DE MOGYNS, HOW CAN YOU SAY SO? I'M SURE I NEVER MAKE THE SLIGHTEST DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU!"

THE "MASKE" OF MOMUS A

A NEW-YEAR'S "REVEL."

A PROTEST.

Eastern Counties Rustic (to the New Incumbent). "BEG Y' PARDON, SIR—BUT BE YEAOU A GOIN' TO FARM YAR GLEBE, SIR? 'CAUSE AS HOW—THA 'S THE 'ARLIE-ST AN' FORRUDEST BIT O' LAND I' THE WHOL' PARISH—AN' OUR LAST PARSON, HE USED TO GET IN HIS HAYE—THEN HE CLAP ON THE PRAYER FOR RAIN!——AN' WHERE WOR WE!?"

MASTER TOMMY'S

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

How to put ink-spots on to Light Blue Satin Furniture.—Select a morning when the chintz coverings are removed from the drawing-room in preparation for an evening party, and having provided yourself with a cricket-bat and half-a-dozen sixpenny bottles of Blue-black Ink, enter the apartment in company with the page. Now taking a good central position, get him to bowl to you with the bottles. With steady hard-hitting in all directions you will scarcely fail to break each in succession, and will find, on disposing of the sixth, that you have so freely scattered their contents about the room that you may count on having effectually put ink-spots on all the light blue satin furniture it contains.

WHAT Roman Poet may be supposed from his name to be of Hebrew origin, and not a good specimen of the race?

The Poet JEW-VENAL.

CULTCHAH!

Ingenuous Youth. "MAY I—A—OFFER YOU *HAPPY THOUGHTS*, FROM *PUNCH*?"
Fair Girtonite. "A—THANKS; BUT I HAVE PROVIDED MYSELF WITH THE 'PENSÉES OF PASCAL.'"

MASTER TOMMY'S

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

How to produce a Nut-brown Uncle.—All you require for this experiment is an Uncle on a visit and a Shower-bath. Having purchased a two-shilling bottle of Condy's Fluid, proceed to his bed-room over-night, and getting on a chair carefully empty the contents of this into the top of the bath. In the morning when your Uncle gets into it and pulls the string, he will find himself drenched in a deep purple shower that will instantly darken and discolour his skin. As the stain is almost indelible and extremely difficult to get out, you may count practically on possessing for a fortnight at least a Nut-brown Uncle.

THE Fruit best fitted for "Chameleon's food" must evidently be "Currents of Air."

ST. VALENTINE AT ST. STEPHEN'S.—In August Members of Parliament begin to pair.

MR. PUNCH'S DISSOLVING VIEWS.

HARD TIMES CALENDAR.

January.—Time for not opening blue envelopes. Bonnet shops to be particularly avoided. Excuse for not employing dressmakers—the prevalence of influenza and the chance of the dear children catching it. Return of the boys to school and consequently general mending of broken windows or the Season.

February.—Club subscriptions become due. Cheques to be paid within a month of this date to save posting. Time for explaining to the female members of your family that the Paris fashions do not come to town until May at the earliest, and it would be mere extravagance to get any new dresses before then. Last day for paying house-rent due at the previous midsummer.

March.—County Courting begins during this month. Close time for new hat. Month for arguing with the tax-collector and defying the water-rate man. Domestic subject of debate (opened by the partner of your hopes and fears), "Whether a husband should like to see his wife walking about a perfect figure?"

SIGN AND SIMILE.—When is a story-teller like SCORPIO? Why, of course, when there is a sting in his tale.

THE CANVASS-BACKED DUCK.—The favourite Candidate.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Brown (enthusiastically). "OH—WHAT A REMARKABLY *FINISHED* SINGER MADAME SCRICIAULO IS!"
Miss Knipper. "YES, *QUITE* FINISHED, I'M AFRAID!"

RELIEF.

Piscator (about the end of a very bad day). "DONALD, HANG THE BOAT HERE A BIT, WE MAY GET A RISE."
Donald. "HANG!"—*(Giving way)*—"I SHALL TAMMM THE BOAT IF YOU WILL, AND THE TROUTS—AND THE LOCH TOOO!" *[Feels better!*

FAIRY TALES FOR THE FOUR SEASONS.

HARD TIMES CALENDAR.

April.—Arrival of Easter holidays and school bills. Grand giving up of holdings by tenants of your house property. Failure of Chancery suit. General depression. Abortive attempt at retrenchment. Conundrum propounded by wife of your bosom, "How can self and the children look like Christians on five pounds a quarter for one's clothes?"

May.—Time for maturing promissory notes. Disastrous conclusion of attempted Stock Exchange "Flutter." Suddenly undertaken visit to Southend.

June.—End of time allowed for satisfaction of County Court summonses. Peremptory demand for Queen's taxes. Application for contributions to the Mansion House fund for the assistance of Unemployed. Departure of eldest girls to stay at a spinster Aunt's. Premature entrance of senior boy into public life at a Government Office. Question of the Month, "What's to be done next?"

July.—Visit to sarcastic bachelor Uncle who doesn't mind telling you, "that he hasn't liked any of you, and that you only came to see him when no one else would have you." Further pecuniary embarrassment caused by expiry of bills of one sort and commencement of bills of another kind. Question of your wife, "How can we get on until September, when the Dividends will be paid?"

August.—Last days of the legal term celebrated by the remainder of your property being thrown into Chancery. First introduction to a new Chief Clerk, whom you will have the pleasure of either seeing or hearing about weekly, sometimes daily, for the next five years.

September.—Second visit to sarcastic bachelor Uncle of yourself and domestic party, in the characters of unwelcome guests. More appeals for support from Committees interested in ameliorating the condition

FAIRY TALES FOR THE FOUR SEASONS.

of the Working-man. Easy question for solution, "Is life worth living?"

October.—Final disruption of family relations. Departure of girls for governesses, and boys for clerkships at sixteen shillings a week in the City. Law-copying performed with some accuracy and considerable despatch by yourself. Question of wife of one's bosom, "Is needlework obtainable, and do you think one would get paid for it?"

November.—Failure of Bank, "further consideration" of original Chancery suit, and sale of house and furniture.

December.—Family gathering in cheap lodgings at Dinan. General wish—"May we all have a Happy New Year!"

OPEN TO CONVICTION.—A Prisoner at the Bar.

SHAKSPEARE ON BLACKHEATH.

I saw young 'Arry with his billycock on,
Checked trousers on his thighs, with knobbed stick armed,
Climb from the ground like fat pig up a pole,
And flop with such sore toil into his saddle
As though a bran-bag dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a slow "Jerusalem,"
And shock the world with clumsy assmanship.

THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.—Milk Punch.

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.—My Boots.

A COMBINATION OF DISAGREEABLES.

MONDAY MORNING—EAST WIND AND RAIN—AND THE CITY 'BUS FULL INSIDE AND OUT.

MASTER TOMMY'S HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

How to extemporise a perfect "Check" action in a drawing-room Grand Piano.—Selecting the morning of a day on which your parents have prepared to give a "little music," at which a professional player is expected to perform in the evening, choose a convenient moment, and having opened the instrument jump into it in a thick pair of boots and dance a vigorous *can-can* for a quarter of an hour. Having done this to your satisfaction, procure the meat-chopper from the kitchen and hack away for five and twenty minutes more at the hammers. Now close the piano. In the evening on the professional player sitting down to the instrument he will find, to his surprise, that not a single note answers to his touch, and abandoning all effort to produce any sound from it whatever, as hopeless, will admit that he never yet met with a piano provided with such a complete "check" action.

A CHOICE OF IDIOMS.

Mr. Brown. "I SAY, MARIA, WHAT 'S THE MEANING OF '*SARNER FAIRY HANG*,' WHICH I HEAR YOU SAY IN ALL THE FRENCH SHOPS, WHEN THEY HAVEN'T GOT WHAT YOU WANT—WHICH THEY NEVER HAVE!" *Mrs. B.* "OH, IT ONLY MEANS '*IT 'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE.*'" *Mr. B.* "HOW ODD! NOW *I* ALWAYS SAY '*NIMPORT*'! BUT I DARE SAY IT COMES TO THE SAME IN THE END."

MASTER TOMMY'S HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

How to Break the best China Tea-Service.—This is a pretty experiment, and may be carried out as follows:—Having selected an afternoon on which your Mother receives visitors at five o'clock tea, provide yourself with a stout piece of copper wire, at one end of which you have fashioned a lasso furnished with a common slip-knot, and take up your position on the landing just outside the drawing-room door. Now wait the appearance of JOHN THOMAS with the larger silver tray containing tea poured out in cups of the best china service, and, as he crosses the threshold, dexterously whip the lasso round his right leg. When he has proceeded sufficiently far into the room to make the fall effective, jerk the wire suddenly, when he will be instantly shot forward on to his face with the tea-tray, and falling over the rug into the fireplace, effectually break the best china tea-service.

A COMBINATION OF AGREEABLES.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON—WEST WIND AND SUNSHINE—ROOM FOR ONE, SAY, TO HURLINGHAM AND BACK, OR ANYWHERE YOU LIKE.

MASTER TOMMY'S HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

How to stop the Drawing-room Clock. — There are many ways of doing this. It may be effected by boiling it, winding it up the wrong way, taking it to pieces and washing it in soap and water, or removing the main-spring. But perhaps the most effective way is to have recourse to liquid glue. A sixpenny bottle of this composition poured slowly in at the top and allowed to permeate the works in every part, will be found most efficacious. As it rapidly hardens and cannot practically be eliminated from the mechanism without subjecting every portion of it to a red heat, it may be safely relied on as a safe and effective medium for permanently stopping the drawing-room clock.

ACTION FOR DAMAGES. —*Sikes* v. *Smith.*—Suit sustained by Plaintiff for injuries received by cutting his hands with broken glass bottles in climbing over Defendant's garden wall, and being bitten on his premises by a savage dog not under proper control.

THE UBIQUITOUS.

Alf. "ULLO, 'ARRY! 'OW DID YOU COME DOWN?" *'Arry.* "'OW? THIRD-CLASS TICKET—SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGE—AN' FUS'-CLASS CO'PNY! YAH-HA-HA!!"

MASTER TOMMY'S HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

How to surprise Grandpapa. — Purchase at the nearest Firework Manufactory an eighteen-penny Maroon. Now get Grandpapa's bed-candle and having carefully scooped out the inside to within an inch of the top, fill it with the contents of the Maroon that you have removed for the purpose, and replace it in the candlestick. On the hour arriving for him to retire to rest, light the candle for Grandpapa and see him to his room. In a very few minutes the candle will blow up with a loud explosion that will shatter the windows and looking-glass, shiver the crockery in the room, and set fire to the bed-curtains. On realising what has happened, Grandpapa will not fail to express his surprise.

DOMESTIC BLISS.—(From a Pessimist's point of view.) Additions to :—Children. Thrush. Measles. Hooping Cough. Vaccination — or Smallpox, Scarlatina. Diphtheria. Doctors' Bills. Additional Bills of every kind — more billing than cooing. Education!

THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

Shoeblack. "SHINE YER BOOTS, SIR? POLISH YER——" (*Unappalled by scowl through Eye-glass.*) "CLEAN YER WINDER, SIR?!"

HARD TIMES.

HIS GRACE CAN STAND IT NO LONGER, AND TAKES A SNUG LITTLE RETAIL BUSINESS IN THE BURLINGTON ARCADE. BEHOLD HIM FITTING HIS SON-IN-LAW WITH A PAIR OF PATENT LEATHER PUMPS (AT COST PRICE, YOU MAY BE SURE)!

MY RIVERSIDE ADWENTUR.

(*A Trew Fact as appened at Great Marlow on Bank Olliday*)

I WAS setting
one day in the
shade,
In the butifull
month of
August,
When I saw a
most butifull
Maid
A packing of
eggs in sum
sawdust.

The tears filled her butifull eyes,
And run down her butifull nose,
And I thort it was not werry wise
To let them thus spile her nice close.

So I said to her, lowly and gently,
"Shall I elp you, O fair lovely gal?"
And she ansered, "O dear Mr. BENTLEY,
If you thinks as you can, why you shall."

And her butifull eyes shone like dimans,
As britely each gleamed thro a tear,
And her smile it was jest like a dry man's
When he 's quenching his thirst with sum beer.

Why she called me at wunce Mr. BENTLEY,
I sort quite in wain to dishcover;
Or weather 'twas dun accidently,
Or if she took me for some other.

I then set to work most discreetly,
And packed all the eggs with grate care;
And I did it so nicely and neatly,
That I saw that my skill made her stare.

So wen all my tarsk was quite ended,
She held out her two lilly hands,
And shook mine, and thank'd me, and wended
Her way from the River's brite sands.

And from that day to this tho I've stayed,
I've entirely failed to diskever
The name of that brite Dairy-Maid
As broke thirteen eggs by the River.

ROBERT.

MASTER TOMMY'S HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

The Humorous Ancestors.—To produce these most effectively it is desirable to be staying in a country house containing a handsome gallery of hereditary portraits, though in their absence, a few valuable family pictures would serve your purpose equally well. Having provided yourself with two tins containing respectively white and vermilion quickly drying enamel paint, proceed to bedizen the features of each portrait in succession after the fashion of the clown in a Christmas pantomime. When a whole gallery containing several generations of a family are thus treated, the effect is extremely quaint, and your host probably convulsed with laughter, will be the first to admit that "he did not know he was descended from such a set of humorous ancestors!"

SONG OF THE PAIRING SEASON.

(*A Ditty on Valentine's Day.*)

WHEN hearts and hands together
With health and wealth combine,
Wedlock 's like bright Spring weather,
While early days are fine.
But when, with joys attended,
The honeymoon is spent,
The Carnival is ended;
And then there follows Lent.

SUGGESTIVE Advertisement for Somebody's Ain't-I-fat or Antifat Mixture:—"Great reduction on taking a Quantity."

MR. PUNCH'S DISSOLVING VIEWS.

MASTER TOMMY'S HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

The Astonished Dinner-Guests.—These may be produced in the subjoined manner: — The dinner-table being laid, and the chairs placed in position, enter the room unobserved with a hand-saw. Now proceed to saw through the back legs of every chair in succession, leaving them so slenderly attached that on the slightest pressure they will give way. On dinner being announced, the eighteen guests will assemble in the dining-room, and, on sitting down simultaneously,—all the back legs of their chairs coming suddenly off together,—will be precipitated backwards in wild confusion. Whilst struggling to extricate themselves from their quite unexpected situation, they will not fail to express their astonishment at their position.

POETRY OF BREACH OF PROMISE.

My Gwendoline, betrothed to me,
Permit me to resign thy hand;
But if thou wilt not set me free,
To my engagement I will stand.
The damages thou mightst obtain
For Breach of Promise shouldst thou sue,
I could not pay. Mere words were vain.
Oh, then, accept my fond adieu!

Music Mad.—(*From a Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.*)—Why is a Sweep singing at his work like a popular Italian Composer?—Because he's a Cibo Pinsuti. [No, we did *not* see it at first; but, when explained, it was evident that our C. H. C. meant "*a Chirruping Sooty*"!!!

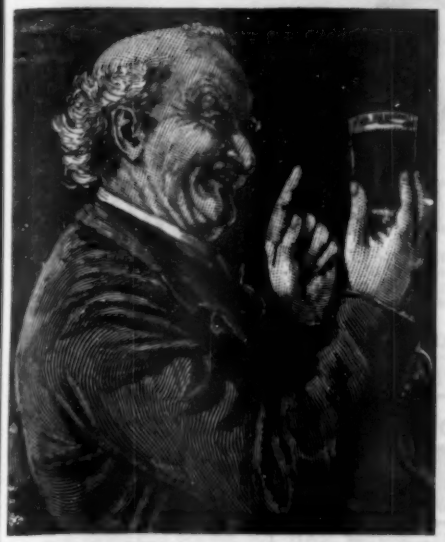
ZINGS VON VOOT RAHZER HAF LEFT OONZET.

He. "Ach! how bretty are zose Creen Leafs on your Cown!" *She.* "So glad you admire them. It 's an idea of my own." *He.* "Kvite schârming! Zey remind von of Ify clinging rount an Olt Ruin!"

WEDDING PRESENTS. (JUSTICE BEFORE GENEROSITY.)

"*What*, Mamma! Thirty Guineas for a Present to Barbara Goldmore, whom we scarcely know, and who 's going to marry a Man we never saw! and only a Guinea Fan to Mary Morison, one of our oldest Friends!—and going to be the Wife of dear Old Bob!" "My Love, we must be *just!* Mary Morison is a sweet, good Girl, I admit, but you must remember she hasn't got a *Sou*—and, after all, dear Old Bob 's only a *poor Country Curate;* whereas Miss Goldmore 's an *Heiress*, and she 's going to marry a Baronet with *Ten Thousand a Year!*"

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.



"As a man sows, so will he also reap."

THE present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, sugar, syrups, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, syrups, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. When taken together, **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT,"** and **ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO,"** will be found peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakess of the liver; they possess the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and place the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** and **ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO,"** therefore no family should ever be without them.

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

TO AID NATURE without force or strain, use **ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO"** (a simple Vegetable Extract), a desirable adjunct to **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."** They perform their work "silently as the twilight comes when the day is done," and the patient is much astonished to find his bilious attack, &c., has completely fled before the simple and natural onslaught of the MOTO. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the Blood pure and preventing disease.

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."—This is as simple and natural in its action as tomato, yet as superior to mineral or vegetable mercury (Podophyllin) as vaseline and glycerine are to the ordinary greasy compounds. It is a pure vegetable extract, simple, natural, and certain hepatic (liver) stimulant, or as a laxative, stomachic, blood, brain, nerve, bile, or liver tonic. It will be found invaluable for creating and sustaining a natural action of the stomach, bowels, and biliary secretions, &c.

A GENTLE AND CORRECTIVE ACTION.—"MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken many antidotes during my life to cause an action on the bowels, but the general effect of your 'Vegetable Moto' is happier in more ways than one; I find them gentle and corrective in their action, and in some mysterious way helpful alike to the stomach and liver. I like to have them always at hand.—Yours, N. B. C., Strand, W.C., Sept. 13, 1886."

Eno's "Vegetable Moto," of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, Pomeroy Street, New Cross Road, London, S.E.

INDIA AND ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

"DILBRUGHAR, UPPER ASSAM, INDIA, *March* 6, 1880.

"DEAR SIR,—I desire to state the advantage which I, and I do not doubt many others in this part of the world, have derived from **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** Unlike other Saline Aperients, it is not lowering in its action. I have used it on board ship in tropical latitudes, and both there and here I can most honestly bear witness to the fact that its use has warded off fever over and over again. When taken in time it is invaluable. As far as I am aware it is most popular in this part of **North-Eastern Asiatic India,** and I consider that you are distinctly entitled to this testimonial from me. I need not add it is wholly unrequested. I enclose my card, but from my extreme individual inconvenience arising from publicity, I do not wish my name to appear, and merely subscribe myself, most truly yours,

"J. C. ENO." 'A PLANTER.'"

"SLEEPLESSNESS, FEVERISHNESS, HOT WEATHER."—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, and feverish colds, blood poisons, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c. Use **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."** It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

A CONTINENTAL TRAVELLER WRITES:—"DEAR SIR,—Being in the habit of travelling twice a year on the Continent for some years past, I have found so great benefit from the use of your 'SALT,' that I return in perfect health, due, I am convinced, to the fact that I never travel without the 'SALT,' and I have persuaded many of my friends to do likewise. We are, therefore, never without a bottle.—Faithfully yours, TRUTH. Warwickshire, *Nov.* 1."

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your FRUIT SALT, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS. Post Office, Barrasford."

"PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TOIL."—"I am working from between six and seven in the morning until ten and eleven, and very often twelve, o'clock at night the year round, and on a Sunday morning I wake up as usual a little after six o'clock, but I am glad that it is a day of rest. My head feels large and heavy. I take two teaspoonfuls of your Fruit Salt about half an hour before breakfast, and after breakfast it has removed the load from my head, and I feel 'like a giant refreshed with wine.' For some years I have received much benefit from your Fruit Salt. I have recommended it to many.—Yours, &c., A SON OF TOIL.—*March*, 1885.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

PERSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.—One of Her Majesty's Consuls writes from Teheran: "It may interest you to know that while riding from Teheran to Meshed not long ago, being one day rather unwell, to my astonishment and delight the Persian courier who accompanied me produced a bottle of what he called Numuki meeveh, which was no less in fact translated than ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' The man told me that he now never travelled without a bottle.—Yours faithfully, SHEIKH JAM.—*December*, 1884.—To J. C. ENO, Esq."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle and see the Capsule is marked* ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." *Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, Pomeroy St., New Cross Road, LONDON, S.E.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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Without Dye or Bleach.
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With NAMES, MOTTOES, MONOGRAMS or CRESTS.

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HIGHLAND WHISKY.

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From 57s. to 74s. per Case.

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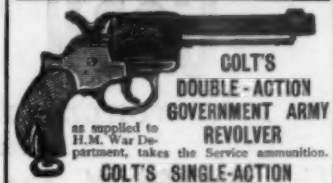

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as adopted by the United States Government, is the strongest and most powerful pistol made.

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1000 THINGS IN HOUSEHOLD, SHOP & FACTORY.

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Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, and Chemists. If not obtainable near you, send 4d. for One Bar, or 1s. for 3 Bars, free by Post, mentioning "Punch Almanack," to B. BROOKE & CO., 36, York Road, King's Cross, London.

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A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Food, which needs only to be tried to be permanently adopted.

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A Charm TO EXISTENCE.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
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I am really delighted with your Cherry Blossom perfume, which for delicacy of odor and fragrance is certainly unequalled.
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MARIE ROZE AS MANON

EAU DE SUEZ

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There are **THREE KINDS**, distinguished from each other by a **YELLOW, GREEN**, and **RED SILK THREAD**, attached to stopper. **EAU DE SUEZ (YELLOW)** instantly removes the most violent Toothache. **EAU DE SUEZ (GREEN)**, used as a daily mouth-wash, prevents for ever the return of pain, arrests decay, and preserves the teeth sound and white. The **RED THREAD** is used as the Green, but especially adapted for children's use. **SUEZ ORANGE TOOTH PASTE**, for the removal of tartar and whitening the teeth. **SUEZ TOOTH BRUSH** is made of the finest badger hair. Free by Parcel Post from **WILCOX & CO.**, 239, OXFORD ST., LONDON; and through any Chemist.

Yellow, 2s. 9d.; Green, 3s. 6d.; Red, 3s.; Paste, 4s. 6d.; Brush, 1s. 6d.

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ASTHMA. COUGH. BRONCHITIS

CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each Box bears the name of "Wilcox & Co., 239, Oxford Street, London."

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Is the most perfect Emollient Milk for **PRESERVING** and **BEAUTIFYING** the Skin ever produced. It keeps the **Skin Soft, Smooth, and White during** the COLDEST WEATHER. Entirely Removes and Prevents all

ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, Irritation, etc.,

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Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. of all Chemists and Perfumers. Free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers.

M. BEETHAM & SON, *Chemists*, CHELTENHAM.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

A PURE NON-GRITTY

TOOTH POWDER,

WHITENS THE TEETH,
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312 Cartoons.
13/6

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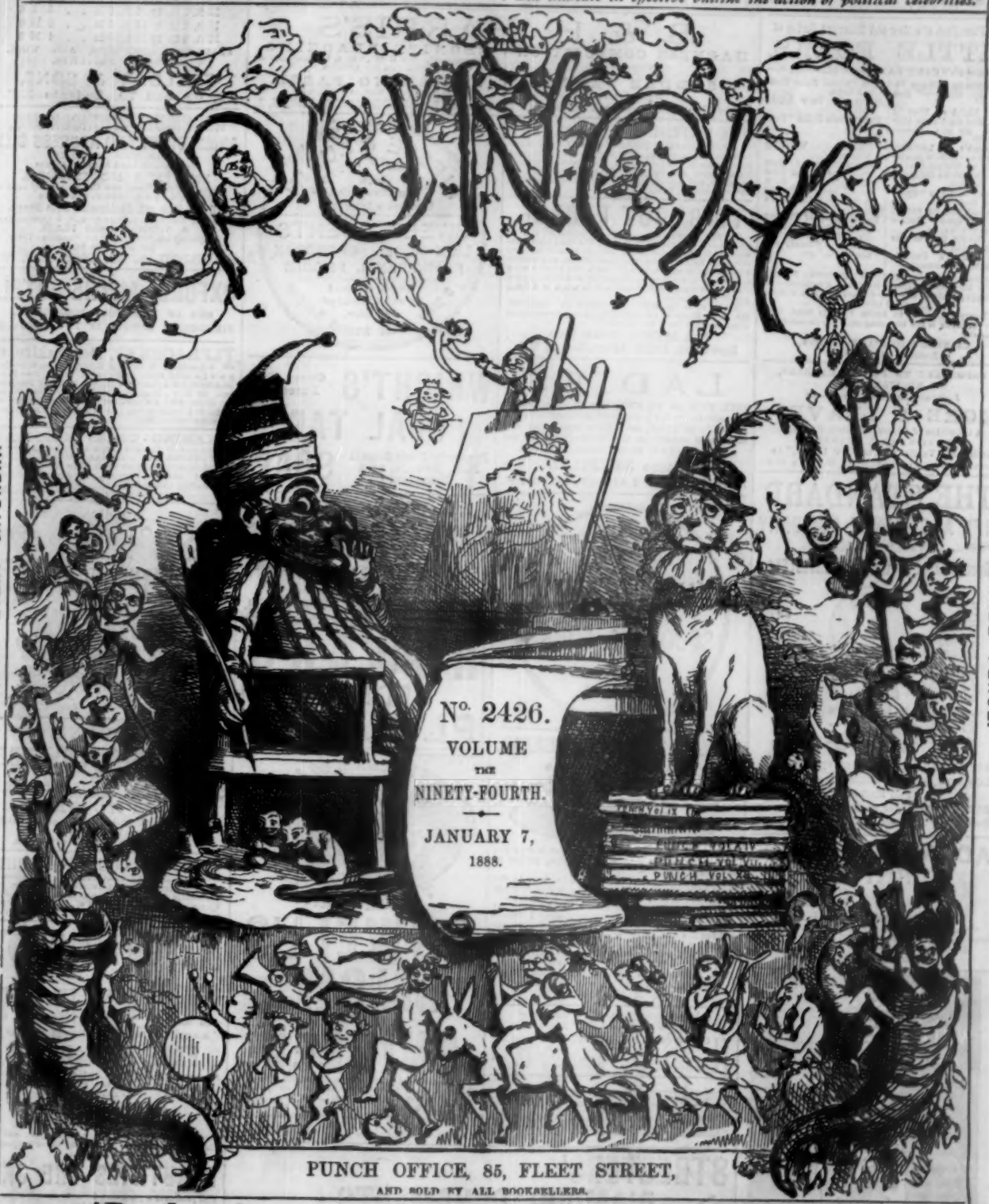

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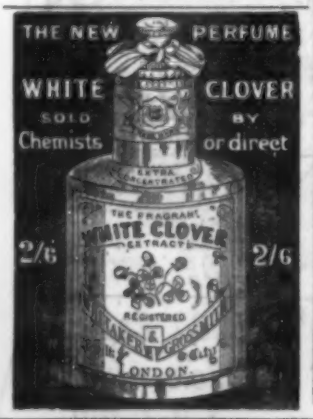

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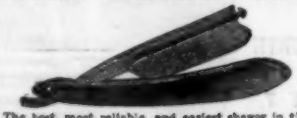

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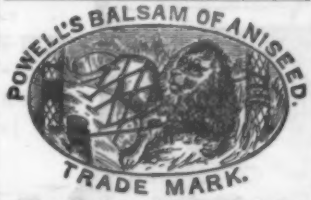

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VOCES POPULI.

SCENE—*Madame Tussaud's.*

IN THE HALL OF KINGS.

Several Visitors gazing at the figures, with the air of persons afraid they are taking a liberty; Enter Habitual Donkey *and* Donkeyess.

The Habitual Donkey (*for the mere sake of saying something*). Here you *are*, you see!

A Visitor (*who knew the figures when they were at Baker Street*). They've arranged them different to what they used to be!

[*Is disappointed, without knowing why, exactly.*

First Female Ghoul (*to Second ditto.*). Whatever they've done, I do 'ope they've not done away with the "Chamber of 'Orrors." I wouldn't give anything to see it if that's gone!

Comic Cockney (*inspecting group of William the First and Matilda*). Know what they're a saying, POLLY?

Polly (*giggling by anticipation*). No, JIM—what?

The C. C. Well, he's blowing her up: "Look 'ere, MATILDA," he sez, "I'm 'anged if they 'aven't bin and let the Throne-room fire out *again!*" And she sez, "It's no use bullyraggin' *me*, BILLIAM, speak to the Lord 'Igh Chamberlain about it—it's *'is* business."

Polly. How you *do* go on, to be sure! Who are these two? Oh, "RICHARD THE FIRST, and BERRENGARIA," (*pronounced to rhyme with "Maria"*). What are *they* saying?

The C. C. She's doing all the talking: "Now, *do* take an umbrella like a sensible man," she sez, "that nasty battle-axe 'll be no good at all, if it comes on to rain!"

Polly (*with an ecstatic nudge*). Oh, you *are* a silly! (*Which is her highest meed of praise.*)

[*They come to Richard the Second and Isabella of Valois.*

The C. C. Looks sorry for himself, don't he? "Well, it's done now, and we must make the best of it,"—them's *their* sentiments.

Female of the H. D. (*reading from Catalogue*). "Married to the English King when only seven years old,"—pore thing—that's young to be married!

The H. D. (*after pondering this observation critically*). Yes. She looks more than that *there*, though.

IN THE GRAND SALOON.

Crowd (*round the seated figure of William Cobbett*). Ain't he natural, too! Rum old cove to look at, eh? That's a snuff-box he's 'olding. You'll see his 'ed go round presently.

[*Mr. Cobbett's head turns suddenly with a bland stare. All the women give a little start, and go off to the sleeping figure of Madame Ste. Amaranthe.*

The H. D. (*reading from Catalogue*). "Taken from life a few months before her execution."—A very fortunate escape!

His Female (*looking over his shoulder*). But it says she died by the guillotine!

The H. D. So it do. Ah, well—that (*desperately*) was no doubt on some other occasion.

Before a group among which Queen Elizabeth, Henry the Seventh, and Sir Francis Bacon are represented. . . This is a very dramatic and appropriate tableau, by the way, and, in the absence of Shakspeare, almost solves the great problem.

A Visitor (*referring to Queen Elizabeth's costume*). You don't see dresses like that nowadays.

The H. D. (*to his Female*). You've read all the fuss they're making about that BACON, haven't you?

His Female. No, I didn't see it. (*She is the kind of person who can read any paper all through and never "see" anything. He reads a newspaper occasionally, and retains a general idea of the contents.*) What fuss?

The H. D. Well, I didn't read it very carefully myself, but it seems that SHAKSPEARE wrote all BACON's Cryptograms, and never got the credit for them.

His Female (*indignantly*). What a shame!

[*They arrive at a group representing Bright, Cobden, Lord Brougham, and Daniel O'Connell.*

The H. D. (*after examining them profoundly*). Ah—and they *look* it too!

[*He has not the faintest notion what he means—nor has she. They move on pleased with themselves and one another.*

The C. C. (*halting before an Elderly Gentleman who is sitting down*). He's not arf so well done as the others; wants cleaning up a bit. They have let him get so shabby. They might stand him a better 'at. Ugly old beggar too. Does it say who he's meant for?

The E. G. (*angrily*). Go away, Sir. What do you mean by these remarks? You're no gentleman, Sir! [*Rises.*

The C. C. (*moving off hastily*). Well, if he ain't one of the figgers, he ought to be added, that's all.

IN HALL NO. 3.

The H. D.'s Female. HENNERY, come here, quick! (HENNERY *is engaged in mistaking Mr. George Odger for John Wycliffe, but tears himself away from this fascinating occupation*). HENNERY, this (*reverentially*) is the identical umberella Dr. KENEALY threw down in the House of Commons.—Why *did* he throw it down?

The H. D. (*with a confused recollection of Burke*). Because he said it was what would be at every Englishman's throat if they didn't give the Claimant his rights.

His Female (*critically*). It's not real Alpaca.

The H. D. That doesn't signify. It's the *principle* of the thing, *he* was arguing for.

A Small Child (*who has discovered that her remarks cause grown-up people to smile, and becomes more voluble in consequence*). All the Kings and Queens are only big dollies, and they look half asleep. Mother, *aren't* the Kings and Queens big dollies, and *don't* they look half asleep? Big half-asleep *dollies*, Mother, aren't they? I want to see the babies—where *are* the babies, Mother? *May* I see the babies? Will they be like *MARY's* baby? Will MARY's baby be *here*? *Why* won't MARY's baby be here? Is MARY's *baby* a dolly, Mother? Will MARY be here?

[*And so on, until the proud Mother is afraid she will forget half the clever things* PEISY *has said.*

IN THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

The Ghouls *do everything thoroughly, deriving especial satisfaction from the sight of the identical knife employed in a celebrated case, and a pleasing plan of a skeleton, with all the burnt and missing bones indicated in shaded ink, after which they retire to have a comfortable tea, and talk over what they have seen. The* Habitual Donkey *is surprised to hear afterwards, that he passed Napoleon's Carriage in the Napoleon Chamber. He* had *heard it was there—but forgot to look out for it. The* Comic Cockney *got into the vehicle, of course, pulled out all the drawers and lockers, and made* POLLY *giggle by pretending to be Napoleon. So we are able to bring down our Curtain upon a scene of universal contentment.*

AP101
P8
v.94

TWO JUBILEES.—A HARMONY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

ST. PETER'S and St. James's face to face,
Exchanging, with a more than courtly grace,
Their mutual gifts and greetings!
A sight to stir the bigot; but the wise
Regard with cheerful and complacent eyes,
This pleasantest of meetings.

Queen, fresh from fifty years of glorious sway;
Pontiff, in the great Headship strong, though grey;
A world's good wishes gather,
From gentle hearts of all the creeds, to dower
With love the two chief types of high-placed power,
Good Queen and Holy Father.

Two Jubilees! Patriot *Punch* is nothing loth
In line and verse to celebrate them both.
True freeman he, unfettered
By servile fear, or hate's poor purblind heat.
When such great opposites in friendship meet,
Wit and the world seem bettered.

The willing bow of mutual respect
Leaves individual honour still erect,
And liberty unshaken.
What bulwark fails because across the lands
Two diverse Sovereigns their illustrious hands
In amity have taken?

THE RIME OF A FAMOUS FICTIONIST.

[See Mr. WALTER BESANT's Article "On the Writing of Novels," in *Atalanta* for December, and *Mr. Punch's* comments on the same in No. for December 24.]

I.

It is a famous Fictionist,
And his eyes are full of woe—
"By thy many books in MUDIE's list,
Now wherefore lookst thou so?"

Eftsoons he breathes a heavy sigh:
"There was a lass," quoth he:
"One lass? Nay more—a hundred score—
And they listened all to me!

"The scratching of a myriad pens
Engaged on compositions
Moved by the hands of myriad girls
'Of all sorts and conditions.'

"They wrote of things they ne'er had seen—
Their words were wild and hollow;
And every day, for work or play,
This one pursuit did follow.

"In editorial pigeon-holes
Their manuscripts you 'll find,
Or else, alack! they all came back,
Inscribed,—'With thanks, declined.'"

"Now rouse thee, famous Fictionist,
From this despondent plight!
What happened then?"—"With my steel pen
I taught those Girls to write!"

II.

"The sea of ink now rose and spread,
And filled the wondering town—
I was the first, with pen accurst
To break the barriers down.

"Down dropt the prices paid of old
By publishers to me—
Now every girl could write as well,
'Twas sad as sad could be!

"The *Golden Butterfly* did seem
No bigger than a gnat,
My steel is broken, and my quill
Is played with by the cat!

"Ah, well-a-day! What evil looks
On young and old I shed.
And now I, in the place of books,
Make bricks to earn my bread!"

"MARRY NOT COME UP."

(*A Page from a Realistic Romance of the Near Future.*)

ANGELINA sat in her boudoir pondering over her past. She saw herself a child many, many years ago; then a young lady just released from school; then a Parish Visitor, a Hospital Nurse, an Authoress, and a Doctor. And all through her life—her long life—EDWIN had been true! It was a sweet thought! She yielded herself so thoroughly to the sentiment of the moment that she failed to observe that the man of all others before whom she would wish to make a brave show was standing in the room in front of her. He had entered the apartment unobserved while she had been lost in a reverie. With admirable tact he stumbled over a chair, and thus gave her time to compose herself without embarrassment.

"EDWIN!" she exclaimed, "how you startled me!"

"I am sorry to hear it, dear ANGELINA; for believe me that I am conscious that persons at our time of life——"

"EDWIN!" she cried, beseechingly.

"Nay, hear me out, ANGELINA! It would be false kindness, my darling, if I had tried to conceal the truth. My own loved one, you will never see the sunny side of sixty."

"You once used to say I was no more than fifty," she put in with a pout that was half playful, half reproachful.

"You are right, my own soul!" he cried, passionately; "but that, darling, was fully ten years ago. But be that as it may, all I would say is that at our time of life—you hear, darling—*our!*—a sudden shock is most injurious to us. Now, I would give worlds if you could guess what I wish to say to you."

FELICITOUS QUOTATIONS.

Unemployed Party (who has not received the donation he begged for). "YAH! 'I TRICKED YER LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNAOW!'"

"How can I?" she asked, with a coquettish glance from beneath her spectacles.

"I have been trying to prepare you for it for more than twenty years. Can you not guess my secret?"

She looked down and sighed. Then she put her finger near her mouth, and smiled.

"How like the attitude in that picture of you, over yonder—painted nearly half a century ago!"

"You are very troublesome with your dates, EDWIN!" said ANGELINA, rather tartly.

"My own, do not speak harshly to me. Believe me, if I did not suffer from rheumatism, I would throw myself on my knees at your feet. My own, my darling, will you be my wife?"

For a moment ANGELINA blushed with joy. Then she turned as white as marble. "Impossible!" she said at last, in a harsh sad voice that sounded the very utterance of despair.

"Why impossible?" he exclaimed, with all a lover's tenderness.

"We must be worthy of our order," said the noble middle-aged person firmly. "We must not do what *they* would not do. Have you not read the Registrar-General's Report?"

"I have," he answered, gloomily.

"Then I need not argue the matter so ably advocated. EDWIN, my own, my soul, my darling, *we cannot marry because we are too young!*"

And EDWIN bowed his head in silence, because he knew that ANGELINA was not talking at random—that ANGELINA was right.

And while these two fond hearts prudently pined away in single happiness, the recipe for making wedding-cakes was lost to the world for ever!

WONDERFUL CREATURES!

WHAT is a 'Permanent Deacon?'
He is a man with a *rich* field [Why,
Of work before him,
Authority o'er him,
Has "W. D. LICHFIELD."

"No charge for him has yet appeared,
In tithe-list, tax or poor-rate;
'A Permanent Deacon' 's not so weird
As a 'Perpetual Curate!'"

WHAT KILRAIN wished SMITH on January 1, 1888. A "Happy New 'Ear."

PUGILATIO REDIVIVA.

(BY THE GHOST OF CORINTHIAN TOM.)

"I SEE, my dear Cox," remarked CORINTHIAN TOM to JERRY HAWTHORN, as they conversed in The Shades, "that there has been a revival in London of the noble Art of Self-defence." "Indeed!" replied HAWTHORN. "How well I remember how we 'dropped in'

upon Mr. JACKSON in old days, and how you introduced me to the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, who was blowing *a cloud*, and whose *Jack Boots* weighed twenty pounds." "Yes," said TOM, "and we saw a rather *shady set-to* with the gloves, the last time we revisited 'the glimpses of the moon.' What say you to a *trip* to earth again, for an *investigation* of LIFE IN LONDON of to-day?"

JERRY HAWTHORN was agreeable, and he and CORINTHIAN TOM were soon in the midst of "LIFE IN LONDON," and lost no time in calling on young BOB LOGIC, who was a "*gay spark*" like his father, and quite *au fait* with all the SPREES of the Metropolis. "Fashions have changed, my dear Cox," said the CORINTHIAN, "and the young BUCKS and EXQUISITES seem to us to dress strangely; but I suppose their attire is 'all the go' now, and these are the *swell suits* made by the DICKEY PRIMEFIT of the day." "Right you are, old *Chappie*," said young BOB LOGIC. "And now, what is it you want to see?" JERRY was rather scandalised at the "free and easy" tone of young BOB towards such a GO among the "GOES" as the CORINTHIAN, but TOM merely smiled and said, "Well, Master BOB, we have heard that the Ring or Stage of Pugilism is once more a *feature* of 'LIFE IN LONDON,' and in search of *Character* we would compare the Present with the Past." "Nothing easier," said young BOB. "Let us look in at the Flamingo Club some Sunday night, and you can see 'sparring' to your heart's content; in fact I think I can introduce you to a regular good 'glove-fight.'" The Trio went to the Flamingo, and truly it presented a motley sight. It was full of the most extraordinary characters of LIFE IN LONDON, all jostling each other with the utmost *sang-froid*. There were the SWELL and the *Snob*—the MUMMER and the *Mug*—the JEW and the *Juggins*—the FLAT and the *Sharp*—the TRADESMAN and the *Toff*—the COMIC (?) VOCALIST and the *Cly-faker*—the TURFITE and the *Welsher*—the BLACK-LEG and the *Pigeon*—in short it was an epitome of "high" and "low" life, while, as the CORINTHIAN observed to his COX, "GENTLEMEN seemed to be scarcer than they were in 'old days.'" Everyone was drinking. "S. and B.," "Whiskey and Potash," "Gin and Ginger-beer," "Bitter Beer," "Stout," "Port," "Sherry," and "Champagne," were much in demand, nearly everyone too was "blowing a cloud," and a great many of these Votaries of Bacchus were *three sheets in the wind*, reminding CORINTHIAN TOM and JERRY HAWTHORN of the Oxonian and his inclination to get *bosky*.

A person, apparently of Irish extraction, who seemed to have a "good conceit of himself," was then introduced to the company as the CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, and proceeded to box with another individual who had come "in his wake." "Now," said the CORINTHIAN, "we shall see whether this supposed 'slogger,' is as 'handy with his mauleys' as my old friend Mr. JACKSON." He soon discovered, however, that this so-called "sparring-match," was but a *sham*, for the individual who was boxing with the CHAMPION, contented himself with "warding off" the blows and never returned them; or, if he did so, it was in a most *half-hearted* manner. On inquiring of young BOB the reason of this, he said, "Oh, the 'bloke's' his attendant, paid to stand up and be *pummelled*, don't you know," whereupon the CORINTHIAN expressed his high indignation at what he termed "such *prodigious humbug*," and wondered that H.R.H. should have *condescended* to patronise it.

There was no doubt, however, but that the Art of Self-Defence was once more on the *tapis*, and Dame Rumour had *given the office* to some of the "knowing coves" that two aspirants for pugilistic honours were to meet in the Prize Ring. But it was said that the battle was to be in France, and CORINTHIAN TOM declined to witness a fight that did not take place on BRITISH soil. "No," said he, "I witnessed the memorable combat between TOM CRIBB and MOLINEAUX at Thistleton Gap, and if I cannot see a 'set-to' in the Ring in my *native* country, I will not do so elsewhere." Young BOB LOGIC, however, who had the "tip," went off with some brother FLAMINGOES, and on an island in the Seine among the "*Parley-voos*," he witnessed the "fistic encounter" between the representatives of England and America. He came back in great glee at having "queered the bobbies" on this side the Channel and "bothered the *gendarmes*" on the other, and CORINTHIAN TOM observed to his COX, that young BOB was evidently a "prime favourite" among the *Chappies* and *Gommies*, and like a certain sprightly "nymph of the stage," he could always "count upon the boys." It certainly seemed also that this encounter had been full of "go." The "Cockles" of the hearts of CORINTHIAN TOM and JERRY HAWTHORN warmed as they heard and read of "fibbing" and "countering" of "red-hot smacks," "left-handers on the nob," "rib-roasters," "upper-cuts," "exchanges," "bashes," "knock-downers," "body-punches," "spankers," "welts," "smashers," "whistlers," "rattling ivories," "stingers," "bangs," "hot-uns," and of the "tapping" of the "claret," and the flowing of "the ruby." It was said by some *cavillers* that there was too much *wrestling*, or as they called it "cuddling," but as CORINTHIAN TOM remarked, "it was the sort of 'cuddling' no man would care for who was not 'in training,' as it involved *heavy punishment* and *hard fighting*." JERRY HAWTHORN agreed with him, and said, "both men appeared to have shown *pluck*." "You are right," said the CORINTHIAN, "both the combatants showed skill, *stamina*, and manly intrepidity. They were no *feather-bed fighters* as has been insinuated, and their *gameness* was proved beyond question. This meeting indeed will take rank with the OLYMPIAN encounter between SAYERS and HEENAN."

"Right you are," said young BOB; "but do you think the *Beaks* are going to stand a revival of the Prize Ring, or will the *Bobbies* still be down on us?" "That," said the CORINTHIAN, "is a *poser*, I see that one Monitor of the Public warns us that we need not 'hug ourselves with the delusion' that the days of the Ring will return. It reminds us too of the 'plants' and 'crosses' and of the *lowest of the low*, who supported pugilism. It seems to me then, that while there is no objection to our practising the Noble Art of Self-Defence, the PUGILISTIC ARENA will not be open to our *modern gladiators*. We shall no longer be able to *carol* as of old:—

"A Briton needs no poniards,
No bravos 'long his street,
His trust is in a strong-roped ring,
A square of twenty-feet."

"Ah, well," said young BOB; "I suppose we shall still be allowed to have our private *turn-ups*, and I can tell you it's pretty warm work sometimes." "I do not think," continued the CORINTHIAN, "that we shall ever see such scenes again as in the Augustan Age of the Ring, but if we do, this combat is "up to sample." It was made under the *auspices* of the best and most largely circulated of Sporting Newspapers, whose boast is '*Nunquam Dormio*,' which was once edited by my *pal* and biographer PIERCE EGAN, and Lords, Baronets, Officers, and many real *sports* and *turfites*—a truly select company—stood round the combatants. Yet he would be a *rash man* who dared to predict a real revival of 'the palmy days of the Prize Ring.' True, Boxing is once more forming part of LIFE IN LONDON; but, casting my *optics* on the Bruisers and Gluttons of the Past, I can but exclaim, in an ancient *lingo*—

"Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque bello
Dextra."

Randolph in Russia.

"LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S Christmas trip"
Has set the tribe of quidnuncs skipping.
Pooh! Though the Russian bear has grip,
He'll hardly catch *this* "tripper" tripping!

MR. GLADSTONE SNOWBALLED AT DOVER.

"Be Kent unmannerly."—*Lear*, Act I., Scene 1.

LANE AND GARDEN.

"*ARMA virumque cano*," must be the motto of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS for this year's pantomime. Many an armour scene have we gazed on before, but never such a display as this. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la Pantomime.* I am not sorry to notice

Augustus "in propriâ Puss-owner."

that DRURIOLANUS does not go in for a Grand Transformation Scene. Madame KATTI LANNER's Fairies, some flowers, and a barque, or rather a pleasure-boat, in the distance, manned by children, is as much as he gives us, and quite enough after the surfeit of gorgeosity which the audience have had in the dozen or more foregoing scenes. Messrs. HERBERT CAMPBELL and HARRY NICHOLLS are very droll as King and Queen, and though the "Old Gentleman and his Donkey," by the Brothers GRIFFITHS, may be a bit played out for the seniors, yet the children, for whose delectation Pantomime is primarily intended, will be delighted with the inimitable jackass.

The two Brothers of *Jocelyn Marquis of Carabas* will afford the youthful playgoer much amusement, and *Jocelyn* himself, impersonated by Miss WADMAN,—whom, of course *Uncle Toby* will take his nephews and nieces and all the little Shandean family to see, in tender memory of the *Widow Wadman*—looks handsome, and plays and sings charmingly. Master LAURI, the undefeated illustrator of Darwinesque theories, is this year an agile cat instead of an acrobatic monkey. To quote the Pote, to the tune of "*Annie Laurie*,"—

At funny little LAURI
We laugh until we cry.

The Silver Wedding *ballet* is to my thinking, the prettiest effect in the Pantomime, if not the prettiest thing seen for some years, even on the stage of Drury Lane. Like all modern Pantomimes, it requires condensation, for it begins too early and ends too late, so that our old friend Mr. HARRY PAYNE the Clown must be tired of waiting to come on, and his young friends have to be hurried off before he appears, or are too fatigued to enjoy the real humours of the Harlequinade. Miss LETTY LIND, as the *Princess Sweetarte*, reminded me of Miss CONSTANCE GILCHRIST in "the palmy days" of burlesque at the Gaiety—they are the leggy days now, and, according to newspaper reports, even the Gallerians and the Pittites demanded "something new" of their old favourites—but this by the way,—and also, in some of her dances, of Miss KATE VAUGHAN "as she used to was," when she Kater'd for the public at Christmas time and exemplified the poetry of motion. DRURIOLANUS is to be congratulated as usual, but I am sure *Mr. Punch* will strongly urge him to institute a new departure next Christmas, and, with one good spectacular scene, which should not anticipate the glories of the Transformation, and one specially "pretty" scene, let him give us lots of frolic, comic business, and real pantomime fun, all to be over by eleven, and at ten let the Harlequinade commence. Such a Pantomime would come, to quote the poet, "like a boon and a blessing to men." I must not forget to mention the pantomime heads and hands at Drury Lane, which are works of genuine Comic Art.

In the Garden.—If it be a difficult matter to decide which is the better of the two Pantomimes, The Lane or The Garden, the latter can at least claim CONQUEST, who is the best Giant I've seen for a long time. There are plenty of good things in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, from *Jack*. Miss FANNY LESLIE, who is full of beans, down to the little boys, the NOAKETTS (odd name, sounds like that of a bankrupt family, "No assets") who perform really wonderfully on miniature bicycles. The drilling scene of youthful soldiers—all "Sons of Mars," of course, as you can tell by their "*pas*"—will delight the children, as will also the very pretty mixed costume ballet and horseshoe music of the clever Village Blacksmith's family, which last entertainment deserved its triple *encore*.

In the Butterfly Ballet at the Grasshoppers' Feast, the dancing of Signora Sozo is anything but so-so, while "*Fun on the Quiet*" by Messrs. GRIFFIN and ARDELL, attired as negro cooks—each a study in black and white—is a most original performance, with real humour in it. They do wonderful acrobatic feats with tables and chairs, but always as if in the Giant's absence they were "snatching a fearful joy," but a joy which knows no bounds, as is shown by their marvellous acrobatic feats—and were afraid of making such a noise as might wake the Monster, who would return and spoil their sport, as his black looks would soon put even these two niggers out of countenance. Mr. FRANK HALL as *Old King Cole* with some sparks of fun in him, gets most of it, however, out of his make-up which bears an absurd but striking resemblance to the well known features of a certain noble Lord, not altogether unknown in the yachting and theatrical world. Messrs. WOOD and WILKINSON make two very comic old women, and there are plenty of brisk tunes, singing, and dancing. I must not forget the "Change *Artiste*, M. CASCABEL," whose metamorphoses will delight *Mr. Barlow's* young friends more than those of OVID. His "SARA B.," however, is a mistake.

Some of the scenes are charmingly painted, some by CALLCOTT, some of the rustic sort by BANKS—"Mossy Banks." Perhaps the best Landscape is the Exterior of Castle Terror, which is a work of HART.

Mr. BRUCE SMITH's Transformation Scene, might be effective without the Moderator Lamps and coloured shades; as it is, it can only be spoken of as moderately successful. In the Harlequinade, which begins about a quarter to eleven, there are four scenes, a double supply of Clowns, Columbines, and a pair of Pantaloons. Quite a surfeit of

Time! Jack before the Conquest.

Pantomimists with one Harlequin. I don't think little SANDY, though advertised in the bill, was one of the Clowns, but there were a pair of Pantaloons, though only one was mentioned in the bill.

Which is the better? Which takes the Twelfth Cake?

But their merits who can measure—
Covent Garden? Drury Lane?
If in one you may find pleasure,
In the other you'll find PAYNE.

The verdict must be pronounced by the Children who will be taken to see both. So Girls and Boys come out to the play, the moon it shines as bright as day; and so, wishing a happy holiday-time to all of my young friends, I am Yours seasonably,

ARTY LAFFER.

Fair Trader.

"I'LL give you a wrinkle," says Time,
To Professional Beauty, now fading.
She replies, "I have got one, for I'm
Shopkeepering—call it Fair-Trading."

MANY of the Foreign Journalists should be dear to the heart of General SALVATIONIST BOOTH, as they contribute to keep up *The War Cry*.

BY A TRUE BLUE.

TRUE Toryism's nature hid?
I'll furnish a solution:
'Tis, on the Commonweal a skid,
Preventing *Revolution!*

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

WHY, HERE WE ARE AGAIN, FOR *THE SIXTH TIME!* NOW, IF I HAD *WANTED* TO SEE YOU, I DARE SAY WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE *MET AT ALL!*"

BIRDS OF ILL OMEN.

THE Year that is opening freshly before us
  Should ring with the right merry music of bells;
Out on ye, Owls, hooting wildly in chorus!
  Why hail ye its advent with croakings and yells?
Like iron-clawed harpies, like foul-feathered furies,
  Ye hover and hurry, ye flutter and fuss.
Poor young Eighty-Eight in his seat scarce secure is;
  Why fruitlessly fluster and frighten him thus,
    With ominous notes that so jangle and jar?
      Tu-whit, tu-whoo
        Tu-whit, to-War!

You goggle-eyed, goose-quilled, incontinent croakers,
  You trouble our tympanums all the year round.
Of shindy up-stirrers, of passion provokers,
  Your idiot fury is often all sound,
And signifies—nothing not selfish and sinister,
  Trick of sensation, or dodge of finance.
Why must *your* voices to violence minister?
  Why should *you* lead our poor world such a dance?
    Why must you chorus round battle's red car?
      Tu-whit, tu-whoo!
        Tu-whit, to-War!

Surely of follies the maddest, infernalest,
  Out of all follies that fire our sad earth,
Is the hysterical heat of the journalist,
  Cynical Momus it moves to wild mirth.
Partlet as Mars proudly posing, and fluttering
  Feathers villatic, seems strangely absurd.
Owlet in tones of an oracle uttering
  Cackles of wrath, looks a ludicrous bird.
    Silly your shriek, yet it soundeth afar,
      Tu-whit, tu-whoo!
        Tu-whit, to-War!

Bundles of fluff in a belfry belabouring
  Night's wearied ear with cacophonous din,
Must be a nuisance to residents neighbouring
  Still noisy foolishness needs not be sin.
But your *réclame*, oh, ye furies in feathers,
  Passes mere folly, and counts among crimes
Birds of ill omen, who hoot in all weathers,
  Shriek at all seasons, and croak at all times,
    Nothing your baneful mad music can bar;
      Tu-whit, tu-whoo!
        Tu-whit, to-War!

Birds, when the Bourse and Bellona foregather,
  Their meeting means Mischief, and ye are its Voice.
If common sense could but silence your blather,
  Peace would much profit, and Peoples rejoice.
Out on ye, Owls! To Sensation and Mammon
  Merciless mouth-pieces sure are ye all.
Shriek ye of Glory? 'Tis all greed and gammon
  Why should a scare-shaken world be your thrall?
    All its best prospects your hootings can mar,
      Tu-whit, tu-whoo!
        Tu-whit, to-War!

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!"—Lord GRIMTHORPE (a BECKETT of Yorkshire, not of Wiltshire), announces that he is prepared to support homœopathy. This being the case, it seems a pity that his Lordship does not apply the principles to his own correspondence. He gives us plenty of letters before proof. We should prefer proof before letters.

ENGLISH IN INDIA.—Commenting on a recent Progress in a Presidency, the *Times* observes that:—"A travelling Governor is expected to sift the appeals of convicts who protest that the case against them was a 'concoculation.'" Mrs. RAM might book that word among her memoranda.

BIRDS OF ILL OMEN.

CHORUS OF FOREIGN JOURNALISTS. "TU-WHIT!—TO-WAR!—TU-WHIT!—TO-WAR!!"
MR. P. "OUT ON YE, OWLS, NOTHING BUT SONGS OF DEATH?"

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM PRINCE GRANDOLPH OF BULGARIA.

Moscow, Saturday.

DEAR TOBY,

I LEARN through the usual sources of information, that the heart of London, beating in unison with those of the capitals of the Continent, is throbbing with anxious curiosity as to the real meaning of my visit to ALEXANDER. You have a theatre burnt, Mr. GL-DST-NE has his birthday as usual, and B-LF-R having put O'BR-N in prison, carries out the Plan of Campaign by a wholesale reduction of judicial rents. These things, of course, excite ripples of interest; but I can quite understand that what the people are really thinking of is my visit to Russia, what it means and what it may portend.

Whilst this in some sense gratifies me, I confess it also tickles me, and now and again I break forth into the melodious laugh with which my friends are familiar. As you will presently learn, the journey has had its serious consequences, fraught with interest for the civilised world. But in the privacy of confidential correspondence I may admit for your ear only, that it was the merest accident that brought me here. I had meant to go to Spain, to spend the winter months before the Spring-time of the new Session. I had arranged with a companion, and had definitely fixed our destination. OL-V-R M-NT-GU was the man, and Seville the place, where we promised ourselves to eat the orange of contentment amid the groves of idleness. Everything was settled for the journey, when it occurred to me that it would be good fun to do exactly the reverse of what I had proposed to myself and announced to others as a fixed intention. Looking over the Map of Europe where was the place most absolutely opposed to Spain in all its associations and relations? Russia of course. If people expected me to turn up at Seville, St. Petersburg was the spot for me. They have not been talking much about me lately, not nearly as much as was the vogue this time last year. It was time I did something. This sudden change of settled plan would puzzle them. If I called on B-SM-RCK *en route*, and proceeded to pay a morning visit to the CZAR, here were all the elements of that excitement which now agitates European politics. B-SM-RCK it was true wouldn't play. He declined to see me, putting me off with H-RB-RT. (Strange that two eminent statesmen should each be handicapped with the bright possession of a HERBERT.) But I saw the CZAR, and though it was only in travelling between St. Petersburg and Gatschina that a certain happy thought occurred to me, we settled it all at the interview. "Sire," I said, "you are in difficulties about Bulgaria. You want a Prince. You have tried two; both failures. Try me." "I will," said the CZAR. "You are the very man for the post." So I 'm to be Prince of Bulgaria, TOBY, I 'm to be Prince of Bulgare!

It has all been very sudden, and I can yet hardly realise the absolute change in my position and prospects. But, to tell the truth, I have been a little disappointed, and am aweary of insular politics. There is no use disguising the fact that what followed upon my resignation of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer was a sad blow to me. I thought it would break up the Government; but it did not even lead to H-NRY M-TTH-WS' retirement. Things went on very much as before, if not more so, and I was left out in the cold. An added sting of bitterness was given by watching the growing prosperity of my old henchmen. B-LF-R, whom I used to bully, has become quite a personage, and even dreams of permanently barring me out of the Leadership of the House of Commons. W-LFFY—who used to fetch and carry my glass of mediatised water when I spoke in debate, used to sit on the extreme end of the bench, and reverentially gather up the folios of my notes as I ran through them—is now His Excellency, Minister to the Court of the SHAH, and comfortably provided for for life. He sent me, the other day, a copy of the sketch of himself he did for you, with his flowing robes, his turbaned head, his jewelled fingers, his impossible scimitar, and his hookah. W-LFFY *with* a hookah! Reminds me of *Silas Wegg*, and *Boffins* delight at finding in him "a literary man *with* a wooden leg."

These things are bitterness to a soul not prone to placidity. And then there's GL-DST-NE revelling in another birthday, making a fresh triumphal progress through the country, and delivering a new series of railway-station speeches, only too sparsely punctuated with snowballs. Travelling from Berlin the other day, I was looking through *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, and came upon a prophetic description of the foxy Old Man, with his way "*de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*" Isn't that a perfect description of his habitual manner, as manifested, for example, in his Dopping letter? I am aweary of him and everybody, and, now I come to think of it, even of you, dear TOBY. The CZAR's prompt adoption of my suggestion removes me from associations which I regard with growing dislike, and opens up quite a new prospect of usefulness. BATTENBERG THE FIRST, a pretty puppet, made things generally hot from Sophia. FERDINAND, succeeding to the post, has got the fat in the fire. Modesty prevents me from even hinting at what I may do in so favoured a position. But you may take it from me that I shall, generally, make Europe sit up. So no more at present. But, if you're waking, call me early, call me early, TOBY dear; For I'm to be Prince of Bulgaria, I'm to be Prince of Bulgare!

Yours faithfully, R-ND-LPH S. CH-RCH-LL.

A SPIRITED POLICY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I FIND from a letter in the *Times* that it has been suggested to invent a universal language, to be called "Volapük," and that the writer of the letter objects to the proposal, on the score that an all-but-universal language already exists. The aggrieved gentleman, plagiarising from one of your own immortal "Happy Thoughts," says in effect, "Why not have a universal language—for choice, English?" I echo, "Why not?" but with the love of fair play, the birthright of a Briton, I cannot help looking at the other side. "Why not Volapük?" let us ask, if only for the sake of argument. According to the *Times*, a majority of its readers believe that Volapük is "the language of the spirits," and this certainly seems a very plausible explanation. Taking this interpretation of the term, would it not be easy to construct a language that would be easily understood, and would have the advantage of being shorter than ordinary English? Volapük, or the language of the spirits, I take it, would have a proneness to contract whole sentences into one word, and considerably abbreviate nouns of more than three syllables. I can easily imagine what this "language of the spirits" (which in a certain, or rather, uncertain sense is a universal language) would be. Perhaps, better to explain my meaning, I may be permitted to give a few examples. The new tongue, it is proposed, shall be used for "Commercial and Diplomatic purposes," and I imagine in the subjoined a conversation between a Diplomatist and a Merchant upon a subject connected with Commerce and Diplomacy.

Merchant. Gladseeyerolef'ler. Thingsbeeslybad Cityolef'ler!
Diplomatist. Treatybrlinbosholef'ler. Beeslybosholef'ler!
Merchant. Tellyerwhat. Brish'dusty, goindooceolef'ler!
Diplomatist. Allrightolef'ler! M'selfgoingbed — in m'boots, olef'ler! *Merchant.* So'm I! Olef'ler!

I do not say that the above "language of the spirits" is better than ordinary English, I merely say it is shorter. Ordinary English too, to a great number of people, would mean a special training, whereas "the language of the spirits," as I imagine it, could be secured by everyone after a rather pleasant and natural preparation. The worst that could be said of the latter tongue would be, that it was "too easy to begin," or "rather a rum language." But what of that, movements in the cause of freedom are not to be killed by ridicule, and I fancy that the movements necessitated by the assumption of the "spirit talk" would be free as well as easy.

I remain, with much respect, yours sincerely,

A TALKER UNSUITED TO A TEA.

The Junipers, Toddy-on-the-Brain, Brandyandwatermere.

"A HAND AT WHIST."

Hostess (at Christmas gathering). "GENTLEMEN, HERE'S MR. HAYCROFT SAYS HE'LL MAKE A FOURTH, IF YOU WANT A RUBBER. THE YOUNG MEN ARE ALL DANCING."

Mr. H. (Suffolk Farmer). "OOH, I SHALL BE MOOST HAPPY. THA'S A GAME I AL'AYS WANTED TO L'ARN!!"

[*The Host, and Old Deuceace, and Captain Poyntz look rather blank!*

THE HOLIDAY-MAKER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Have you kept Christmas in the customary fashion?

Answer. Certainly, with the result of loathing the sight of roast turkey, and hating the slightest reference to plum-pudding and mince pies.

Merry go-rounders.

Q. Where did you spend Christmas Eve?

A. In the Gaiety Theatre, assisting at the first night of a Melodramatic Burlesque, in three Acts, called *Frankenstein*.

Q. Did you have a pleasant evening?

A. Not particularly. The denizens of the pit were in a bad temper from the first, because the space usually at their disposal had been curtailed to increase the accommodation of the stalls.

Q. Was this the reason why *Frankenstein* on the first night was something uncommonly like a *fiasco*?

A. No, because the piece itself was dull. Music, songs, and scenery, were all that could be desired, and the company could scarcely have been better for the kind of work required.

Q. I suppose the evergreen Miss NELLY FARREN was sprightly, Miss MARION HOOD melodious and coquettish, and Mr. FRED LESLIE quaint and amusing?

A. I see you have the stereotyped praise by heart. Yes, it will do on this occasion, as it has done before. However, Miss FARREN certainly did not look her best in the character of a stage-coachman, and I fancied that Mr. LESLIE was inclined to "gag." For instance, in the last Act he appeared in the disguise of a bear; and, when he was followed by four others in similar costumes who caused derision, observed, "Here come some more low comedians." If the authors wrote those words they wrote unwisely.

Q. Is it true that Mr. E. J. LONNEN sings an Irish song?

A. Strange as it may seem to you, that is indeed the case. You can imagine how mirth-provoking it is when I tell you that one of the verses describes how a dispensary doctor mended a broken head with a second-class railway-carriage.

Q. I suppose this merry conceit had to go a long way?

A. Most of the way. Mr. LONNEN as a vampire depressed me.

Q. But did not he call somebody "good old *Mary Ann*?"

A. He called her this several times. It was funny—at first.

Q. Is not the last scene with its procession of Planets well worth seeing?

A. Assuredly, by those who have never been present at a satin or armour parade arranged by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS. The Gaiety procession was a faint reflection of the gorgeous original at Drury Lane.

Q. Have you been to see the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall?

A. That have I. It was not bad. A wild-beast tamer was wonderfully good, and seemed as much at home amongst lions, tigers, and bears, as you and I should be enjoying a cigar in a Club smoking-room. Then there were some new-fashioned roundabouts, and a wonderful pantomime in RICHARDSON'S show, and a fat lady. I was very much struck by the improvement in the musical instruments attached to the show. Orchestrions have ousted hand-organs.

Q. Have you not also been to Dalston to see a Circus?

A. Yes. It was a beautiful Circus, but I do not want to see it again.

Q. And Olympia, have you not also seen that?

A. "Good old Olympia?"—yes, I have. The programme might contain something new, without spoiling the entertainment.

Q. Would you like to go to the Victoria Palace of Varieties, the Zoological Gardens, or an imitation of the Wild West at the Albert Palace?

A. No, I would rather not—far rather not.

Q. And why not?

A. Because this is Christmas-time, and should be a season of pleasure for every one. I cannot help feeling that a visit to either of the places you have mentioned would be indeed a sad commencement to the glad New Year.

MR. PUNCH'S TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.

INVITING!

(*A Reminiscence of the late Frost.*)

PRESENTATION AT ST. PETERSBURG.

(*From Our Own Correspondent.*)

THE *Boshki Mir* contains the following report of the reception of "Mr. SPENCER" by the CZAR at a masquerade and fancy ball lately given by his Imperial Majesty:—

"Mr. SPENCER" appeared before the Sovereign habited in a costume considered by some spectators brilliant, but seeming in some eyes to border on grotesque. It was a uniform of the kind in English commonly called 'motley,' forming a picturesque combination of colours, mainly a symphony in white and red. In his hands he bore a salver, whereupon lay a string of real Cambridge sausages, which he respectfully presented, with the compliments of the season, to the august representative of the Great Bear. His Majesty was graciously pleased to receive the appropriate offering with his customary condescension, accompanying his expression of thanks with a significant wink of the eye, only asking, in addition, 'But where's the Turkey?'"

The foregoing statement may be accepted as perfectly reliable.

Growl by a Gourmet.

CIVILISATION *is* played out!
'Tis not cheap claret makes me sure of it,
Nor is it GLADSTONE, nor the gout,
Nor failure to effect the cure of it.
It is not Socialistic rot
About the rich all being sinners;
What *proves* the world is going to pot
Is this dashed talk of—Penny Dinners!

Drawing it Mild.

"A telegram from Massowah states that from intelligence received there it appears that the Negus is advancing by rapid stages."

THAT is all very well, as far as it goes. But isn't Negus a little mild for this time of the year? Instead of advancing the Negus, they would do much better to hurry up the Punch. *Aut Negus aut nullus* is a poor look-out in mid-winter.

COMING UP TO THE SCRATCH.

"Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Of old, when French enemies fell out, they fought,
Until one gave the other "his gruel,"
To-day if revenge (and *réclame*) should be sought,
They go through the farce of a duel.
A scratch, *not* like *Tybalt's*, is all that can come
From these comical bodkin-prick matches.
'Twould seem that a Gaul, like a girl—or a "Tom"—
Has a true feline fondness for scratches!

PEEPS AT THE PICTURES.

Royal Academy.—Second day of Exhibition of Works by the Old Masters. Avoided Private View, my object being Paintings not People. First-rate collection—(Do not like the word "collection" as a rule, because it reminds me of "going round with the plate," but in this instance it means going round with the pictures)—specially notable for the Dutch Room, which, as high up as immortal Dutchmen can go, is quite a little Dutch Oven below.

No 7. A "Turner." There are some fine specimens of TURNER here, and this is one of the best. He was perpetually painting sunsets, and yet he was a subject of the British Empire, on which, as we know, "the sun never sets." Consequently he never saw a sunset. What a wealth of imagination!

No. 12. Portrait of a "Butler," with a query "(?)" after his name. Evidently the Academicians didn't know which butler it was, whether TOOLE Butler or THORNE Butler. It is by Sir PETER LELY.

No. 33. *A Curricle and Pair.* Queer pair in the Curricle, specially the lady in high feather. STUBBS, A.R.A., did it.

No. 43. It is called "*The Countess of Cork.*" Nonsense: Countess of Burnt Cork perhaps, but undoubtedly a portrait of Mrs. STIRLING, the inimitable actress, 1888. Anyhow, a sterling work of Art, by *Mr. Punch's* old friend, "Mr. BRIGGS," (R.A.)

No. 44. "*Sea-Piece, or Sea-Tranquil.*" By CONSTABLE, R.A. This is not an ordinary Constable, but a Special Constable. Sir CHARLES WARREN will be delighted with these first-rate specimens of Constables. So will the Socialist rioters, because all the Constables here are suspended.

No. 53. What the Academicians call "*A Music Party,*" by PETER DE HOOGHE. Ahem! "My fan, PETER, my fan!"

No. 55. "*A Merry Making.*" One ham between sixteen of 'em. JAN STEEN.

No. 58. "*A Man Smoking.*" One head and *Ten-ears.*

No. 60. "*A Flower-piece,*" by PETER FARE, in his best phase.

No. 65. Portrait of "*Catherine Adams,*" by JOHANNES VERSPRONCK, highly finished. Although she evidently had said to the artist, "You must take me in the ruff,—just as I am."

No. 72. "*A Dutch Lady,*" by FERDINAND BOL. This picture is so Rembrandtish as to suggest as a title a "*Bol Masqué.*"

No. 74. "*A Mill,*" a quiet, secluded spot, just the place for a Mill: no police near. REMBRANDT knew what he was about.

No. 75. Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN as the "*Laughing Cavalier,*" by FRANK HOLL; no, beg Dutchman's pardon, FRANK HALS.

No. 107. "*The Fight Interrupted,*" by JAN STEEN; probably intended as a sequel to "*The Mill.*"

No. 109. Here is an "old woman" who lives in a frame,
She's painted by REMBRANDT, what matters her name?

No. 134. "*Europa.*" More American than European, and suggestive of "*Bull's Run.*"

No more at present. Only able to look in at The Grosvenor, where they have some great Hogarthy Diamonds. Home, and so to dinner.

Your old friend and Diarist SUM PEEPS.

THE BUSYBODY.

(*Dr. Watts adapted to the Day.*)

How doth the little Busybody,
Improve each shining hour,
And gather *kudos* day by day,
And pine for "perks" and pow'r!

How skilfully he shapes his "sells,"
His meetings how he packs;
With self-importance how he swells,
What foolish fads he backs!

The Public, how he bores or gulls,
This buzzing busy B.,
Starts maudlin "Leagues," that end in mulls,
And pure fiddle-de-dee!

In works of folly and of fudge,
His pompous days are passed,
To find in Limbo's fog and sludge,
Oblivion at last.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

"BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES."

From "The Portsmouth Times and Naval Gazette."

When one has visited the Royal Dockyards at Woolwich and Chatham, and inspected the great ships of war with their powerful armament which the Admiralty are providing for the protection of Her Majesty's extensive coast lines, he is at once satisfied that "Britannia still rules the waves." While there are obvious differences of opinion between experts relative to the value of large and small war-ships in action, one has only to come to Portsmouth Harbour and see such formidable ships as the *Inflexible*, the *Iron Duke*, the *Devastation*, and others of equal armament, costing upwards of a million sterling to produce, with myriads of small torpedo craft, to become convinced that in the matter of naval construction England is not only keeping abreast with other countries, but is excelling them. Portsmouth Dockyard and Portsmouth Harbour are names familiar throughout the civilised world. It is here that all the war vessels and magnificent troopships of Her Majesty's service are fitted out for foreign stations. It is said that these ships are supplied with every conceivable necessary for the comfort of the officers and men; every precaution is taken to provide against sickness and disease caused by the sudden change of climate to which troops are subjected. It is said that every vessel belonging to Her Majesty's service leaving Portsmouth is not considered ready for sea without a liberal supply of St. Jacobs Oil. This marvellous remedy is not only used extensively on shipboard, but also in the several dockyards above-mentioned. Mr. Frederick Payne, who lives at 62, Gladstone Street, Landport, Portsmouth, and who has been connected with the Portsmouth Dockyard for upwards of fourteen years, hands us the particulars of the most miraculous cure effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in the case of his wife, who for eight years had been a fearful sufferer from rheumatism. Her limbs and shoulders were swollen to three times their natural size; her arms and hands were shapeless; much of the time her right shoulder was swollen to that extent that the top of the shoulder and the side of her face came together, and she suffered the most intense pain. Four years ago the disease settled in her back, making her completely helpless, the heart became so much involved that she was unable to make the slightest exertion without experiencing great difficulty in breathing. The only way she could lie in bed was by having the back of a chair set up behind her, and padded with pillows. Her husband was obliged to carry her up and down stairs night and morning, and she suffered such excruciating agony that she repeatedly fainted away. She became so much reduced in flesh that Mr. Payne says she was little more than a skeleton. She was treated by the best medical skill in Portsmouth and vicinity, employing four medical gentlemen in all, each of whom told her and her husband that they could do nothing whatever for her—that her case was chronic and past all hope of recovery. Last summer, being a little better, she went to a little town in Sussex for a few weeks, where she had another violent attack, suffering the most intense agony; and here follows a very interesting and most providential circumstance: it seems that the lady to whose house Mrs. Payne was carried had herself been cured of rheumatism in the shoulder by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and was very urgent in her request for Mrs. Payne to try it. In less than five minutes after the first application Mrs. Payne began to experience cessation from pain. After the second application the pain had almost entirely disappeared, and before the contents of one bottle was exhausted, the pain and swelling had entirely gone, and, although weak and feeble, Mrs. Payne could walk about the house and grounds. From that time on she made a most satisfactory, rapid, and permanent recovery. Both Mr. Payne and his wife say that she has not been as well as she is now for fourteen years. Mr. and Mrs. Payne are most respected people, both are members of the Wesleyan Chapel in Landport, and Mr. Payne, as above stated, has been employed at Portsmouth Dockyard for fourteen years. The above was such a remarkable case that some of the chemists and dealers in Landport were called upon with the object in view of obtaining further information respecting this marvellous remedy, among others, Mr. Timothy White, 158 and 160, Commercial Road, Landport, Portsmouth, when interviewed, stated that the demand for this popular remedy was rapidly increasing, that he never buys less than sixty dozen at one order. When a remedy possesses such remarkable curative properties as those above mentioned, it is not to be wondered at that Her Majesty's troopships are never considered ready for sea until a supply is on board.

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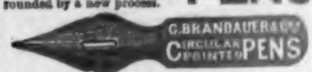

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Strand, W.C.—The Council earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS. A deficit, estimated at more than £6000, has to be met at once. Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, 49, Charing Cross, S.W.
ARTHUR E. READE, Secretary.

ILFRACOMBE, Devonshire, a desirable WINTER RESORT, occupies the place for mild, equable, and dry climate. (See Meteorological Society's Record.) Mean Temperature for Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb., 44·1; Mean Max. for ditto, 8·0; Lowest recorded Temperature for ditto, 20·0 (once only). At Nice, South of France, for same period, 29·2.

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THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM YOUNG ENGLAND.

Belvoir, Saturday.

MY DEAR TOBY,

I SEE by the papers that I am again on the point of retiring from public life in order to make way for someone. I forget who it is this time, which is a misfortune, as that is the only touch of novelty in the situation. Man and boy, for the last fifteen years, I have, according to the newspapers, been on the point of retiring. Yet here I am, Member for Melton, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Vice-President of the Committee of the Council on Agriculture. As ASHB-RNE says, I am "always Melton but never disappear." That I understand is a joke, and goes better with the assistance of ASHB-RNE's mellifluous vocal delivery.

But why should I retire more than any other of the younger Members of the Ministry? I own I am no longer as young as I was, but few of us are. Nature has been perhaps unkindly lavish in endowing me with a venerable appearance. But I am still as young in heart and mind as I was when I used to walk arm in arm with DIZZY to call on Lady BL-SS-NGT-N. How well I remember his ringlets redolent with thy incomparable oil, O Macassar! his tasselled cane and his waistcoat festooned with chains of gold! I was a mere lad compared with him, and so was GEORGE SM-THE. But we both adored him, and I remember quite well one night SM-THE trying to curl my hair like his. Only the other day I came upon a letter written by my father to Lord STR-NGF-RD, SM-THE's Papa. It is nearly fourty-four years old, but I remember all about the time, though of course I was not aware that my father and Lord STR-NGF-RD were in correspondence on the subject. The Manchester Athenæum was just going to be opened, and DIZZY had been asked to deliver an inaugural address. SM-THE and I were going down in his train, and our dear old fathers shook their heads. My father wrote in his stately way to Lord STR-NGF-RD: "I deplore as much as you do the influence which Mr. D-SR-LI has acquired over many of our young legislators, particularly over your son and over mine. I have no personal knowledge of Mr. D-SR-LI, and I have not an entire respect for his talents, of which I think he might make a better use. It is regrettable that two young men like JOHN and Mr. SM-THE should allow themselves to be led away by a man of whose straightforwardness I have the same opinion as yourself,—as I can only judge of it by his public career. The excellent dispositions of our sons render them only too susceptible to the seductions of an artful mind."

Ah me! the days that are no more? Doesn't that last sentence hit us all three off? The too susceptible youngsters, the mature young man, oiled and curled like an Assyrian bull, and the alert artfulness under the magnificent calmness of his pompous manner. But, really, I am convicting myself of that old age which my enemies accuse me of. I remember how garrulous H-GHT-N got in his old days, and so did BR-GH-M and R-SS-LL, sitting at the Scæan Gate, always piping about old times—

> Chiefs who no more in bloody fight engage,
> But, wise through time and narrative with age,
> In summer days like grasshoppers rejoice.

I must fight against the tendency, and shall be truly obliged if you will not hesitate to give me a hint if you find me erring in that direction, either in correspondence or conversation.

But I was saying, why should I retire more than ST-N-L-Y, or CR-NBR-K, or CR-SS, or, indeed, G-RGY H-M-LT-N? He was born a year or two after me, and is my junior as time is reckoned. But you know him well, and will, I venture to say, testify that he is actually an older man than I, and has been ever since he left school. He is one of the men who were never young, and I, if I may say so, am of the kind who will never be old. On the threshold of this New Year I feel as if I were only beginning my career, ready to use my present position as a springing-board for much higher flights. It is true I am on the verge of three-score years and ten. But what of that? Wasn't SHEM a hundred years old when still an active colonist? Or, not to go back so far, wasn't GL-DST-NE almost sixty before he was Prime Minister? Wasn't DIZZY sixty-three? and wasn't P-LM-RST-N, when he kissed hands on his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury, fully twelve months older than I am? and didn't he live and rule for ten years? What has been done may be done again, and I feel like doing it. I have lived through many changes, and shall see many more. Take the House of Lords for example. When I penned that deathless line which devoted to destruction our Laws, Commerce, and some other things which didn't belong to me, asking only for the salvation of Our Old Nobility, the Peerage was very differently constituted from what it is now.

You know how they count the years of some trees by the accumulated rings at their base; so I could count my age by the successive additions to the Peerage. Why I count C-L-R-DGE quite an old Peer to-day, and, when I wrote about our Old Nobility, he was plain Mr. C-L-R-DGE. CR-SS and CR-NBR-K, AB-RD-RE, and even SH-RBR-KE begin, in my mind's eye, to gather round their coronets the mistiness of respectable age. I do not doubt that I shall live to see the day when, looking round on newer batches of Peers, I shall regard as among our Old Nobility Lord ADD-NGT-N, Lord B-S-NG, and the melodiously named Lord M-GH-R-M-RNE. Till then, don't you believe any gossip you may hear about the retirement of Yours Youthfully, J-HN M-NN-RS.

HOW TO GET OUT OF IT.

THE following hints may be found useful to any shy and self-conscious person who, finding himself at the present festive season involved in a jovial family gathering that is expressing its hilarity by an indiscriminate recourse to the modern "surprise" cracker, is determined to escape the temporary humiliation of arraying himself in the paper adornment it contains:—Go through your dinner with a frown of melancholy anticipation. When the crackers are at length produced, decline to pull one.

If forced to, instantly hand over the contents to your fair neighbour who holds the other end. If these happen to be either a comic pig's head or a roomy bishop's mitre, and she asks you just to try them on, smile benignly on her, and say you "couldn't think of robbing a lady." If addressed by your hostess with, "Now, Mr. SMITH, you really *must wear something!*" pretend not to hear her, and tell somebody opposite, pointedly, how much you prefer "a good old-fashioned Christmas."

If the son of the house tries to bonnet you with a Turkish cocked hat, playfully pinch his legs and adroitly tearing the offending head-gear in half, laughingly observe that "you're sure it wouldn't have fitted you."

On the fun getting fast and furious, and everybody but yourself assuming some form of ornamentation, endeavour to damp it, by audibly remarking to your next-door neighbour that you "can't conceive how a set of middle-aged people can make such idiots of themselves."

If, notwithstanding this, your host determines to force your hand, and says, "Come, SMITH, *put on something.* Why, you're the only one of us who isn't bonneted!" get up then and there, and, giving him a bit of your mind, leave the house with an indignant flourish.

Putting By for a Rainy Day.

"Lord LEVESON, son of Earl GRANVILLE, accidentally swallowed a half-crown while doing some amateur conjuring at Walmer on Boxing Day. It is stated that up to the present he has suffered no inconvenience."— *Daily Papers.*

WHAT the Half-crown said to the Young Man:—"*Frangas non flectes.*" (The family motto of the GRANVILLES.)

MR. PUNCH DRINKS THE HEALTH OF THE LATEST CENTENARIAN.

"THE APPLICATION OF IT."—Sir ROBERT BALL, in an instructive and entertaining lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, described the Moon as presenting appearances of extinct craters. "Bedad, then, Sorr," says honest PAT. "I wish the Moonlighters were the 'extinct craturs' he spoke of."

QUITE CLEAR.—The President of the Association in the United States styled the "Knights of Labour" is accused, together with two of his coadjutors, of having misappropriated 100,000 dollars of the society's money during the past year. If this be proved, it is evident that the delinquents are "Knights errant."

A CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

"Now, my friends," said Lord SALISBURY, taking up his pen after the usual New-Year greetings had been exchanged. "What shall we do? Has anyone a notion for the coming Session?"

"If you want an ocean," observed the LORD CHANCELLOR, "you should apply at the Admiralty."

"My good HALSBURY," remonstrated the PREMIER, "pray be serious. Recollect we have important business to transact, and if you want to be funny, reserve yourself for the House of Lords. Presiding in the Peers you are always an amusing spectacle. And now, once more, my dear colleagues, have you anything to suggest?"

"I suppose there is nothing fresh from RANDOLPH?" queried Mr. STANHOPE, who took an interest in the movements of the would-be reformer of the War Department.

"No," replied Lord SALISBURY. "I fancy he has grown tired of the idea of succeeding Prince FERDINAND in Bulgaria. It has been said that he purposes calling upon the POPE to put His Holiness right on several matters of doctrine, but nothing certain is known about his movements."

"The point is—ha! ha! ha!" guffawed the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, liberally exhibiting the top row of his front teeth, "whether he will bother us. He! he! he! Ho! ho! ho!"

"As he is said to intend to make a lengthy stay abroad, it is more than possible that he may return to Town to-morrow," replied the PREMIER. "Sufficient for the day is——"

"The MATTHEWS thereof," put in Lord HALSBURY with a smile. "Then for the moment we need not bother ourselves about RANDOLPH."

Viscount CROSS rose from his chair, and seized the LORD CHANCELLOR's hand.

"My dear Lord," he observed, with emotion, "that is the most sensible—nay, I think I may go so far as to add, the *only* sensible thing you have said for months! Bless you!"

"Is it too early to consider the Budget?" asked the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

"No," replied the PREMIER, "if any one has really any good notion for increasing the revenue without an undue sacrifice of popularity."

"Seems to me that a licence should be required for every Railway Bookstall," observed Earl CADOGAN. "This would give the Government a hold upon the circulation of treasonable or libellous pamphlets. A licence might be revoked in case of misbehaviour."

"I have every wish to agree with the Lord Privy Seal," remarked Mr. W. H. SMITH with uncustomary gravity, "but I must protest, in the name of the Press, against such an impost. Why, if every Railway Bookstall were taxed, the civilisation of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century would be shaken to its foundation! Tax Railway Bookstalls! Stuff and nonsense!"

"You do not happen to know the name of the largest Proprietor of Railway Book-stalls?" asked Mr. MATTHEWS, the Home Secretary.

"I am not quite sure!" said the Treasury's First Lord. "It may be a Mr. BROWN, a Mr. JONES, or a Mr. SMITH, but I have a faint idea that someone has told me that the principal Railway Bookstall-keeper is a person of the name of WILLING."

"No doubt he is willing to be so," put in the LORD CHANCELLOR.

This sally caused such a loud chorus of "Resign!" that Lord SALISBURY had to interfere.

"I am sure we all would regret the loss of our excellent friend." Cries of "No! no!" "Well, we should if he gave up the habit of making pointless puns." A dead silence. "Thank you, I thought so. After this expression of opinion, my dear HALSBURY, I do hope you will turn over a new leaf, and keep any nonsense you want to publish until you are able to incorporate it in your customary abortive Lunacy Bill."

There was a pause, during which the LORD CHANCELLOR, with a comical assumption of wounded dignity, left the room.

HAD HIM THERE!

Uncle Jim. "HERE'S HALF A MINCE PIE FOR YOU, TOMMY. I NEED HARDLY REMIND A PERSON OF YOUR CLASSICAL CULTURE THAT '*THE HALF IS GREATER THAN THE WHOLE!*'"

Tommy. "QUITE SO, UNCLE. BUT, AS I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY, I'LL ONLY TAKE A WHOLE ONE!"

"Now, that he's gone, we can get to real business," observed Lord SALISBURY. "Well, my Lords and Gentlemen, what shall we do about Ireland?"

"Ah, to be sure," echoed all present. "What shall we do about Ireland?"

"Must do something," continued the PREMIER.

"Certainly," was the response, spoken in unison. "Must do something. Why it's the subject of the hour!"

"Perhaps you would like to see a map of Ireland, so that we could get at a glance the physical features of the country. I can easily get it." This proposal was received with enthusiasm, and Lord SALISBURY left the room for a moment. And now a strange thing happened.

When the PREMIER returned to the Council Chamber, he found it entirely empty. Every member of the Cabinet had disappeared!

"I call that shabby!" said Lord SALISBURY. "Well, I suppose Ireland must wait; but we shall have to attend to the subject—some day." And with a frown he returned to his own apartments, and only regained his habitual good temper after indulging in a long inspection of some thousands of carefully-preserved caricatures of Mr. GLADSTONE.

THE Chairman of the Conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians has been lamenting the success of the Gilbert-and-Sullivan Operas. Apparently the gentleman in question, whose name happens to be Dr. HEAP, objects to the pile the gifted Collaborateurs have been making on the score that, in the process, they have demoralised the taste of the musical public. But, though the Doctor heaps up his charges, he does not suggest any way of solving the difficulty; indeed, could he do so, and show how the British public could be made to take a permanent interest in serious opera, he would soon win the thanks of Mr. CARL ROSA, and that energetic *impresario* would assuredly greet him with a gleeful shout of "Heap! Heap! Heap! Hooray!"

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."—"Why change the head?" asked the *Times*, in its startling issue on the Centenary Festival Day, Monday, January 2, quoting from the *Times* (of Times past), or *Daily Universal Register*, January 1, 1788. Quite so: "Why change the head" now? Only if a title be required, why not '*Buckle's History of Civilization*'?"

A PERFECT CURE.—An impulsive gentleman, who was accustomed on frequent occasions to utter "a big, big D," determined to break himself of the habit. He reduced the big D to a little one, and for "I don't care one 'D——,' he substituted "I don't care one penny,"—*i.e.*, "1*d*."

NOTE ON A RECENT ELECTION.—Winchester voted Conservative before, and, in doing so again, the constituents only followed the "*Mos Majorum*."

THE HOME AND "THE HOUSE;"

Or, Darby and Joan To-day.

"An administration of the law by which the old and the helpless are removed from their children and their kindred into the workhouse, as a condition of relief . . . the refusal of out-door relief, except on the same condition, whereby a family is sold up, their home broken up, in all probability never to be reconstituted, and the whole family, old and young, charged for ever upon the rates. This condition is known at this time to be absolutely refused by an immense multitude of our suffering and deserving poor; they will endure any privation of hunger and cold rather than break up their home."—*From "A Note on Out-door Relief," by Cardinal Manning. Fortnightly Review for January*, 1888.

Darby to Mr. Bumble, loquitur:—

"COME into the House!" is your cry; "it's the Law, it's the Regular Rule,"
And I shrink, as I always have shrunk, and you call me a stubborn old fool;

And old I am surely enough, and perhaps I am foolish, who knows?
But we've borne it a weary long while, and we'll bear it, I hope, to the close.

DARBY and JOAN they call us, my foolish old woman and me,
Because of our clinging together; we're sixty years wed do you see,
And parting this side of the churchyard is what we can neither abide;
And all of them say it is folly, and some of them swear it is pride.

Pride! Well, we *did* know it once in our own little long-ago way,
Sixty years since, Mr. BUMBLE, when I was in work, with good pay,
And yonder old bedstead was new, and the eldest of seven just born,
And JOAN had the light in her eyes, and a cheek like the breaking of morn.

But pride in these rubbishing rags, in our lonely half-sightless old selves,
The hearth that is empty of fuel, the bareness of cupboards and shelves?
Nay, nay, but it's foolish to think on; the pride that the parsons so blame,
Was long ago banished by hunger, burnt out of our bosoms by shame.

But obstinate?—yes, I suppose so, for love is the stubbornest thing,
The weaker they grow, our old arms, why the closer and tighter they cling.
Our children are dead or are fled, I am eighty years odd and nigh blind,
And—you bid us "Come into the House!" and no doubt you consider it's kind.

"Sweet Home!" we have sung in our time,—eh, JOAN, you remember, my dear?—
But that music, no doubt you will tell us, would sound like mere mockery *here*.
Home! when there isn't a crumb-feast to tempt the lean scuttering mouse!
Little of home-feel is here, but we doubt there'd be less in the House.

Ah, you may argue, and argue! Go argue the bird from its nest,
The dog from the side of its master, the babe from its mother's warm breast.
The nest may be torn, and the man may be poor, and the mother ill-clad,
But the instinct that clings is too strong for the reason that rates it as mad.

I'm mad, without doubt, in your eyes; and the Poor Law, of course that is sane,
To crouch by the Union fire, nothing empty, save bosom and brain,
No hunger, but that of the heart, no fear save that terror untold,
That creeps at the thought of "the House" to the breast of the helpless and old:—

The fear that to you is as foolish as babyhood's dread of a ghost,
To linger unloved and alone 'midst an alien uniformed host
Of strangers alone and unloved, broken waifs that the world cannot miss;—
You will tell us—and how shall we answer him, JOAN?—must be better than *this!*

JOAN, my JOAN, who would then be but little more mine than the dress,
They would wrap round these rag-covered limbs, can we hope to make gentlefolk guess,
The terror, the tearing asunder, the wrenching from love's latest hold,
The void that's more awful than hunger, the palsy more dreadful than cold?

Our friend here is getting impatient. Perhaps, were no memories ours
Of the sunlight that shone on our prime, we should slink from the shadow that lours
Into *any* retreat. We were taxed in our prosperous days like the best,
And pride would scarce stay our old feet from the road to a haven of rest.

But who calls the House such a haven? Not those who have herded therein,
"Keep out of it, DARBY," they cry, "whilst a coin or a crust you can win."
Badged, brow-beaten, ranked without heed to the links of a lifetime? No, no!
The road to the grave, though 'tis hard, is a road we would far rather go.

So help to the helpless must come, say our Masters, or come not at all.
A choice between heart-break and hunger for those fate has thrust to the wall.
Is that a wise Country's last word to its aged ones? Well, you have mine;
And you call me a stubborn old fool! JOAN! JOAN! be content, I decline!

No, JOAN, I am not to be taken. Be comforted, wife, I am here, [then, my dear.
We scarcely can see one another; take hold of my hand,
Nay, I'm not yielding, not yet; though perhaps were you warm, and well fed——
Ah! pardon, old wife; we're together, the word that should part us unsaid.

* * * * *

Mr. Bumble loquitur:—

Dead! In each other's thin arms clasped close, as they wished, to the end!
Yes, I called him a stubborn old fool, and the fool wouldn't know his best friend.
Pah! but the poor are as mulish all round, as though beggars might choose.
If a voice could awake in him now, I suppose it would wake—to refuse.

Maddening, folly like this, to a mind that's official and clear! [for many a year!
Dead, in the damp, chilly den where they've huddled
Whilst the Union gates are ajar, and the Union pallets are spread,
With a Poor Law shaped all for their good, and they spurned at its help, and they're dead!

Wouldn't be parted, forsooth! Could not argue them free of that scare,*
With talk of indulgence for age, or of Guardians' discretion. The pair,
Like hundreds of couples, seemed crazed on the point, and persuasion was vain.
Bogey tales of the House are the creed of the credulous poor, and their bane.

DARBY and JOAN! It is dismal. What good has it done them to die, [but here, in this stye?
Clasped close, but with famine-pinched faces, together,
It's folly; it's worse, it's a nuisance. And yet they look peaceful-like. Come!
They've escaped from the House, after all, and, poor fools, let us trust they're—at Home!

* With reason or without, it is commonly impossible to persuade the aged poor that they have any assurance of not being separated when once in "the House;" that the Guardians have any discretion in the matter, or, having it, are likely to use it in their favour. The old couple whom the writer has in his mind were impervious to argument on this point.—ED.

"DOT AND GO ONE," is Mr. TOOLE's motto in reviving this effective Christmassy piece, which is far from being in its dot-age. Dot and go like one o'clock it probably will, until the new piece by the Partners MERIVALE has been sufficiently rehearsed. Mr. TOOLE as *Caleb Plummer* (which in one paper's notice was misprinted "*Cable*" *Plummer*, thus giving the comedian plenty of rope) is seen to great advantage, and naturally considering that the old Dickens-Boucicault drama would draw money during the Christmas holidays, looks upon this *Dot* as a "spec."

THE THEATRICAL GOVERNING BODY.—The Board of Fire-Works.

ANOTHER RHYME.

Being a few more "Lines" offered, with Mr. Punch's compliments, to the Editor of the "Fortnightly," as some little assistance to the despairing Poet Swinburne, who could only get one rhyme to "Babe."

BABE, if rhyme be none
To that bald head word
Babe, most dribbling one
Ever heard,

Right is it to stump
Up and down, in view
Of a round and plump
Thing like you?

Meet is it that rhyme
Should give you your place,
Liken dumpling prime
To your face?

Could wild night cats raise
Such a howl? What sound
Like your squeal dismays
All hearts round!

None can tell in metre,
What your smile is worth,
Since swift flight grows fleeter
At your mirth.

Still, whate'er you may be,
Bald, grotesque—sublime!
"Babe" I can't like "baby"
Fit with rhyme.

"Astrolabe's" too schoolish,
"Great MACCABE's" too new,
Nigger's "gabe's" too foolish.
None will do.

Stop though! Let Baby "gyre
And gimble in the wabe."
That's it! Yields CARROLL's lyre
Rhyme for *Babe!*

POSTED UP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I crave your sympathy and, if possible, your protection from a daily and ever-increasing nuisance that assails me. I refer to the apparently inexhaustible stream of prospectuses, circulars, stock and share lists, touting advertisements, charity applications, stock-jobbers' letters, that flows into my letter-box with every post, and which, did I not struggle against it with all my might and main, would literally overwhelm me. Now, my dear Sir, I am a plain individual, of no special notoriety, living in a quiet West End square, and my name is down in the *Court Guide*, and possibly in a local Directory.

But it happens also to be down somewhere as a holder of a few Mining Shares, and I am known to possess some Railway Stock. And this is quite enough. Forthwith, I appear to be selected as a target by the Secretary of every possible and impossible "concern" that the folly of the greedy speculator or the chicanery of the enterprising promoter sets on foot. I am showered with Prospectuses. They pour in on me literally in hundreds. Silver Mines in Mexico, Gold Mines in South Africa, Land Mortgages in Canada, all got up with enticing coloured diagrams and maps of the various "estates," "lodes," and "shafts," that are to secure me at once from 15 to 40 per cent. on my paid-up capital, to say nothing of a thousand and one ventures nearer home, in the shape of "Family Fog Signal" Companies, "Noiseless Drawing-Room Cart-wheel" Companies, "Patent Automatic Double Tooth Extracting" Companies, and I know not what other appeal to me everlastingly for my financial support.

Nor is this all. Advertising stock-jobbers, as if my whole life were one prolonged whirl of gambling in the Money Market, beset me with entreaties to forward them any amount from one to five thousand pounds in the shape of "cover" to enable them to have a free hand for me and "realise handsome profits" in some "good thing" or other that they, from special sources of information of their own, know is about to come off. Nothing can exceed the persistence and push of these last-named advertising harpies. They pester me in ever increasing shoals week after week. Then there are the endless charity applications, generally accompanied by a small novelette or some other form of brief but stirring dramatic literature, and last, but not least of all, the "circular" of the enterprising Tradesman who, in his desire to escape a swift and direct transmission to the waste-paper basket, purposely invades me in some artfully designed official guise, and by either sealing his envelope with the Royal Arms, or conspicuously printing on it some such superscription as "*On Her Majesty's Service*," or "*With the Prime Minister's Compliments*," deludes me into opening it, and for a moment becoming familiar with its touting contents—or rather, I should say *he did*, for I am on my guard now, and am fairly roused; and for the last fortnight, driven to desperation, have met the evil in the only legitimate way; viz., by consigning the whole contents of my letter-box, whenever they have been brought up to me, straightway to the fire. As a matter of fact, I have found that by so doing I have destroyed several valuable and important documents, and among them a Demand-note for Parochial Rates, a County Court Summons, a letter from an executor enclosing a large cheque, and the lease of a friend's house—the disappearance of all of which, I need scarcely say, is causing me no little inconvenience. But what is this to the triumphant sense of having for once been equal to the Prospectus-mongers! Not that I have quite done that yet, but I will yet manage to evade them.

Last Tuesday I nailed up my letter-box, and the Postman has since shovelled the hourly consignment to my house down the area. The Cook endeavoured to dispose of this yesterday, with the result of setting the kitchen chimney on fire. I have now some thoughts of suddenly leaving my house, and changing my name, or even of emigrating, or picking a personal quarrel with the Postmaster-General. Indeed, I am on the verge of doing something desperate. But you, my dear *Mr. Punch*, will, I know, understand the morbid state of tension that can be induced, by the circumstances I have described, and appreciate the feelings of

Yours, despairingly, A VICTIM OF THE ADVERTISING POST.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE XIXth Century, "this so-called Nineteenth Century," the Magazine, that is, for this month, is peculiarly interesting. Sir HENRY THOMPSON treats, sensibly and cautiously, "The Progress of Cremation," which is not yet quite the "burning question" that, later on, it is very likely to become. He exclaims in a note, "What an opportunity for a Campo Santo at Westminster!" Yes: full of BURNS' Memorials. If it has ever occurred to any readers of Mr. FREDERIC (not "FREDERICK" which would be so common, you know) HARRISON's writings to ask why this brilliant author has never produced a comedy? or why, if unable to construct a plot, has he never collaborated as a writer of comedy dialogue? The anxious inquirer will find a satisfactory answer in the second article of this Magazine, entitled "The Two Paths," which recalls to us the palmy days of *Dr. Barlow*, sweetly conversing with *Harry* and *Tommy*, or the epigrammatic dialogues contained in the *Easy Lessons* by MARIA EDGEWORTH. We have one good word to say for it, and with this he himself provides us; "the word is" as the charade-players say, "Book-trotter," meaning a "Variety reader" as distinct from a student. But wouldn't "Book-skipper" be better? What cheer, Skipper! And isn't the Skipper just the person who would keep a log, and when anything remarkable was "found," wouldn't the Skipper "make a note of it," and on he skips again? Still, Book-trotter is good, and we thank FREDERIC-without-the-'k' (quite right to get rid of all superfluous letters—only why not have sacrificed the "e" and retained the "k"—thus "FREDERIK?") for teaching us the word. Yes, FHREDDYRIK, we like book-trotting and book-trotters: agreeable, superficial, sociable persons, and usually good company. In the third essay MATT ARNOLD "goes for" SHELLEY; in the eighth, Mr. Justice STEPHEN has round number three with Professor ST. GEORGE MIVART; the Dragon always had a poor chance with St. George, though apparently the odds were on the monster. Mr. Justice wants to have the Professor up before him, and sentence him out of hand. The Professor conducts his own defence, and is able to take care of himself. A. C. SWINBURNE, who in the *Fortnightly* for January, has such a difficulty in rhyming to "babe," sends an article to *The XIXth Century*, dated from Hanwell. The locality is its explanation and excuse. Altogether, *The XIXth Century* Coach, Driver JAMES KNOWLES, makes a good start in the New Year. *A propos* of Poet SWINBURNE and Hanwell, has the lecture of some eminent medical man met his eye, treating of the melancholy end which awaits all punsters, and, if so, has he in defiance of this eminent person written this line in his *Locrine*—

"What boots it though thou plight thy word to boot?"

which the Poet clearly—that is, as clearly as possible—meant for a pun, and a bootiful one, too, he thought it. If he didn't intend a pun on the word boot, then that's quite another pair of shoes. Away to Hanwell, where perhaps I may foregather with the Jubilee BROWNING, and yet remain your devoted,

BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

TO "THE TIMES."

(*Lines on the celebration of its Centenary, freely adapted from "The Hunchback."*)

"I'VE known him since I was a child. E'en then
The morn I thought a very weary one,
That brought not Master WALTER.
* * Writers then,
Men of great skill and learning, wrote for one
Who ruled them—Master WALTER.
* * What was dull
A word from Master WALTER made as clear
As daylight.
* * Master WALTER came, and comes,
Summer and winter still, without or with
A double sheet of supplement, and still
Comes Master WALTER, as of yore, price threepence!"

LONDON IDYLS.

Algernon (the Heir). "AWFULLY KIND OF MRS. MASHAM TO GIVE US A LIFT. BUT IT WAS RATHER A SQUEEZE, EH?"
Jack the Detrimental (his Younger Brother). "YES. BY THE WAY, TALKING OF SQUEEZES, IT STRUCK ME VERY FORCIBLY, DRIVING ALONG, THAT YOU 'D GOT HOLD OF ONE OF MISS LAURA MASHAM'S HANDS!"
Algernon. "WELL, YOU MEDDLING YOUNG IDIOT! WHAT IF I *HAD?*"
Jack. "OH, NOTHING. ONLY *I'D GOT HOLD OF THE OTHER*, YOU KNOW!"

BALFOUR'S "IRREPRESSIBLE" DONKEY.

AIR.—"*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

OH! have you heard—but of course you have—
Of a curious creature, as stubborn as brave,
An iron-heeled kicker, a buck-jumping knave,
Called the Irrepressible Donkey?
The "Blondin Donkey" is full of his tricks,
But the Irrepressible easily licks
His Music-Hall model in capers and kicks;
And the cleverest rider is found in a fix,
When he sidles up to the animal's side,
Flings o'er the saddle his legs astride,
And rides, or rather essays to ride,
The Irrepressible Donkey.
See him straddle, behold him rear!
The cleverest rider may well feel fear,
And cling to the neck, or hold on by the ear,
Of the Irrepressible Donkey.

This mischievous "moke" is an awkward brute,
And apt from the saddle to suddenly shoot
The would-be Balaam who doesn't suit
The Irrepressible Donkey.
Many a Balaam that seat hath had,
Riders good, and riders bad,
But Tory, Liberal, Whig, or Rad,
This dreadful donkey has driven them mad.
FORSTER fuzzy, and BALFOUR tall,
HICKS-BEACH, MORLEY, each and all,
At one time or other, have had a fall
From the Irrepressible Donkey.
See him straddle, &c.

BALFOUR mounted as well as most,
And some of his friends are beginning to boast
That he's a right RARRY, who will not be tost
From the Irrepressible Donkey.
Of Donkey-riding he has the gift,
Is up to each asinine struggle and shift,
Can make the animal feel his heft,
And prone on his back will never be left.
BALFOUR, they say, is a blessed boon,
He'll treat as the Colonel treated the coon,
And make dance, soon, to a genteel tune,
The Irrepressible Donkey.
See him straddle, &c.

Well, that, of course, remains to be seen;
At present the creature is prancing, I ween;
There still seems some "devil," and plenty of spleen.
In the Irrepressible Donkey.
Round he goes with his hoofs asprawl,
His mouth gapes wide, and his teeth aren't small,
With his ears laid back, and his tail to the wall,
He doesn't appear a nice "mount" at all.
To brave BALFOUR and his "resolute" Chief
'Twill be a great joy, and a real relief,
To find there's *one* rider does *not* come to grief
With the Irrepressible Donkey.
See him straddle, and stamp, and rear!
Look at his grinders, and twig his ear!
He'll still want a good deal of "riding," I fear—
The Irrepressible Donkey!

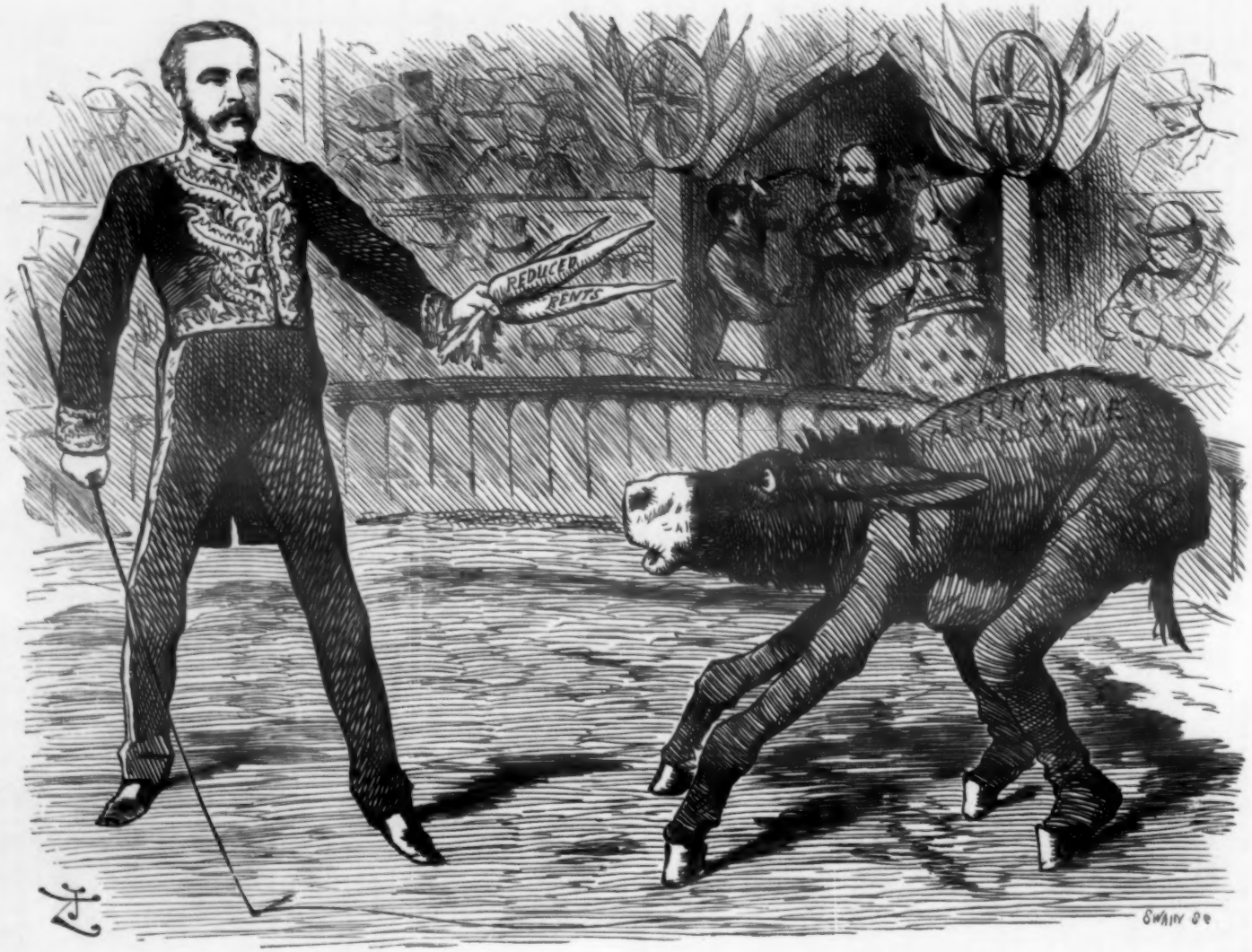
"A SELF-EDUCATING PROFESSION."

IN consequence of his distinguished success at Berlin, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, will, it is probable, play *David Garrick* at St. Petersburgh. The play has been already submitted to the Chief of the Detective Police, who is still engaged on attempting to discover the plot. Mr. WYNDHAM has assured the Head of the Department that there is nothing in it—meaning the plot not the head—but this sounded so like Nihilism in it, that the play will now have to undergo the severest scrutiny. Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM will play the part in Russian. The title of the piece will be *Davidoff Garrickski.*

It is understood in certain well-informed circles that Mr. HENRY IRVING (who in spite of all reports to the contrary, is quite well, we are very glad to hear, and doing first-rate business. We always did think his business very good, especially as *Mephistopheles, Louis the Eleventh*, and *Mathias*) is studying Spanish and Portuguese, in order to play a round of his favourite characters at Madrid and Oporto.

Mr. TOOLE is studying Spanish in order to appear at Madrid as *Don Paulus Prios*, but Miss LINDEN has requested him to defer his engagement in the Fiji Islands for another week or two, in order to enable her to obtain a thorough mastery of the language. Some Sandwich Island men have already been sent on in advance with the board-advertisements.

"ON 'CHANGE."—Quotation for the New Year, 1⅞ (1888).



BALFOUR'S "IRREPRESSIBLE" DONKEY.

THE SHALLABALAH MAHARAJAH;

Or The Confessions of an Indian Prince.

I'LL tell you the adventures of a Famous Indian Prince,
You needn't start as the news I impart,
I'm the Shallabalah Ma'rajah!

I've been lionised in England, and haven't got over it since,
For the truth to tell, a terrible swell
Is the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
I'm overwhelmed with gold, and so can while away my time;
My suite is large, my costumes grand, my jewels too sublime,
And I look like HARRY NICHOLLS in a Christmas Pantomine,
And you know how, to curtsy and bow,
To the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

I came to London,—p'rhaps I'd better say how I begun,
For no Nabob, was half such a nob,
As the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
I took three spacious Mansions and I threw them into one,
With a door for you, and the other two,
For the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
You asked me out to dinners, and you wrote the words "To meet
His Highness the MAHARAJAH," on your cards for the *élite*,
And you gave me much to look at, tho' there wasn't much to eat,
And a ninepenny hock, which you placed in stock,
For the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

I was carted off to Pictures, Playhouse, Party, Concert, Ball,
And ho! the rush, of extravagant gush,
For the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
And oft to your House of Parliament—the greatest trial of all,
And once,—or more, you detected a snore,
From the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
Then crowds I asked to dine off Curry, Bombay Duck and Spice,
With pounds and pounds of Garlic and a ton or two of rice,—
The latter very wholesome, and most filling at the price—
And I made them drink, the pure Indian Ink,
Of the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

I got so bored of Town—I thought to get beyond your reach
Of friends—a host—suggested a coast,
For the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
So I took a row of houses with a view of sea and beach,
But the mob was shrewd, and hotly pursued,
The Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
And nobles called from Hanley, Barnsley, Leeds and Preston Pans,
With Yarmouth Trippers, Cotton-brokers, Welsh and Highland Clans;
And a swell whose name was BUGGINS, but who called himself BUJANS,
Who broke his brace, while bowing with grace,
To the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

I was summoned to Windsor Castle, and I thought a lot of that,
A carriage saloon, was fitted up soon,
For the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
At the Castle I was kept awaiting hours on the mat—
With an aged Peer, who adopted a sneer,
For the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
I was shown some precious tapestries, some pictures and a jar,
And then I was invested with a precious badge and star,
And the aged Peer presented me with a precious bad cigar,
With a wink of his eye, he bade a good-bye,
To the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

I've seen the glorious Million and the glorious Upper Ten,
And bear in mind, they were all of them kind,
To the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
And I've seen your splendid sailors, and your military men,
And a word of advice, I think will suffice,
From the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.
I've heard you do not want to fight—by Jingo if you do?
You'd better see your guns don't burst, or bayonets break in two,
And your ironclads, should rest upon,—not *under* the ocean blue.
I may be wrong—but that is the song,
Of the Shallabalah Ma'rajah.

THE HOLIDAY CONVERSATION-BOOK.

ABOUT SYDENHAM.

Paterfamilias. And so, my dear children, you have been to the Crystal Palace?

Maria. Yes, dear Papa, as you directed—third-class and carrying in our pockets each a packet of sandwiches.

Pater. That is right, my dears. The joint spirit of economy and self-reliance should govern our actions from our earliest years. And now that you have seen that magnificent home of all that is beautiful in Nature and Art, the Crystal Palace, tell me what glorious exhibit most attracted your attention. Was it the Court of the Alhambra, the Pompeian House, or the fine collection of plaster casts?

Johnny. Not one of the three, dear Papa,—we were most pleased with the Pantomime.

Pater. Was it a good one?

Maria. A very good one. It was called *Robinson Crusoe*, and was written originally by the late Mr. H. J. BYRON.

Pater. Dear me, it must have been the old Princess's Pantomime, in which ESPINOSA appeared. He played, I remember, the part of *Friday*.

Harry. Mr. D'AUBAN takes it now, Papa.

Pater. And it could not be in better hands. And now, little GEORGY, what did you think of the *ballet?*

George. Booful, booful—booful ickle exter ladies.

Pater. What does the little man, mean?

Maria. I fancy, dearest Papa, that little GEORGIE wishes us to understand that the *ballet* was perfect, from the *première danseuse* down to the extra ladies.

George. 'Es—that 's what ickle GEORGIE means. Booful, booful!

Pater. And the scenery?

Maria. Was charming. The dresses were also in excellent taste. Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD too (who I think I have heard you say is an excellent melodramatic actor) was capital as *King Tyranny*.

Pater. And were you pleased with the harlequinade?

James. It was not so refined as the opening. Some of the Clown's jokes savoured more of the East than the West End.

Pater. And after seeing the Pantomime I suppose you hurried away to revel in the treasures of Art?

Maria. That no doubt was our inclination, but it being Christmas time, we considered it better to postpone the revel you suggest for the moment, and as an alternative pleasure to dash into an Entertainment of a Conjuror and a lady called ASTARTE.

Pater. I trust that the excellence of the show compensated for the loss of the rich intellectual treat you apparently sacrificed in order to attend it?

James. The Conjuror had rather a melancholy manner. I feel that should I ever wish to see him again (which is improbable), I would prefer to renew his acquaintance during Lent.

Pater. And, after this, I suppose you all rushed to the Egyptian Court to inspect the interesting mural inscriptions with their varicoloured hieroglyphics?

Maria. No doubt we should have done this, dearest Papa, had it not now become too dark to identify them. So we went instead to see Mr. SNAZELLE and some Dissolving Views, in another part of the building.

Pater. And were you satisfied?

James. More than satisfied. We were so pleased with Mr. SNAZELLE—who appeared to us to be an admirable tragedian—and his Dissolving Views, that it was with the utmost difficulty we tore ourselves away from them both to catch a train. Our regret was the more acute, as at the time of our departure Mr. SNAZELLE, dressed as *Mephistopheles*, was singing a modern comic song.

Pater. Well, my dears, you seem to have enjoyed yourselves thoroughly, and as, from what you say, you appear to take more delight in intellectual prowess than mere scenic display, you shall all pay (the only thing you will have to pay, as admission is gratis) a long visit on Thursday to the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn Street.

Omnes. Oh, thank you, dearest Papa! That will indeed be delightful!

THEATRICAL FIRE-FLIES.—The "Flies" of Theatres.

"FIAT EXPERIMENTUM," &c.

SCENE—*A Christmas Family Gathering at a Country House.*

Old Bachelor Guest (violently awakened out of his morning snooze). "WHO 'SH THERE?"

The Grandchildren (shouting in chorus, and banging at his door). "OH, MR. BULKLEY—PLEASE—MR. BULK'EY—TO GET UP—AND GO ON THE POND—'PA SAYS—'CAUSE—GRAN'MA SAYS—WE MAY—IF IT 'LL BEAR YOU—IT 'LL BEAR US!!"

HUSBANDS AND HUSBANDRY.

A Specimen of the Romantico-Fiscal Fiction of the Future.

"Last year was the worst ever recorded for marriages in England. . . . What is still more remarkable is that this falling off in the wedding rate coincided with a low price of wheat. . . . The fall of the marriage rate, declares the Registrar-General, 'coincides with a decline in the value per head of British exports.'"—*Daily Telegraph.*

"O HYMEN, Hymen, reillume thy torch!"

So sorrowfully sighed the lovely Lady PSYCHE FEATHERFLIGHT.

There had not been a wedding worth calling a wedding in England for full five years. The fashionable fanes of St. George's and St. Margaret's were as deserted as the pillared aisles of Palmyra. And the Lady PSYCHE was the unhappiest girl in all England.

She loved, in the fearless old fashion, of course,—but all fashions of love were old now,—young WALTER WHEATEAR of Rockferry Farm. To all appearances she might as well have adored Mount Athos, or worshipped Arthur's Seat.

"PSYCHE," said her Mother, "I believe it is all the result of Science, and Socialism, and Statistics, and things,—especially those horrid Statistics, which seem to me to upset everything, and which *I* think are most wicked and impious, besides being so shockingly dry and boring. The world went very well before your GOSCHENS and GIFFENS went in for *tabulating* everything, from heart-throbs to corn-imports, from Unemployed averages to the Marriage-rate."

"Well, HYMEN is the chief of the Unemployed now, Mamma, at any rate," moaned the Lady PSYCHE.

"How can you joke on such a serious subject, PSYCHE?" cried the elder lady, flouncing impatiently away.

* * * * * *

"If Statistics *have* done it all," sighed Lady PSYCHE, "I only wish they were tied round Mr. GOSCHEN's neck and cast into the——"

"Nothing of the sort, my poor girl," answered a honey-toned voice. It came from a handsome youth who—in November—might have been taken for a sort of glorified link-boy, though more lightly clad than that function in that season might seem to demand.

"Oh, you *have* returned, then?" cried Lady PSYCHE, recognising him instantly. Where *have* you been hiding yourself?"

"I've been studying Fair Trade with HOWARD VINCENT," answered HYMEN.

"The wretch!" ejaculated Lady PSYCHE, viciously. "I don't mean *you*," she hastened to explain, "but HOWARD VINCENT, for detaining you all this while in the interests of his most precious fad."

"You don't understand," said the youth, pityingly. "It is no fad, but a fatality. *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.* Of course you understand *that*. In the absence of Ceres and Bacchus, Venus grows cold. Without corn and wine, Love loses warmth. And as you've chosen to turn the cold shoulder upon Ceres, can you wonder if she has chilled towards you?"

"What *do* you mean?" cried Lady PSYCHE.

"Simply that wheat is at so absurdly low a figure, that it doesn't pay the British farmer any longer to produce it," answered HYMEN. "*Verb. sap.!*" And he vanished.

* * * * * *

"Ceres, to thee belongs the votive lay,
Whose locks in radiance round thy temple play,"

sang the Lady PSYCHE WHEATEAR.

"They cannot play more radiantly round the goddess's temples than do yours round your rosy brow, PSYCHE," responded her adoring husband, fanning her fair flushed face (flushed with mingled love and August heat, as she bent over her baby's *berceaunette*) with a copy of the *Mark Lane Gazette.*

"Hush! Whisper not a word of even comparative disparagement of the 'rich-haired daughter of Rhea,' or nobody knows *what* may happen," cried Lady PSYCHE. "She may get the hump—I mean, she may take well justified offence again, you know, WALTER, and then the price of corn will come down, and the marriage-rate with it, and GLADSTONE—gr-r-r!—may come back, and HOWARD VINCENT and HYMEN go way again, and Free Trade and Universal Spinsterhood be re-established, and the Cobden Club be set up again, and the "Cheap Loaf" heresy spread once more, and that omnivorous ogre,

"ALL OVER THE PLACE!" OR, MR. GLADSTONE'S DREAM IN FLORENCE.

"the Consumer," consume Corn, and consequently Connubiality, off the face of the (English) earth, and——"

"Hush, hush, do hush!" interjected the shocked Gentleman Farmer. "Strange, darling," he added, musingly, "that there should be so close a relationship between Husbandry (of one sort), and Husbandry (of another)! Fancy Mankind being willing to sacrifice Matrimony to such things as Cheap Food, Statistics, and Economic Orthodoxy!"

"*Womankind* never *was!*" interposed PSYCHE. "Which shows how much wiser we women are than you men."

"Women," smiled the uxorious WHEATEAR, "are, after all, our greatest 'staple,' our most important 'interests,' our most valuable 'commodity,' our most inexhaustible 'resources'"——

"Stay," cried his wife, archly. "Hardly 'inexhaustible.'"

"How not?" queried the mystified WHEATEAR.

"Why," responded PSYCHE, "because great resources as they certainly are, they are resources which require to be *husbanded!*"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the enamoured one, exuberantly. "My PSYCHE, after all, is the only true Economist!"

PLAYED OUT.

THE AMEER of AFGHANISTAN, being mortally afraid of an ultimate English occupation of his country, has had before him various plans by which he can make sure of keeping the dreaded invader out. Among the suggestions submitted to him were:—

1. To import Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT, Mr. DILLON, and other eminent Irish Home-Rulers, and get them to take up their residence at Cabul. 2. To start a Christmas Day once a month. 3. To start an Income-Tax-collection once a week. 4. To ask a colony of hurdy-gurdy players to set up in his dominions. 5. To have a Cabul *Puddle Muddle Gazette*. 6. To represent Afghanistan as a second and rather worse Burmah. And 7, to introduce the Scotch bagpipes to his people.

Here is a chance for distressed Crofters! What a rush there will be to MAC ABDULRHAMAN!

SWEETS AND BITTERS.—Mrs. RAM says she understands the Sugar Bounties to mean a bolus on the exportation of sugar.

OUR DEBATING CLUB.

An Evening of Incident—Duff wounds Cockbull's feelings—The Hon. Sec. proves his acquaintance with the Rules—the Debate is brought to a close in an unprecedented manner.

IT is just about a year ago that one of our meetings was attended, not only by most of the regular members, but also by an incident of so startling and unusual a nature, that we are all of us a little shy of alluding to it, even now.

The motion we were discussing was one which ever possesses a strong fascination for the more speculative order of mind, being to this effect: "That this House is strongly of opinion that the existence of what are vulgarly known as 'Ghosts' is sufficiently established by credible testimony to be accepted as a positive fact."

COCKBULL, who proposed the motion, after a most eloquent and exhaustive speech lasting over three-quarters of an hour, and freely punctuated towards its close by the President's bell, concluded thus: "And now, Sir, as far as was possible in the limits afforded me"—("*ping-ping*" *from the bell*)—"I have quoted, I think, every instance of a supernatural appearance recorded since mankind first began to observe these phenomena with any attention." (*This was no idle boast; the number and variety of* COCKBULL'S *cases, and the masterly manner in which he narrated them, had reduced almost every Gargoyle to a condition of "gooseflesh" and erected hair.*) "I have also mentioned a striking experience of a female member of my own family." ("*Ping-ping.*") "I shall be very little longer, Mr. President. Without having the presumption to suppose that the few and feeble"—("*No, no!*" *and another faint* "*ping*")—"I repeat, the few and feeble words I have uttered to-night will have had the effect of proving Ghosts absolutely up to the hilt—I *do* venture to think that I have succeeded in setting Spectres up before you to-night as solid facts, deserving of our earnest, our reverent, and philosophical attention and support. I do presume to believe"—("*ping-ping-ping!*")—"I have just done, Sir—that the Hon. Member who is down to follow me to-night will find it less easy than he imagines to demolish, discredit, and explode a thing so rooted and intertwined with our most cherished prejudices and traditions as what, to use the terms of my motion, is 'vulgarly known as a Ghost.'" (*Enthusiastic applause.*)

PLUMLEY DUFF, who had undertaken to oppose, got up with an offensive assumption of bringing the discussion down to a matter-of-fact level. DUFF is a good fellow, but he doesn't seem to know when he is utterly out of touch with the general sympathy of the meeting.

"The Hon. Gentleman," began DUFF (with the heavy humour he employs at times), "says he doesn't believe I shall find it easy to explode one of his ghosts." (*It was so like* DUFF *to fasten on a verbal expression of that sort—but we never consider this fair argument*). "No more do I. Let him *bring* me a ghost, and then, if the thing will oblige me by remaining long enough to give me time to strike a light, I don't mind attempting—for the Hon. Gentleman's satisfaction—to ignite the gas, of which I should expect to find it largely composed." (*A slight movement of distaste among several Gargoyles at this ponderous flippancy.*) "I don't think I risk much in making this offer, and I'll tell you why,—I haven't the slightest belief in any such rubbish." (*Here a sharp rap sounded from the middle of the table, just in front of him, and the President called* "*Order,*" *with a slight frown.*) "We've been told to-night of ghosts that moaned, and warned, and beat drums, and threw furniture about, and other gymnastics of the kind—but what *I* want to know is—what do they *do* it with? What is a ghost, after all, according to the evidence? A gauzy, cobwebby affair, like an old veil. People tell us they have looked through them, and noticed no internal apparatus, nothing of what you may call 'works' of any sort or description. Very well—but you can't make even such a simple observation as 'good evening'—to say nothing of uttering a long and complicated warning—you can't so much as groan, without a complete set of vocal cords, in fair working order. You can't beat a drum, or pitch chairs at people's heads, without muscles. ("*Rap-rap-rap!*" *on the table again.*) "I must really ask Honourable Gargoyles in my immediate neighbourhood not to play the fool." (*Sensation, and warm disclaimers from several Members, who, I may here state, were quite incapable of such an action.*) "If you want to go anywhere, and see anybody, you must exercise some sort of volition, and, to exercise volition, a brain (I don't say a powerful brain, because I never heard of any ghost who gave any sign of even average mental power), but *some* brain is indispensable. How do you get all that in a few feet of film? No, no, Gentlemen—it won't do. We can't have Mr. COCKBULL coming his ghosts over us. Then he tells us a long rigmarole—I do not use the term in an offensive sense, but it *was* long, and it *was* a rigmarole—he tells a long rigmarole about what an aunt of his by marriage once saw, or believed she saw! Gentlemen, he should have brought her down here"—(*four very loud raps—at which even* DUFF *started*)—"to tell us her adventure in person, and then we should know what to think."

Here there was quite a scene; COCKBULL sprang up, quivering with emotion.

"I appeal to you, Mr. President," he said, "whether I am to be subjected to these unseemly taunts! It is extremely painful to me to explain that the reason why I am unable to bring my relative here to-night, is, that," (*here his voice broke*)—"she—she is no more. She was my great-great-aunt, and expired in the latter part of last century."

A murmur of sympathy with him, and marked disapproval of DUFF, after which PINCENEY said: "Order, please. Mr. PLUMLEY DUFF, I think it is not advisable to drag any member's deceased relatives into this debate—they are scarcely relevant."

At this, FADDELL rose, with a copy of the Rules: "I am very reluctant to challenge your ruling, my lad—I mean, *Sir*—but may I draw your attention to Rule 53, sub-section (*b*):—"*A remark is relevant, if it refers to a statement by a previous speaker, which the President has not at the time declared to be itself irrelevant.*' I submit, Sir, with all respect, that, as you did not rule the Proposer's Aunt out at the time, Mr. DUFF was perfectly in order in referring to her."

[*Outcry, and* "*Shut up!*" *from one much excited Gargoyle.*

"Well," said PINCENEY, coldly (considering FADDELL a nuisance—which, to be candid, he occasionally is), "Go on, Mr. DUFF."

[*Here a perfect shower of angry raps proceeded from the table, actually upsetting some of the ink, and spirits-and-water; several members drew back their chairs and looked pale and uncomfortable.*

"I—I will just say something on the question of ghosts' clothes," said DUFF (*one resounding bang lower down the table, after which we all glanced at one another, meaningly*), "but—but after that expression of opinion, I—I will sit down. . . I should like, before I do so, to assure the Hon. Proposer of my deep sympathy with him in a bereavement to which, had I known it earlier, I should not have permitted myself an allusion." ("*Hear! Hear!*")

After this, we sat for some time in awed silence; little BOSHER was the first man with presence of mind enough to look under the table, but he reported that he saw nothing but the ordinary number of members' legs. We were all proceeding to satisfy ourselves of this personally, when we were brought up again by a fresh phenomenon—a tremendous blow, at the door this time. Poor BOSHER, who sat with his back within a couple of feet or so from the door, grew almost hysterical, and I am not ashamed to admit that, none of us liked to go and open it; we knew that the outer door was securely fastened, and that it was, humanly speaking, impossible for any living creature to be in the ante-chamber at that particular moment. HARTUPP suggested that DUFF should go—but DUFF retorted that he was not expecting any aunt just then, so the matter dropped, and GEYSER rose a little later in evident emotion.

"Gentlemen," said GEYSER, "we have had a warning to-night against being led away by the pride of intellect. If—if there be really among us this evening, some invisible spectator from across the Threshold—do not let us afford it—her—the indignity and the pain of being present while her very existence is being exposed to ignorant and irreverent scepticism, such as" (*with a reproachful look at* DUFF, *who was wiping his forehead*) "we have heard so recently. Do not let us tempt, by a further parade of incredulity some manifestation, which the nerves of some of us" (*with a glance at* BOSHER, *who was obviously much upset*) "might find too great a strain for the intellect to bear. I propose, Sir, that we proceed to a vote at once, without further discussion."

[*Loud applause, led in a ghastly manner by the door.*

Well, we did proceed to a division, with the result that fifteen voted for the motion, and none against it. DUFF declined to give a vote one way or the other, having ascertained from the Secretary that nothing in the Rules compelled him to support his speech by the ballot.

Then we broke up in a subdued manner, and our awe was intensified, if anything, by discovering that the door of the ante-chamber was locked as usual, and that no one was secreted in any part of the passage. A strange circumstance, which BOSHER, for some reason, did not seem to consider as having any direct connection with the other manifestations, was that a long, and very handsome ebony stick of mine, with a large round apple of agate at the top, was, to the best of my belief, certainly not in the place where I can almost swear to have deposited it on entering! BOSHER advised me not to mention this, as, owing to my being unable to speak quite positively on the point, critics might consider it the weakest part of the case. It amuses me now to think how calmly and philosophically BOSHER could talk—*after it was all over.* He was anything but calm and philosophical at the time!

ARE there two Baddeley Cakes? On Twelfth Night, last Friday, both Drury Lane and Covent Garden eat "the Baddeley Cake," and each Baddeley Cake was welcomed by a Goodly assembly. No special costumes were worn, and no one was Baddeley dressed.

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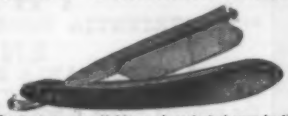

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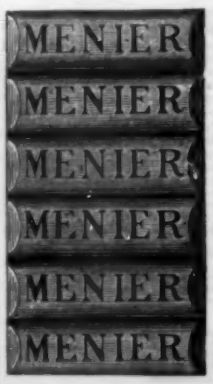

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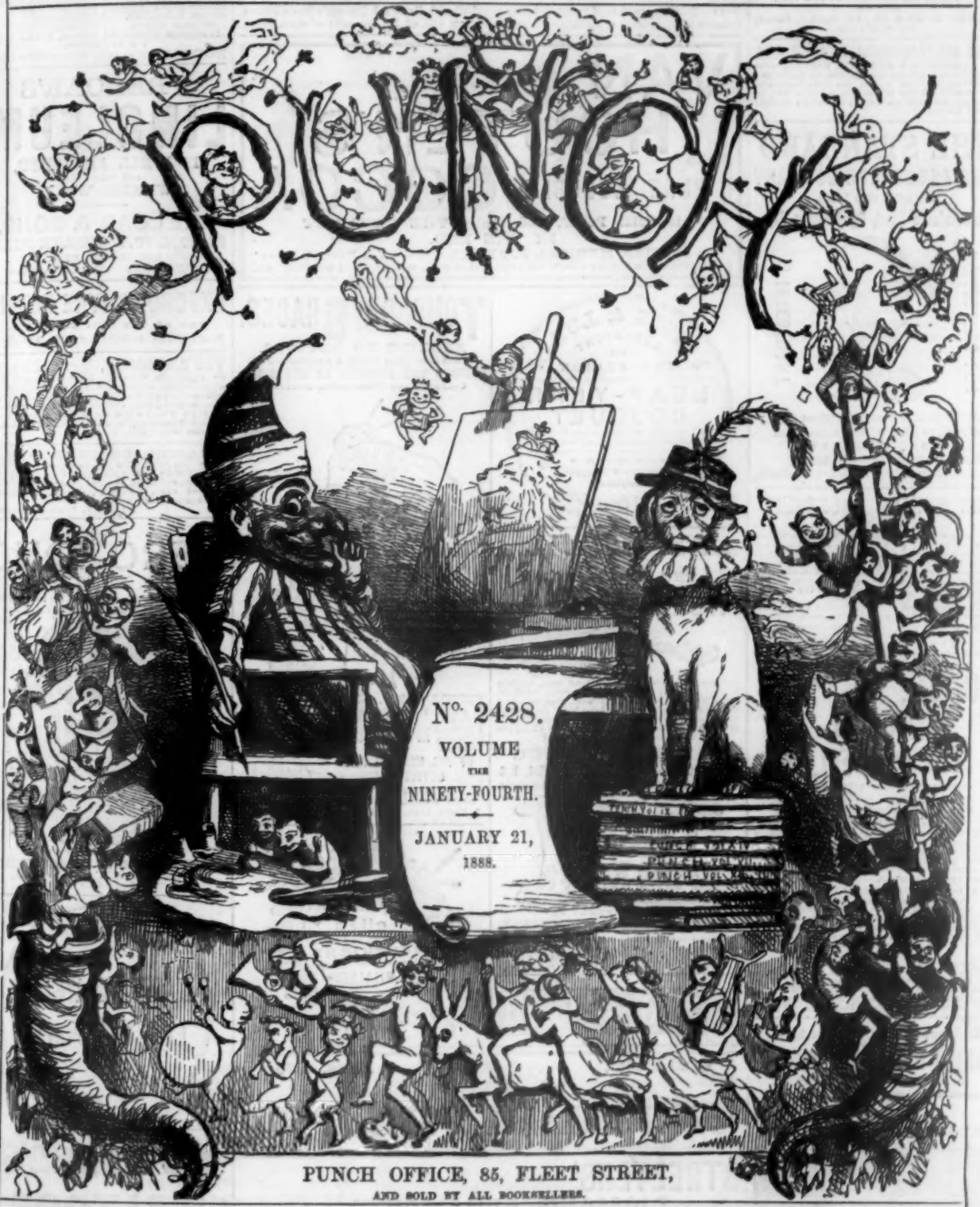

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THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM UNCLE PUMBLECHOOK.

Lyndhurst, Hants, Saturday.

DEAR TOBY,

HANGING with grooms and porters on one of the many bridges at Clapham Junction, and having a few minutes to spare, I accepted the mute invitation to try my weight extended by one of the automatic machines which deck, not to say dominate, our railway stations. In view of some such opportunity, I had in my waistcoat pocket a leaden disc, in size and weight somewhat resembling a penny. I confess it was in my mind to drop this into the receptacle. But it was a busy hour of the day, the station was crowded, I might have been observed and the action misconstrued. Accordingly I inserted a coin of the realm of the proper designation, and, having tried my weight, found it guilty of being nearer eighteen stone than it should have been.

Which thing, dear TOBY, your keen intellect will have discerned is an allegory. What I picture to my fancy as having been done at Clapham Junction, I do daily with huge and natural satisfaction. The Automatic Try-your-Weighter, if one may so name it, is Public Opinion, and I miss no opportunity of measuring myself by that standard. The occupation is the more inviting because, as I have hinted, the results are invariably satisfactory. Like ERSKINE, as described in the *Anti-Jacobin*, "With respect to the extent of my faculties, I consider myself in many respects a finite being." Still, as I sit and caress my chin and smile softly to myself, I come to the conclusion, I trust not egregiously, that there are few men in England, not excepting the Grand Old One, who possess in fuller measure the enthusiastic approbation of their fellow citizens. It is true that there are persons in the House of Commons that assume indifference to my excellent points, and even achieve the semblance of amused contempt for my performances. Also the *Times* newspaper as we call the journal, to distinguish it from the *Times* Four-storied House, the *Times* Bathing-Machine, or the *Times* Ready Reckoner,—the *Times* newspaper, I say, misses no opportunity of goading me. But the reasons for this are obvious. In the House of Commons it is either envy or apprehension that assails me. In the *Times* newspaper it is disappointment. You will know that at one time I was habituated to enliven its ponderous columns with disquisitions having legal bearing upon the events of the day. I have abandoned that habit, and the *Times* newspaper, angry and disappointed, takes such revenge as is open to its capacity.

But place me on the platform, face to face with my countrymen in thousands assembled. Is there anyone received with more enthusiasm? Is there anyone with lighter touch, with defter fence, or, when need be, with heavier stroke? For such an hour's triumph as from time to time falls to my lot when occupying the public platform, I count labour as nought. Many is the hour, pacing the glades of the New Forest, that I have wrestled with Meditation in quest of impromptus. You who have heard me will bear witness that there is no smack of the New Forest in their delivery. Some among the envious talk of a little ponderosity in leading up to the flash of wit, a trifle too much humming and hawing, a too nervous research in my coat-tail pocket. But there are no bounds to the misrepresentations of envy. You know that my jokes, my quips and cranks, seem to be born on the very platform where I stand in face of men.

And how they live and spread till they become household words! It sometimes happens that I am a humorist in spite of myself. I suppose even the *Times* newspaper will admit that there is no phrase of recent years that has become so familiar a part of the English-spoken language as the "Grand Old Man." Who gave birth to this empyrean flash of characterisation? It was I—*moi qui parle*. It was at Derby, now some years ago, that, addressing my constituents, I flashed forth this impromptu. It was quite true I did not at the moment mean it quite as it was taken. GLADSTONE was at the time emerging from a cloud. I saw it clearly enough, though I confess I made a mistake in the summer of 1874, when I delighted the Conservatives by turning and rending my former leader. I really thought at the time he was done for. He had but a year before taken me from below the Gangway, knighted me, and made me Solicitor-General. But it looked at the moment as if his power of conferring benefits was exhausted. So I took him by the collar and ignominiously shook him, whilst the Conservatives shrieked with laughter and applause.

But it was different in 1879. His time had come again, and, as you know, even in temporary reverses I have never committed again the mistake of that July night in 1874. It was with tears in my eyes and emotion softening my strident voice that to my constituents in Derby, I pointed with patronising pitiful finger to the Grand Old Man. For the moment I felt like *Mr. Pumblechook* contemplating *Pip* in his hour of misfortune, "This is him as I have rode in my shay-cart. This is him as I have seen brought up by hand. This is him to whom I have been earliest benefactor and the founder of his fortun's—THE GRAND OLD MAN!" The phrase was not taken quite in the sense I meant. It was turned and twisted by unsympathetic Tories, and instead of a tribute of affection, became a term of derision. But with the Liberals it is to-day an epithet of sincere and warm affection. Thus genius, if I may say so, coins in a moment of inspiration a phrase that suits the manifold views and needs alike of the Masses and the Classes. Never mind with what intent I invented the phrase. "The Grand Old Man," will last as long as the English language.

These things do not induce in me any feeling of self-elation. Rather I am depressed with apprehension for my Party and my country when the time comes to lose the benefit of my counsel and advice. I read the other day some remarks on the infinite Heavens, delivered at the Royal Institution by my friend Sir ROBERT BALL. The subject is one that curiously attracts me, being as I think, just suitable to my range of thought and my style of oratory. Says my friend BALL: "Were the Sun with his whole system to be suddenly annihilated, an observer on a star in the distant realms of space would only notice that a tiny star had ceased to twinkle." Mr. SPEAKER,—I mean TOBY, Sir; that may be all very well for the Solar System. But when I drop out of political life I fear there will be consternation in Arcturius, seriousness will settle down on Sirius, and Betelgeuze, brightest jewel in the belt of Orion, will momentarily pale.

Yours faithfully, W. V. H-RC-RT.

THE CAREFUL BURGLAR.

WHEN the Winter nights close in,
And the pleasant fogs begin;
When the moon's intrusive light
Is obscured from mortal sight;
He who burgles by sound rules,
Then should furbish up his tools.

As the surgeon whets his knife,
For preserving human life;
As the sportsman oils his gun,
With the season's earliest sun;
So the burglar, cool and keen,
Sees his instruments are clean.

Wipe the jemmy, oft 'tis said
Harder than a policeman's head;
See that no corroding grit
Harms the wily centre-bit;
That no rust appears upon
Dainty keys, called skeleton.

Although hidden by the mist,
We shall need the shoes of list;
And our modesty may ask
Coy concealment from the mask;
Bull's-eye lanterns we, of course,
Carry, like our friends the "Force."

There's the small revolver, still
Careful burglars do not kill;
Conscientious men like me
Operate in secrecy.
Some Directors do the same,
And we blush to find it fame.

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IN THE DAYS OF KING FOG.

January 9–13, 1888.

KING Fog he arose, and he slily tapped his nose, and he said unto himself, said he,
With the croupiest of chortles, "O you miserable mortals, with your tortures I 'm about to have a spree.
The horrors ordinary of a normal January, I shall do my best to vary in a style
That your best adepts at joking, midst their coughing and their choking, shall admit is scarce provoking of a smile."
Then he ups, the sooty king, with an India-rubber spring, and a foghorn he applies to his mouth,
As a friendly sort of summons to a set of cronies—rum 'uns,—who came from East and West and North and South.
They were habited as demons, some had skins the hue of lemons, whilst others were as swarthy as their king;
And each drab or dingy devil seemed an Avatar of evil, and up to every kind of horrid thing.
A bouquet of foul gases, such as Britons who are asses from their chimneys and their chemicals let fly,
Their fellows to asphyxiate—such idiotic tricks I hate—and intercept their sun and hide their sky,
Could scarcely be more nasty, and their faces, swart or pasty, bore a funny sort of horrid hectic glow,
As for mischief all agog, each one winked at old King Fog, as who should say, "All right, old boy, *I* know."

Then King Fog at once descended with the demon who attended his intolerable Court, upon the Town;
And the day at once grew dimmer, and the sun ceased e'en to shimmer, and the gas-jets seemed to glimmer and die down.
All tints save black were banished, and the very roadways vanished, you couldn't see the lamps nor e'en their posts;
Faded house, and tower, and steeple, and, as for the poor people, they prowled about like damp and dismal ghosts:
The shores of Styx were bland matched with Fleet Street or the Strand; you couldn't see your hand before your face;
Your neighbour in the dark seemed a Boojum or a Snark, who, five feet off, was gone, and left no trace.
A foul and fœtid pall fell over each and all; its ingredients were mist, and muck, and smoke,
And "smoke" includes, of course, stuffs from every filthy source, that can irritate, and blind, and clog and choke.
For the Fog-King, fiend sardonic, summoned acid gas, carbonic, also sulphurous, from chimneys and from stills,
Playing capers demoniacal, with vapours ammoniacal, and adding to the sum of human ills
In every sort of way. He abolished night and day, you could only tell the difference from the clocks,
He "retarded radiation," a malign abomination, and he filled the public ways with "ugly blocks."
He muddled all the traffic, and the bard who'd pen a sapphic, and the painter swell preparing for next May,
Were driven well-nigh mad, for no light was to be had save the gas-lamp's dim and uninspiring ray.
He increased Monopoly, which, to the poor, if not the rich, is a pestilent unpardonable crime;
For he made the gas-rate rise, and he got in people's eyes, and he covered everything with greasy grime.
He made all crossings dangers; cosy citizens felt strangers to their offices and smart suburban villas;
Cabby wished he might be blowed if *he* could find the road, and collided with the letter-posts and pillars.
He demanded ten-and-six, a fare too stiff for Styx, for crawling from the Bank to Brixton-hill,
And he got exceeding drunk, put his fare in a blue funk, and finished with a comprehensive spill.
Then King Fog he chuckled low, for all trams were late and slow, fog-signals kept on banging day and night,
There were crowds on every platform, and the porters were in *that* form that's produced by plaguing questions left and right.
The torches and the links made abominable stinks, and the torcherers—I mean the howling boys,
Who stretched their leather throats and dropped pitch upon your coats,—lent precious little help, though lots of noise.
Fog led to rows and rackets, and he hindered the mail-packets, and he brought the river-traffic to a stop.
He drove the mob to drinking, and the "publics" filled like winking, for one couldn't see another sort of shop.
The theatres were void, which the Managers annoyed, to the Law Courts clients couldn't find their way,
And the children as a rule couldn't grope their way to school, and they lost themselves when going out to play.
Such mischiefs were not small, but, oh dear, *that* wasn't all, for the death-rate was most dismally increased.
King Fog's a foe to life. Sudden suicides were rife, and asthmatic age's gaspings grew—and ceased.

Then King Fog laughed long and loud, and his courtiers, a black crowd, gathered round their misty Monarch, and he cried:
"O my henchmen! this is grand; our strong hand is on the land, and we rule this foolish country far and wide;
Give Science my defiance! there is not the least reliance on one plan or one appliance she suggests.
Smoke-prevention? That's her joke, for her schemes all end in Smoke, as this sooty five-days' Carnival attests.
Her pretensions we can squelch, whilst the chimneys fume and belch, and the Town's a blend of Phlegethon and bog,
All her pratings are but vain, and again and yet again you shall hail the ruthless reign of King Fog!"

"THE GRAND OLD NAME OF GENTLEMAN."

"BEG PARDON, MISTER, BUT WHAT PARTICKLAR *BREED* MIGHT YER BE CALLIN' THIS 'ERE LITTLE DAWG O' YOURN! YOU 'LL ASCUSE ME A HARSKIN, GUV'NER; BUT ME AND *ANOTHER GENTLEMAN* 'ERE 'AS JUST BEEN 'AVIN A SMALL BET ABOUT IT!" [*Disgust of Montmorency De Vere Snobley, who has always described himself as a Gentleman.*

PUTTING IT OFF.

A Story of Stornoway, from the "Times" of 1988.

IT is much to be feared that affairs in the North have at length arrived at a serious crisis. News comes from Lewis that last night the two millions, who owing to the refusal of the crofters to emigrate, have in a century increased the population of the Island to that formidable figure, and, who by the undefined encroachments of the landed proprietors, have for the last five-and-twenty years, been dragging out an uncomfortable existence on the rocks and bathing-machines that fringe the sea-shore, to which they have been quietly relegated by the slow process of a complicated legislation, rose as one man, and breaking through the granite barriers, which everywhere surround the coast, commenced a raid on the herds of wild hippopotami to the preservation of which, at the cost of the exclusion of the inhabitants, it is well-known that the soil of the island is entirely given up.

The Summer lettings of the various runs to Caffre Millionnaires, who now come over annually for the electric-shooting, bring a handsome sum into the pockets of the absentee proprietors, and the islanders who look on while the land, to the cultivation of which they count on for their support, is ruthlessly wrenched from them, and handed over for the purpose of affording a few months sport and delectation to the wealthy representatives of civilised Niggerdom, have naturally resented the invasion, and determined to resist it. The situation is not new. About a hundred years ago affairs, though on a far smaller scale, had got much into the same condition. Then, as now, the Government of the day had let things drift on, without heeding which way the current was setting, and had waited till matters had come to a pretty pass, only intervening at the eleventh hour, when they had arrived at a crisis and were almost past remedy. And such has been the story ever since, and now the news comes that every hippopotamus through the whole length and breadth of the island has been driven over the northern headlands into the sea, and that a wild population of two millions are at this moment dancing a frantic Highland fling around the smouldering embers of seven proprietorial mansions, in which it is rumoured that as many Caffre Millionnaires, to which they appear to have been sublet, have been unfortunately roasted alive.

In the face of this intelligence the Government have been obliged to take

some steps; and it is reported that instructions were dispatched yesterday to Liverpool to H.M.S. *Sluggard* to hold herself in readiness to start with five Marines, and a drummer for Stornoway at a moment's notice. Meantime it is said that the Procurator-Fiscal, the Principal Sheriff, and a couple of Police-officers in disguise, have managed to meet in secret on the pier, but do not exactly know what to do next in the peculiar and threatening circumstances in which they find themselves placed.

The general opinion appears to be, that the whole question of the position of the Crofters and their grievances ought to have been thoroughly gone into and sifted more than a century since. But the policy of that time was to let things drift and drift, and gradually get beyond control; and apparently successive Governments have seen no reason to depart from it since. Hence the result that is seen to-day in something little short of a Revolutionary Movement in the North. And it is very doubtful even now, if the Government will know how effectively to deal with it.

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE PANTOMIME.

IN THE STALLS.

First Paterfamilias (*to Second ditto, apologetically*). Oh, I don't suppose I set foot in a theatre once in two years, in a general way. I shouldn't be here *now*, if it hadn't been that——but I thought *you* never went at all?

Second P. Not to regular theatres—no; I consider their influence—ah—pernicious in many ways. I think it's almost a duty not to encourage such entertainments as—well, burlesques, and music-halls, and ballets, and so on. But there's no harm in a Pantomime.

First P. No, of course not. So *I* say. Got up to please the children.

Second P. That's all. Your family here?

First P. (*a little confused*). Well—no; fact is, I was just passing the doors, and—and I'd nothing particular to do this afternoon, and so—and so——Where are *your* chicks, eh?

Second P. (*with some embarrassment*). Er—at home. I thought, before bringing 'em, I'd better see for myself whether there was anything unfit for children to see, y'know, and, being in the neighbourhood, why—— [*They quite understand one another.*

The Pantomime proceeds. Each Paterfamilias positively cries with laughter at the comic parts, and then remarks apologetically to the other, "*Well, really, it's such ridiculous rubbish, you can't help smiling at it!*" *The wonderful groupings and processions of the Ladies of the Ballet rouse them to enthusiasm, and they thoroughly appreciate the popular songs and jests introduced by the principal performers. As they leave, they say,* "*After all, I suppose you ought to be young to* really *enjoy this sort of thing!*"

IN THE BOXES.

Unsophisticated Small Child (*in much concern*). Mother, is the Donkey *really* angry with the Queen?

Kindly Uncle (*to prim little niece*). Well, ADA, *enjoying* it, eh?

Ada. As much as I ever *do* enjoy a Pantomime now—Uncle, thank you.

Uncle (*rather crushed*). Ha! and ALICK, what's your opinion of the fairies, now?

Alick. I don't quite see what *use* they are—but they don't dance badly. How much do you suppose they get a week for it, Uncle? [*The* Uncle *resolves to go alone next year.*

IN THE DRESS CIRCLE.

Old-fashioned Person (*astounded at question of highly intelligent Small Boy*). "*Why* does the Cat tell him to bathe?" Why, do you mean to say you don't know the story of "Puss in Boots?"

The Small Boy. No. It's no use swotting up that sort of thing—they never set it in *Exams.* you know!

IN THE PIT.

The Pleased Pittite. Look at them windmills—all going round, you see, however they can *do* it all beats me!

The Alert Pittite (*on the look out for topical allusions*). See the old man trying to get on the donkey? That's a skit on BUFFALO BILL, that is!

A Character on the Stage. "No. We won't fight, we'll show ourselves at the Aquarium—that pays better than *fighting!*"

The A. P. (*on the look out, &c.*) Haw-haw! did y'ear that? *there's* a take orf on WHITELEY'S, eh?

The Pleased Pittite. There's *scenery*, now! Gauze, you see, 'oo! 'ow beautiful! Ha! (*smacks his lips*) pretty, isn't it? And the dresses—oh, dear, dear, the dresses are lovely—they really *are!*

[*He bursts out into these ejaculations throughout the whole piece.*

The Simple Pittite (*referring to Miss Wadman, the hero*). He's not much like his two brothers, is he? She's supposed to be the Younger Brother, that's what *she* is, and that's her only friend, the Cat, yes, d'ye see? and by-and-by, she'll come to a country overrun with mice. They'll do all that on the stage.

His Wife. But that's *Whittington*,—this is *Puss in Boots!*

The S. P. Oh, it's pretty much the same sort o' thing.

The A. P. That's good, eh? The old King says the Waiters "get what they can," there's a good take-orf!

His Companion (*beginning to find him a bore*). A take-off of *what?*

The A. P. Why, on these *Specials*, o' course—you should *listen!*

The Pleased Pittite. These are 'Aymakers coming on now—with their rakes an' all, you see, wonderful! Oh, (*with a wriggle of delight*) the dresses reelly are too—— [*And so on.*

THE HARLEQUINADE BEGINS.

The P. P. Look at them all walking on the street, 'ow natural *that* is, now!

A Pittite (*discovering a curious coincidence*). That Chemist's got a queer name, ain't he? "A. PILL,"—not a bad name for a chemist, eh? he *sells* pills. [*He considers this as a joke of his own.*

Clown on the Stage (*examining large piece of meat*). Oh, I say, what's this?

The Simple P. (*solemnly*). It's a flap of beef.

[Clown *makes a topical allusion with a bust of* SHAKSPEARE *and a flitch of bacon.*

The A. P. (*laughing heartily*). There's another good take-orf, d'ye see! BACON was a great poet, *too*, yer know!

A Well-Informed P. No—no, it's about a discussion they've been getting up in the papers lately.

The A. P. I dessay—I've not 'eard of it, but I call it a good skit anyhow.

[*A string of Supers cross the stage, bearing advertisements of a new food in immense letters—whereupon our* Alert Pittite *roars with laughter, subsequently explaining that he considers it* "*a 'it at the 'Times' newspaper.*"

The Pleased Pittite (*during a* "*rally*"). *Ain't* them vegetables natural they're throwing about! I must say everything's beautifully got up 'ere, and the dresses reelly *are*—— [*Words fail him as usual.*

IN THE GALLERY.

(*A Champion Bicyclist is performing on Stage.*)

First "*Gallery Boy.*" Rides proper, don't 'e? See the medals they've 'ung on him!

Second "*G. B.*" That's for the Jubilee. Quite a perfessional, *he* is—he *is* a perfessional.

[*The* Clown *mentions Lord* SALISBURY—*both* Gallery Boys *express political disapprobation in the usual manner.*

First "*G. B.*" But, I say, mate, didn't I 'ear you groanin' at GLADSTONE just now?

Second "*G. B.*" (*indifferently*). Werry likely. To tell yer the truth, I ain't a werry 'igh opinion o' *either* on 'em!

IN THE BOXES AGAIN.

(*Curtain falling, after uninterrupted performance lasting considerably over four hours.*)

Several unsophisticated Children. What—is that *all?*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE best book about the Eton of KEATE'S time, is Mr. WILKINSON'S reminiscences published by HURST AND BLACKETT. In tone, it is thoroughly Etonian, and in spirit too. The author is candour itself, or almost itself, for as to some of the most mischievous faults of the system he is discreetly silent. His motto is, "Eton, with all thy faults, I love thee still," and this sentiment all Etonians will echo. "*Esto Perpetua,*" is Eton's own motto, and though time has wrought some changes, yet on the whole the school seems to have been much the same in the reign of KEATE as it was under his successor HAWTREY, and as, with other modifications, and let us hope improvements, it probably will be to the end of the chapter. For the benefit of non-Etonian readers, Mr. WILKINSON'S reminiscences ought to be supplemented with a glossary of Eton phraseology. Every large school has its own peculiar slang, and what constitutes the great charm to outsiders of the conversation which is bound to ensue when a few old schoolfellows, whether Etonians, Wykehamists, Westminsters, or Harrovians, get together,—but Etonians are the best at it,—is the constant recurrence of words and allusions which require ample explanation to be in the least intelligible to the very-much-out-of-it stranger. By all Etonians of the past and present, and to many non-Etonians who may be familiar with the school, Mr. WILKINSON'S readable reminiscences will be found uncommonly entertaining.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE AT THE HAYMARKET.

SIR,—DISTRUSTING the verdict on a first representation, I deferred my visit until last Thursday, by which time I said to myself, everything will be in proper working order, and I shall be able to pronounce on the merits (if any) of *Partners*.

Whether the play be taken from a foreign novel or not, and *Partners* is avowedly a dramatised version of DAUDET's novel, *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné*, of which the majority of English

The Race for the Ledger.

playgoers know nothing, the question is, is *Partners* a good, an indifferent, or a bad play. My reply is contained in the middle term. If the old story, of the confiding plodding commercial man "minding his own business," and leaving his frivolous young wife an easy prey to the too fascinating scoundrelly friend (and in this case partner) of the husband, must be used again as a plot for a drama, it requires strikingly original treatment, telling dialogue, and powerful acting, to make it attractive to the public, which, from the days of *Still Waters run Deep*, TOM TAYLOR's admirable dramatic version of CHARLES DE BERNARD's novelette *Le Gendre* up to now, has had rather a surfeit of these dishes made from French receipts, the *sauce piquante* being generally omitted.

It is in five Acts, which, at the outset, courts unpopularity. Everyone with the exception of Mr. ALLEN as the butler (another comic butler! no wonder the one at Toole's Theatre has left his situation) snivels at one time or another; even the villain, I fancied, pretended to do so when deeply affected by being found out; and nearly all the characters pass their time in rushing in hurriedly, remaining a short time, saying nothing worth remembering, and rushing hurriedly out again, as if they were only "doing their turns" at the Haymarket,

In Full Cry.

and had to fulfil other engagements elsewhere. A promising performance is that of a little child in a night-gown, who is evidently "more than seven."

The commercial details of the story are brought into undue prominence, and the cleverly contrived scenic realism of the Counting House only serves to bring out in strong relief the unreality of the action and the weakness of the plot.

What is intended for one of the most striking situations occurs in the Third Act between Mr. TREE and Mr. KEMBLE—admirable as the candid, well preserved, confidential clerk—is unduly spun out, or appears to be so, owing to the failure of Mr. TREE to "come up to time." As is Mr. TREE so is the whole piece to be summed up in the phrase, "*à peu près*,"—almost, not quite. Meant to be startling, it becomes commonplace, and the audience listen, passively interested like so many *Micawbers*, hoping for something to turn up, or for something to come down, which something, eventually, is the Curtain.

Mr. BROOKFIELD is amusing in what he has to do in the piece, though he has nothing to do *with* it, and his, perhaps pardonable, exaggerations of make-up and action take him quite out of the picture. I have seldom seen Miss MARION TERRY to greater advantage, though, considering the very ordinary type of character she has to impersonate, this isn't saying very much. Why is the senior partner a German?—except that it gives Mr. TREE an opportunity of saying "mein leetle child," and calling his wife his "frau," and exhibiting in a general way an acquaintance with portions of an English-German conversational phrase-book, I could not see any reason why he should not have been an Englishman. Nothing turns on the senior partner being a foreigner; nothing is gained by it, and much, I venture to think, is lost by it, since the senior partner might have been far more effective had a new type of English commercial man been given us instead of a conventional "character part" which, in a short sparkling GERMAN-REED entertainment, would be properly called "an illustration." Perhaps if he had a song in broken German-English, it would enliven the piece a bit.

A-part from the piece.

Messrs. BUCHANAN-TREE's *Heinrich Borgfeldt* (what trouble they must have taken over this name!) is a colourless, shallow-pated creature, whose emotion never gets beyond a drivel, and whose weak passion never rises above an ebullition of temper, in which he is frequently about to strike somebody—once, the old clerk, who could have doubled him up like a shot; once, his young partner, who could have bested him with one hand, and the other tied behind him; once, his wife, who was on the ground; and, once, his sister-in-law (Miss ACHURCH decidedly clever), who could have boxed his ears and brought him to his senses,—but he never carries out his intention. And so is it with the villanous lover, who is perpetually being foiled at the critical moment. In fact, *Borgfeldt's* ineffectual attempts at a striking situation are significant of the piece, and of the acting,—*à peu près*—almost not quite—a hit.

Quitting the Theatre, I murmured this little song, addressed to myself as your Critic:—

Good man, spare this TREE,
Bent knees and startled brow,
The piece did not suit me,
It may be better now.

It was BUCHANAN's pen,
That wrote this five-act play,
Why didn't some one then
Address him thus, and say;—

"Good man, spare this TREE,
His partner and his *frau*,
Reduce five acts to three!"
Too late to do it now.

For my part, (which is a very small one and not in the piece) I should give this advice to the Weeping-Willow-TREE,—merely "Change Partners."

Yours sincerely,
LITTLE JACK IN THE BOX.

P. S.—Those to whom *La Grand Duchesse* is a novelty, should not lose this opportunity of hearing it at the Royalty. To some of us it revives pleasant memories pleasurably, and for the youthful majority it is a real treat.

THE "Magdalen Vagabonds" Theatrical Club, of Magdalen College, Oxford, gave, we are informed, a successful performance last Wednesday in aid of Guy's Hospital Fund. So good of the Magdalen young men to make Guys of themselves in the cause of Charity. It was under the direction of Mr. ROYLE of Magdalen, and under the patronage of Princess CHRISTIAN; so it was quite a Christian act and a Roy'le entertainment.

"UP GUARDS AND AT 'EM!"

"IN one regiment," it is stated, "they have 820 horses and 1,200 men."

A REGULAR old Club card-player, staying at a country-house, sat down to a rubber with a partner who had played three times before, and two others who couldn't remember when they had played last, it was so long ago. The unfortunate Professor subsequently described the evening's amusement as "The Wild Whist."

THE Ultra-Liberal promise to disestablish the Welsh Church is considered conservatively as "a Sprat to catch Wales."

MYSTERIES OF HEREDITY.

Mater. "DO YOU KNOW, ROBERT, IT SOMETIMES STRIKES ME THAT IN GAIT AND GENERAL APPEARANCE OUR BOYS ARE NOT QUITE SO *MANLY* AS I COULD WISH! I WONDER *WHY*? YOU 'RE NOT AN *EFFEMINATE*-LOOKING PERSON, AS FAR AS I CAN JUDGE!"

Pater. "H'M—AT ANY RATE YOU 'RE NOT, MY LOVE!"

BEAR OR BUG-BEAR?

OH, what is it comes forth from its fastness in the North,
With its breadth and its bulk and its fierce if foggy form?
What shape is it that rears? Is 't a Bogey's or a Bear's?
And heralds it a laugh, or portendeth it a storm?

From the coldness and the dark it stands forward stern and stark,
Fierce as the Fenris Wolf with moist lip and gaping maw.
Oh, is it all a sham? Like some droll colossal lamb,
Has it put on a bear's hide but to move a moment's awe?

Bear or Bug-bear? Foe or friend? Parties wrangle and contend,
Divine Figure from the North with the merest shaggy coat,
Or a big blood-thirsty Bruin, bringing war, red wrath and ruin,
As prompt to crush a friend as to rend a rival's throat?

If you 'll take the Creature's word, all suspicion is absurd;
A benignant, Father-Christmassy, soft-hearted Atta Troll,
Is this brawny big-toothed brute with the hairy Arctic suit,
A Noah's Ark-y beast, and as harmless as a doll.

Hear him say (as though to *Alice*), "Do not heed my slanderer's
I am not a Bear, my dear; I'm a Bug-bear, that is all; [malice;
The Mock-Turtle, my sweet child, wasn't half so kind and mild;
I am all for Peace, you see; to be frightened you've no call."

"As to spear, or sword, or gun; that, of course, is all my fun;
These teeth are *not* to eat, I'm no fierce carnivorous beast,
Like that Wolf who meant no good to poor dear *Red Riding Hood*;
I am not the sort of brute who on little girls could feast!"

Meanwhile he standeth there in the likeness of a Bear,
And a brawny Bear at that, and a toothy and a tough;
And as far as one can see, he seems armèd *cap à pie*,
Though he 'll certainly declare—if you ask him—that 's all stuff.

Oh, wherefore comes he forth, in this fashion from the North?
Is it mischief that he means? *Are* they teeth? *Is* that a sword?
From the shadows and the snow he will growl an angry "No!"
And they who 're so disposed may accept the Monster's word.

"INTOIRELY MOLLOYDIOUS!"

AT a meeting of the Sarsfield Branch of the National League held recently at Limerick, a gentleman of the name of MOLLOY distinguished, or rather extinguished, himself by making certain observations not entirely in accord with the sentiments of those present. He said that "their feelings as Irishmen were so aggravated that they were all of the same opinion, and had about the same words to express what they would like to do." No doubt anxious to hear an expression of their inmost thoughts, his audience encouraged him with a "Hear! hear!" to proceed, upon which the speaker continued—

"He would tell them that he had always been of opinion, at least for a long time, that Ireland would never be able to get anything from the British Government until she was able to take England by the throat with one hand and show her a rifle in the other. That was what BALFOUR and his minions wanted, he supposed."

Upon this "the Secretary" mildly remonstrated "that that would be playing into their hands." Upon which the MOLLOY explained "that because it was that they had no chance that he would be a party to moral force." After this the meeting were inclined to treat "the moral force party" with levity, but still he insisted upon attempting to urge his views. Baffled once or twice in obtaining a hearing, he at length managed to protest against a vote of thanks being passed to Mr. WILFRID BLUNT for kindly undertaking two months' imprisonment. The report of what followed is so instructive that it is as well to give it in full:—

"Mr. MOLLOY said that while he had no objection to passing a vote of thanks to Mr. BLUNT, he thought they ought not to put themselves very much about in passing it. The English people had voted for coercion for Ireland, and now, if the English people came over here, he did not see why they should not get a taste of it.

"*A Member.*—You are a fool. Shut up!

"Mr. MOLLOY said he never interfered with any man expressing his opinions, and he did not think he should be interrupted. The English people had given them coercion, and he said now and again if they got a taste of it they deserved it. *A Member.*—Nonsense. Shut up!"

And taking the hint (which possibly may have had a shillelagh

BEAR OR BUG-BEAR?

"THOU COM'ST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE!"—*Hamlet.*

behind it), Mr. MOLLOY did "shut up." It is said "that music hath power to soothe the savage breast," which reflection recalls to mind the fact that this eccentric exponent of moral force has a namesake who is one of the most popular composers of the day. Could not the author of "*The Vagabond*" try his hand, or rather lute, upon a person whose name might prove a not incongruous pendant to that justly celebrated song? It would be a great thing for Ireland could Mr. MOLLOY be composed to silence—not only for Ireland, but possibly, in these days of "coercion," for Mr. MOLLOY himself!

THE BOW OF ULYSSES.

"THE Bow of Ulysses," you say "is unstrung,"
O FROUDE of the fiery and fulminant tongue!
Well, *your* bow 's at full stretch, but you shoot in the dark,
And your arrows, though pointed, fly wide of the mark.
There are mighty few get to the Bull's eye, and why?
You bow-arm is stout, but you haven't an eye.
Ah, FROUDE, my dear boy, you 're a patriot bold,
But you really are horribly given to scold.
For the *rôle* of a Goody you 're rather too good,
Clear-sightedness *never* combines with that mood.
It was not a morsel the style of Ulysses,
And whilst you shoot thus you 'll score little but misses.
You run round our Realm and find everything wrong,
Because we will talk. Now that 's coming it strong!
If "the eloquent tongue," is the devil, why then
How much better think you is the eloquent pen,—
Say yours, which for eloquence cannot be beat?
Your pictures are fine, and your diction 's a treat,
But 'tis folly to try—if you 'll pardon the hint—
To drive men to Silence by Tall-talk in print.
"Palaver" you favour with many a wipe;
Is it really much better when set up in type?
The "Worthies of England" were "doers," no doubt;
They fought, travelled, tilled. Did they grumble and flout?
Dear me! one might think, if one listened to you,
BULL was only a man whilst he quarrelled and slew.
If Demos were deaf and the Demagogue mute;
If the poor man were treated once more like a brute;
Were "Palaver" a privilege kept from the crowd;
And confined, like much else, to the wealthy and proud;
If nobody talked save Prince BISMARCK and you,
If all Blacks were made slaves, and all Radicals too,
If GLADSTONE were gagged, if Lord CHURCHILL were burked,
Whilst the nobles all ruled and the people all worked;
If "Penelope Britain" alone on her isle,
Could find her Ulysses in—TOMMY CARLYLE,
Would all go *quite* right 'neath the rule of the Strong One?—
If that is the Bow you 'd see drawn, it 's a Long One!

SINGH SONG.

A LETTER FOR DULEEP YEAR.

HONOURED FRIEND, *Moscow*, 10*th January*, 1888.

(As this is, of course, not intended for publication, I purposely suppress] your name)—thank you a thousand times for your letter avowing your undying and deep-rooted hatred of the accursed country, to the downfall of which we have both devoted the remainder of our natural lives; as also for the Postal Order for two-and-sixpence, which, however, I fear I shall find some difficulty in cashing in this barbarous locality. This is awkward, as though I have been taking a little money by showing myself dressed up in my "jools," as our mutually honoured friends in Dublin would call them, still I haven't yet been able to nobble the Governor here, and as funds are getting low, every rouble is a consideration. I am, therefore, seriously thinking of applying to a travelling Circus that happens to be in the neighbourhood, and if I can only make fair terms with the proprietor, I shall then and there offer to lay my life and its service at the feet of him whom I shall henceforth regard as my Imperial Ring Master. My sword, of course, is included in the bargain.

Twelip Sing, the Proud and Incapable Foe of England.

And that reminds me, if this scheme falls through, do you think there might be any fresh opening for me in that accursed country, to the downfall of which, as I have above remarked, we have both devoted the remainder of our natural lives? How about the *Aquarium*? When are JEM SMITH and JAKE KILRAIN "off"? Couldn't the Management contrive to work me in somehow with the BELLE FATMA, though I'm sure with my "jools" on and a scimetar and a comic song, with a bit of "go" in it, I am quite strong enough to draw alone. Perhaps MASKELYNE might see his way to something?

Meantime, Honoured Friend, how about my getting into Parliament for an Irish county? I should like to swagger in the lobby. I suggest this, for, *entre nous*, I don't think this Russian business means to pay. I've blustered, kept up communications with several distinguished Asiatic and European cut-throats, worn my "jools" on Sunday afternoons and Bank Holidays, left cards on all the nobs,—but somehow they don't bite. I don't seem to go down. So keep your eye open, and as soon as you see anything to communicate, write off at once, and be sure to address your letter to

THE TEN NA-BOB, OR HALF SOVEREIGN OF THE HIDE AND SIKH NATION, AND PROUD INCAPABLE FOE OF ENGLAND.

"I'M AFLOAT!"

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF A TORPEDO-BOAT.

I 'M afloat, I 'm afloat, for the present at least,
Though on what may next happen wild fancy will feast;
But I say, up to now, I 'm afloat, I 'm afloat,
Which is something, you see—for a Tórpedo-Boat.

It is true my fore-engine is all out of gear,
And the top of my feed-pump is busted, I fear;
But in triumph I gleam, and in gladness I gloat,
For—though leaky and crank—I 'm afloat, I 'm afloat!

It is much more than some of my consorts can say.
Twenty-four of us started one morning in May;
For a trial of steaming we stood out to sea,
And, by Vulcan! we had a remarkable spree.

Oh, the joy of the jolting, the pride of the pace
A few of us, though, were soon out of the race.
Twenty-six miles an hour—*for* an hour—may do,
Till you run on a rock, and disable your screw!

One did so; of course she no more could be used.
Another broke down, for her crank-brasses fused:
A third made a show, but *her* pride was soon piqued
When her engineer found how her main-feed valve leaked.

Her fires were then drawn, and, no doubt, you 'll perceive
That with furnaces empty a ship 's on sick leave;
But that was just nothing compared with the next,—
I 'm assured *her* commander was really quite vext.

For they let in her boilers the water get low,
And the furnace-crown caved in—a terrible blow!
And the steam all escaped, and it flew far and wide,
All the Staff were well scalded, and three of them died.

Seven boats were thus "boshed"; will 't surprise you to learn
That an eighth—it 's put vaguely—"broke down on return."
Well, some *did* return, which is something to boast,
Though a shaky, disabled, demoralised host.

And *now* you 'll perceive—it 's as clear as a star—
What a terrible lot we Torpedo Boats are.
To whom? Well—ahem!—to—that is—I suppose,
To *anyone handy*, excepting our foes.

You see we go queer, and we get out of gear,
Go colliding like fun, being awkward to steer,
Blow up, boil our crews, run aground, ay, and sink.
Won't *that* frighten our enemies? What do *you* think?

My positions are proved, I am happy to say,
By Reports of those Trials the twelfth of last May.
Read them, and they 'll second my simple remarks,
And you 'll own that our trials are really great larks.

For myself, I feel shaky. They put me in dock,
But I haven't entirely recovered the shock.
Still do please recollect, when supplies you next vote,
That although of small use, I 'm afloat, I 'm afloat!

SUGGESTION FOR THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.—A "GRADUATE" thinks that, as a memorial of recent proceedings, this Board should be known as "The Hebbdomadal Board."

"OH, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. RAM, "when are those letters on the Opium Medicum going to stop! I declare when I try to read them I get quite drowsy."

A REAL TRIAL "IN CAMERÂ."—An unflattering Photograph.

FESTIVE.

Old Gent (from "jo'y Krism'sh Par'y," setting his "Wa'sch" to Underground Railway time, by the Weighing-Machine!). "THISH MUSH BE EIGH'DAY CLOCK!"

S. E. and L. C. & D. Raillery (Victorian Era).

"IF I were Chairman of the South-Eastern," observed Mr. L-NG, "I should resign like winkin'!"

"Like winkin', perhaps," returned Mr. J. S. F-RE-S, "but unlike WATKIN."

"All the same," remarked a shareholder of the S. E., "I don't see why your Co-Directors should have written such a reply to our polite request as appeared in last Saturday's papers."

"Well," replied Mr. J. S. F-R-R-S, "you see, it's a way we've got; or, I might say, it's a Abbott of ours." [*Exeunt omnes severally.*

CHANGE OF NAME.—In consequence of the unbounded confidence displayed by the Metropolitan Board of Works in the apathy of the Public, and in the conscientiousness of its officials, it will be in future entitled "The Board of Faith Without Works."

WRITES a "LOST LONDONER":—"No Evolutionist was ever more eager to find the Missing Link than was I on attempting to return home from the theatre in the dense fog last Wednesday, Jan. 11."

POETRY AND PASTRY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE written this pome about the mince pies, thinking it might be a good thing to have it printed. I have also put in something about ELSIE, because she made them. I don't want my name put to the pome, because the fellows are sure to see *Punch*, and they don't understand things of this kind, and would very likely laugh at me. And one doesn't care to have one's friends' names humbugged about in the playground. TOM has looked over the verses, and says they are very good, now he has invested them with artic merit, and he has put in some of his own, which are rather rot. He very nearly got "the Newgate" (I always thought "Newgate" was a prison, he says it's a prize 'un) at Oxford, only he wasn't allowed to go in for the Exam. for it, as he had to be in training. I enclose a stamp, not necessarily for use, but as a quarantine of good faith.

Yours truly, ERNEST PUDDING.
(My *nom de "plum."*)

P.S.—If you don't want to use the stamp, you might send it back to me.

THE POME.

ELSIE went down to the Kitchen
Where they made the Twelfth-Night feast,
And it's oh, she look'd so betwitching
That Cook from her cooking ceas'd,
And let her make tart, pie and cake,
And she wasted a pound at least
Of butter and flour; but Cook never look'd sour,
And she's sometimes a surly beast.

Oh, the yule log, and the ewe, ewe lamb,
But and the yew-tree gray;
And a new year's coming up, my love,
For the old year's gone away.
[*Tom made this up. He says it gives a cachet.*

She look'd so lovely as she sway'd
The paste with dainty fingers,
That round the pastry that she made
An endless glamour lingers,
Like the hidden light of a swallow's flight,
Or the silence of perfect singers.

How dull and bees'ly are our schools,
And starting is the worst day;
They always have new-fangled rules,
And give us French the first day;
And ELSIE's face will fill the place,
Like a *mirage* when you're thirsty.

Aunt POSY says that horrid boy
Will kill himself with eating,
But little wots she of the joy
That sets my pulses beating:
It's not the tart that shakes my heart,
It's ELSIE, pretty sweeting.

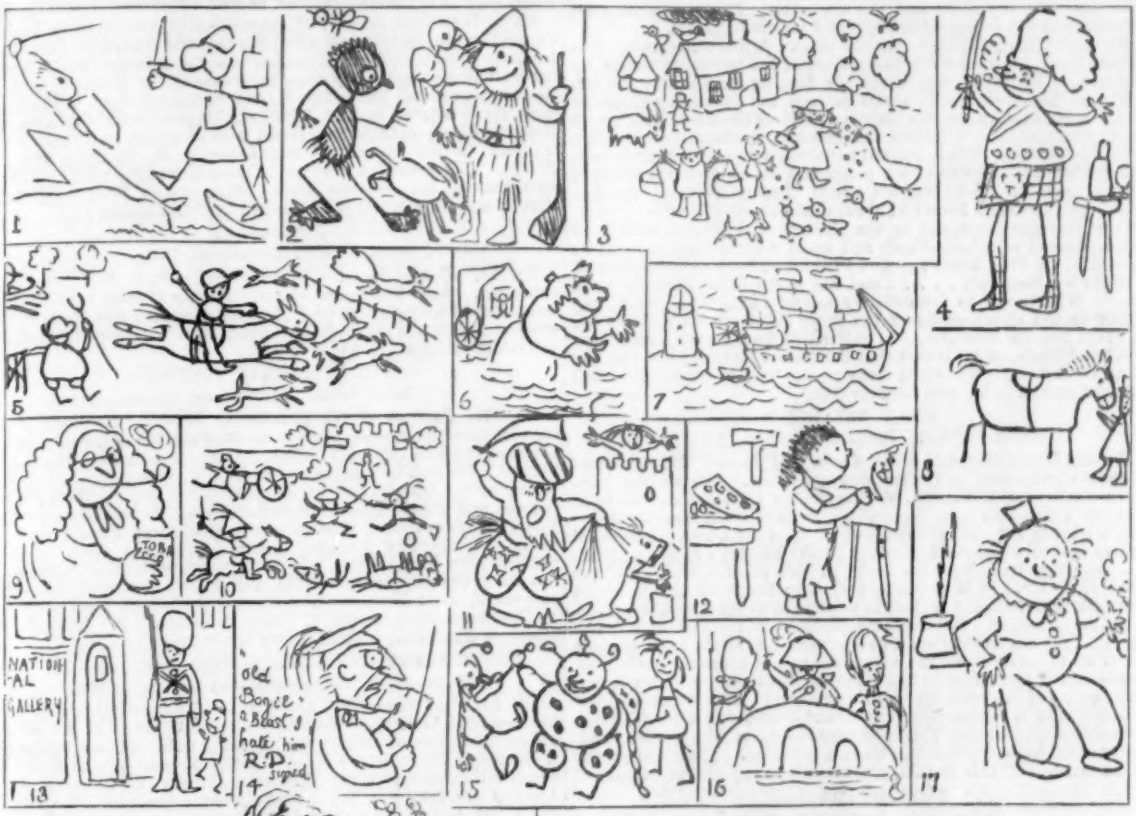
And why not die? What hope is mine?
She's now five years my senior.
In vain bright eyes upon you shine
If rivals come between you;
But the holidays were all divine,
And ELSIE was their *genia*.*

Yes! How can boy make better end,
An end more sweet and sudden,
Than smiling die of ELSIE's pie
After a course of pudding,
With teeth fast fix'd in the mince she mix'd
And her pastry, white and wooden.

Oh, the yule log, and the ewe, ewe lamb,
But and the yew tree gray;
And a new year's coming up, my love,
For the old year's gone away.

* This is a female good genius.

OUR WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF YOUNG MASTERS.



CHARLES DORDLER.

BORN, 1869. FLOURISHED, 1879—87.

No. 1. "*Landing of Julius Cæsar.*" This Artist was unknown in London until he came up for the Pantomime, after which he painted No. 15, in this Collection which it appears however, had been already preceded by the "*Landing of Julius Cæsar,*" and No. 6, *A Bather*, which it is surmised were originally portions of the same picture, as the three were discovered by Miss TRIMMER, (engaged as day governess by CHARLES DORDLER, Senior) in the first page of CHARLES'S *Child's History of England*, which he was studying at the seaside.

No. 6. *A Bather.* By the same Artist. The picture is in admirable preservation, as CHARLES DORDLER always took care of No. 1.

No. 15. "*Actors.*" By the same Artist. This was drawn when he was seriously thinking of adopting the Stage as a profession. He went so far as to buy a Theatre, with real lamps for wicks and oil, an orchestra full of musicians in blue and red, and the side-boxes well filled with a paying audience. But these theatrical speculations got him into a great mess (specially with the oil-lamps and paint) and he soon relinquished the idea.

No. 16. "*Soldiers on Bridge.*" By the same. A fine composition.

JOHNNIE DORBIN.

BORN, 1869. FLOURISHED, 1881.

No. 2. "*Robinson Crusoe, his Pets, and Friday.*" We possess, unfortunately, very few specimens of this excellent Young Master, most of his sketches having been destroyed by his younger brother and sister, who, in conjunction with the baby (aged two), cut them up for "scraps," which, after having formed part of the celebrated Danusseri Collection, were summarily disposed of by the authorities who guard these treasures.

It is probable that this picture was painted about 8·30, just before going to bed, as it bears traces of his later manner. By way of aiding the pathos of the design, the dignity of the *Crusoe* being apparent in his noble though wild air, the Artist has given a certain affecting significance to the figure of *Friday*. The animals, it is conjectured, are by another hand, perhaps his left.

No. 7. *A Sea Piece.* By the same Artist. There is, we believe,

another version of this great work extant. Observe the breeziness of the sails, the massive heaviness of what is miscalled a Light House. Also notice the sky above and the sea below. This somewhat novel arrangement has been largely copied by servile imitators.

No. 11. "*Blue Beard.*" By the same. A fine conception. The Savage Turk has seized his hapless bride, the twentieth victim, by the hair of her head, and waves his flashing scimitar in the air, while on the roof of the castle is seen the despairing figure of *Sister Anne* as she scans the horizon and gives the latest intelligence to her sister below. A curious circumstance is related in connection with this picture. While JOHNNIE DORBIN was at work on it with the box of paints that had been given him on his previous birthday by his uncle Mr. BOLAINE, his cousin, BILLY BOLAINE, between whom and JOHNNIE there had always existed considerable rivalry, entered the apartment, and in the absence of JOHNNIE, took up a brush charged with lamp-black and made a great "splosh" (as he termed it) on *Blue Beard's* eye. JOHNNIE, on returning, exclaimed, "BILLY has been here . . . . . and has given *Blue Beard* a black eye." Whereupon he immediately sallied forth, and, overtaking BILLY in the street, produced the same effect on his cousin's eye as BILLY had on *Blue Beard's*. After this lesson they became the greatest friends, and it is said that BILLY lent JOHNNIE his own box of paints and imparted to him many of the secrets by which he had attained success in his own peculiar line.

BILLY BOLAINE.

BORN, 1868. FLOURISHED, 1880—82.

No. 3. *Landscape, with horse, ducks, and figures.* Silvery effect of about eight o'clock in the morning anywhere. The animals have given rise to some discussion, but the general impression seems to be that the Artist, who never depicted anything without a subtle meaning, originally intended at least one of them for a cow. The small figures probably represent members of the painter's family. There is a good story told about the ducks in this picture, which we have quite forgotten. It is a question whether the hand of his cousin JOHNNIE DORBIN is not evident in more than one of his ducks.

No. 5. *Hunting.* By the same Artist. Full of life and movement. That the Artist should have selected subjects from country life is all the more remarkable from the fact of his never having left London until long after he had given up painting. Our own LANDSEER, or any of the great Dutch painters, would have found considerable difficulty in representing a horse and hounds with the fidelity to nature displayed by this Young Master. Artists admire the luminosity of the background where the fox is visible. The fox is worthy of his brush! This is certainly BOLAINE's young-master-piece.

GEORDIE PORGEE.

BORN, 1876. FLOURISHED, 1886—7.

No. 4. *The Mac Marmalade of Dundee.* Lent by the Artist's parents. GEORDIE was, from a very early period, devoted to the Orange cause, as represented by the Orange-women with whom, when walking in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, he was never weary of conversing. He was at one time thinking of becoming an Orange Boy, but was deterred from this project by his maternal aunt, Mrs. MACTOFFIE, one of the HARDBAKES of MacCalmond Rock, who assured him that the Sweets of Home were preferable to anything he could get abroad. The picture represents a distinguished ancestor of the Artist, THE MACMARMALADE of Dundee, from whom he inherited the peculiar taste which kept his palette thoroughly employed. We hope to dine with his excellent parents next Tuesday, and to be invited to have a little rabbit-shooting near Bunnie Dundee.

HORHYD LYTTEL PIKKELL.

BORN, 1875. FLOURISHED, 1887.

No. 8. *Horse and Man.*—For the first few years of his existence very few persons had the slightest idea of the variety and extent of his genius. HORHYD LYTTEL PIKKELL was a great animal-painter. Several interesting stories are told of him in this capacity. "At one time," an old lady informed us, "he was staying in my house, where I had some sweet pets—Tibby, the white cat, Phibby, the black one, Beauty, the pug, and a miniature King Charles. Scarcely had LYTTEL PIKKELL been a day in the house, when he developed his extraordinary talent for animal-painting. I well remember the evening. He said the colours looked better by candle-light, and you can imagine my delight and surprise when I saw Tibby covered all over with red and black spots, its face painted like that of a wild Indian, Phibby all over Chinese white with a vermilion tail, the pug coated with orange-pink, and the King Charles a bright sky-blue. With the true modesty of genius LYTTEL PIKKEL denied all knowledge of the work; but artistic power will come out, and, after some hesitation, the animal-painter stood confessed. On hearing his avowal I felt I should do wrong to confine his talents to my house, and he left." There are many similar stories told of him. He never stayed long in any one place, and rarely ever visited the same locality a second time,—not, at least, to the knowledge of the inhabitants who would have been only too glad to have given him the reception his merits deserved.

MASTER HARRY SANDFORD.

BORN, 1874. FLOURISHED CHIEFLY IN THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1886.

No. 9. Copy from memory of the celebrated portrait of an Ancient Justice known by his contemporaries as "Old Judge." This is not from any private Collection, but has been taken from a public hoarding in the Metropolis. An acquaintance of the Artist informs us that it was painted just before HARRY SANDFORD went to the Criterion Bar. Master HARRY SANDFORD lingered over this gem, this Richmond gem, until he was seized with an attack of illness, which resulted in the immediate attendance of Mr. BARLOW with Dr. BIRCH. This Artist is known as "Young HARRY," and judging from specimens of his peculiar work, some critics have conjectured that he was not altogether uninspired by "Old HARRY."

ITTY BOBBY.

BORN, 1879. FLOURISHING, 1888.

No. 10. *Battle Piece.* This spirited picture has never been exhibited. Such works are scarce. Highly finished as it is, it was completed at a single sitting. Few military men can look on this without feeling that ITTY BOBBY must have witnessed the scene he so vividly realises. Yet it is not so.

LITTLE THOMAS TUCKER.

BORN, 1870. FLOURISHED, 1880—1.

No. 12. *Portrait of the Painter by himself.* No work of Art that we have ever seen conveys so forcibly the sense of absolute loneliness as does this of THOMAS TUCKER by himself. His is a sad history. He took to vocalisation in order to procure food, and, neglected by his friends and an unappreciative public, chose to be a recluse, and disappeared from artistic life. At one time, perhaps, there were few Young Masters who had achieved greater fame, his name, "Little TOM TUCKER,' being a household word. Now we scarcely ever hear of him. It is supposed, with what truth we do not know, that the refusal of the well-known conceited and selfish *gourmand*, J-CK H-RN-R, to share any portion of his festive meal at Christmas-time, broke T. TUCKER's heart. We trust, for the credit of humanity, that this story is not true.

SAMUEL NOODLEKYNS (THE YOUNGER).

BORN, 1870. FLOURISHED (FOR ONE DAY), 1887.

No. 13. "*A Sentry of Art.*" One of the soldiers on guard at the National Gallery. For this admirable, and, as we believe, unique specimen of this Young Master's work, we are indebted to NATHANIEL NOODLEKYNS (the Elder). It was intended for the present Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, as illustrating "*A Cent'ry of Art,*" but the Artist's friends discovered too late for the Artist, but not for Art itself, that at the Grosvenor Gallery only the works of *Old* Masters were admitted. This unforeseen disappointment embittered the Young Master's life, and at the beginning of the New Year he exclaimed, "I will paint no more!" a decision which, while it was hailed with considerable satisfaction by his parents and most members of the household, caused great grief to one of his earliest and staunchest patrons, Mrs. CLARE STARCHER, The Washerwoman of Sope-Sudbury, who was accustomed to take away with her, every Monday, the family pocket-handkerchiefs used by the Artist in the course of his work, as well as his pinafores and those of his little sisters, which she treated with all the reverent enthusiasm of a relic-collector.

TOMMY MERTON.

BORN (UNCERTAIN). FLOURISHED—CONTEMPORANEOUSLY WITH HARRY SANDFORD, THE YOUNGER.

No. 14. "*Old Boges. A beast—I hate him!*" This is probably a portrait of the Rev. Mr. BARLOW, Jun., in full academicals. There is a certain sad dignity in the features which commands respect and inspires distrust. The misleading initials are evidently intended to conceal the authorship.

ANONYMOUS.

BORN, 1876. FLOURISHED, 1850—87.

No. 17. "*Papa.*" The Motto, "It is a wise child that knows its own father," is written at the back of this picture. This is evidently a cryptogram, concealing the name of the Artist. Several amusing stories are told of this painter, for which we have neither time, space, nor patience, and, therefore, shut up the show.

A LOST VOCATION.—The M.B.W., *i.e.*, the Metropolitan Board of Works, would have elected Mr. HEBB as its private Chaplain had he not renounced all idea of taking orders. Though he professed himself perfectly willing to wear the M. B. Waistcoat.

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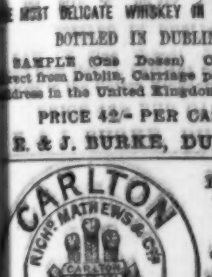

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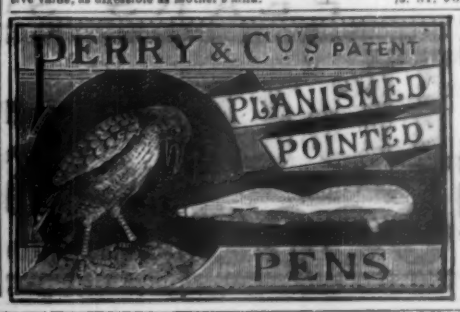

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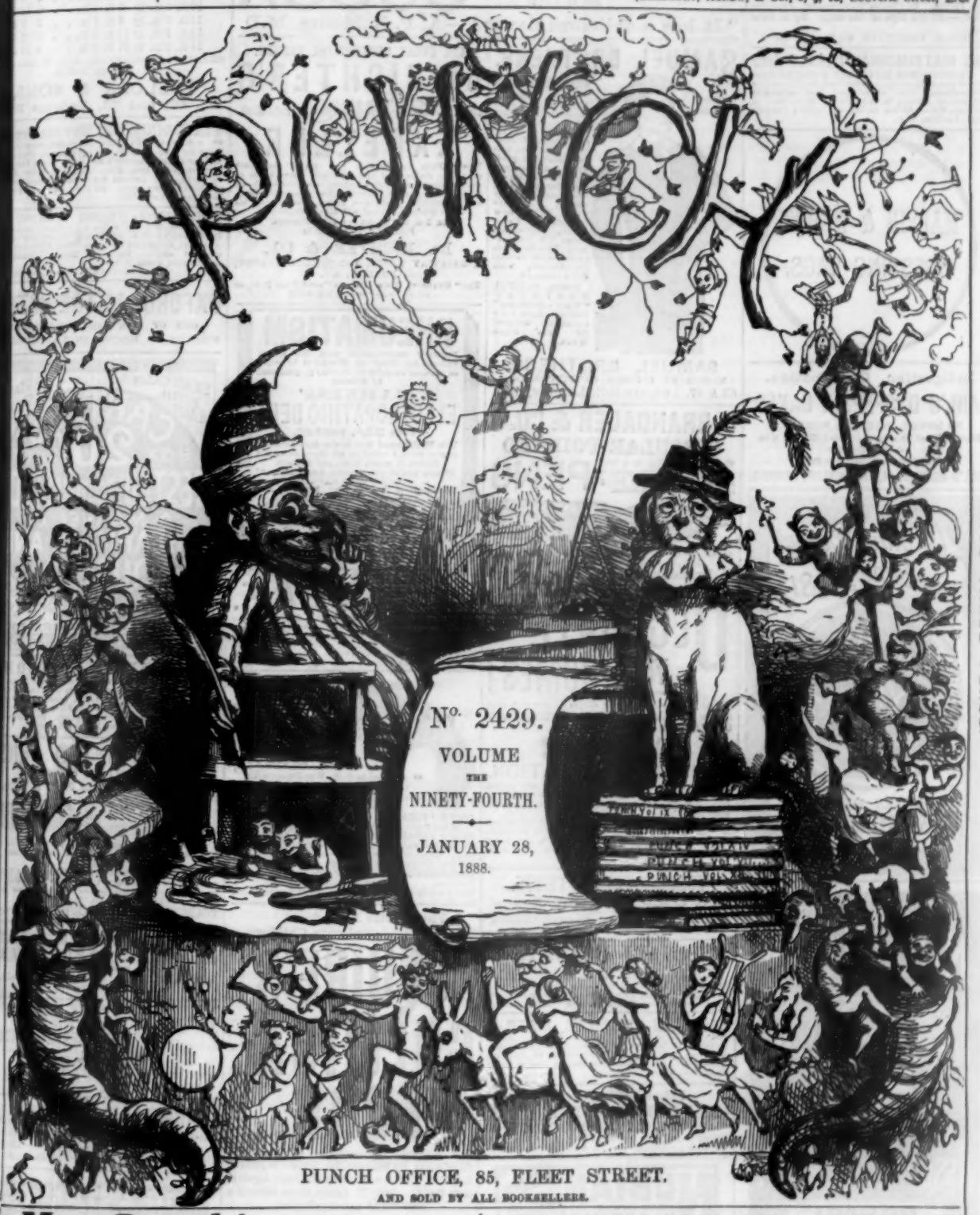

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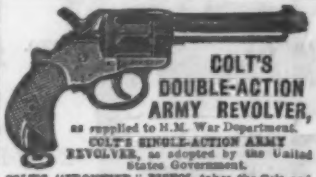

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CHARING-CROSS HOSPITAL, Strand, W.C.—The Council earnestly appeals for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS. A deficit, estimated at more than £3000, has to be met at once. Bankers, Messrs. Drummond, 49, Charing Cross, S.W.

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FOR SMOKING AND INHALATION.

SAVORY & MOORE, London.

And of Chemists everywhere.

"BRAYVO, 'ICKS!"

"I stand here for 'justice'—to Ireland."

NOT SO BAD AS IT SEEMS.

(An Echo from the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré.)

"What is now Lord LYTTON's official residence has been allowed to fall into almost squalid disrepair. The furniture and fittings would look shabby in a second-rate *pension*."—*St. James's Gazette.*

THE British Ambassador paced the room with thoughtful brow, pausing only now and again when one or other of his feet caught in a rent in the well-worn carpet.

"How can the signing of the Treaty be avoided?" he asked himself. "An hour's delay and the present Government will have fallen, and we should then have to deal with their successors! What do *you* do here?" The query was addressed to a young man who had silently entered the room.

"I have to apologise to your Excellency," replied the new-comer, respectfully, "for having presented myself before you without a signal, but the last time I knocked on the door the panel cracked beneath my knuckles. It is a wonder to me that you have been able to entertain in this ruinous place."

"How I did it is my own secret," said the Poet Diplomatist, nodding half scornfully, half goodnaturedly, and by a gesture inviting his visitor to place some papers he carried in his hands on a table.

"Again, my Lord, I ask pardon," continued the Private Secretary, for that was his position; "but I have my doubts about the advisability of following the course you seemingly propose. I have good reason for believing that were I to put anything on that table it would not bear it."

"And this new Treaty is no light matter," laughed the British Ambassador. "I wish therefore that I could delay its signature."

"The Foreign Minister is sure to be punctual. Ah! I hear his ring," and the Private Secretary looked out of the window. Then he stamped his foot with annoyance. "He has pulled the handle with sufficient force to break the bell-wire!"

"And you by your thoughtless impatience have driven your foot through the floor. See your leg is imbedded in the lath and plaster! You should be more careful!" was the angry response.

The British Ambassador had not time to offer further expostulation before the French Minister for Foreign Affairs presented himself.

"Your Excellency," said the Gallic Official, "I have brought the Treaty with me, which now awaits your signature."

"Are you quite sure it is all right?" drawled out Lord LYTTON, evidently bent upon prolonging the preliminaries of the interview.

"Quite sure, my Lord; if you will take a pen the matter can be settled at once," and the Frenchman began an anxious search for ink and paper.

"Are you sure you are authorised by your Government to do all this?" asked the British Ambassador, carelessly.

"A thousand times yes," was the Frenchman's reply. Then he continued, "See, I have laid out the document on that table, and all you have to do is to seat yourself on this chair, and sign it."

"Seat myself on that chair! Never!" cried Lord LYTTON, with a shudder. "Never!"

"Then I suppose I must give you a lead;" and the Frenchman smilingly sat down on the ancient chair. The Ambassador and the Private Secretary stood gazing at him transfixed with terror. Suddenly there was a shriek and a heavy fall. The chair had given way under the very considerable weight of the Frenchman, who was now lying in an undignified position on the floor. The two Englishmen immediately assisted him to rise.

"We really must apologise," began Lord LYTTON.

"Never mind apologies," replied the Gaul; "let us sign the Treaty."

"Too late!" said the English Ambassador, with his ear to a telephone. "I regret to inform you that your Government has fallen, and that you consequently are no longer in charge of the *bureau* of Foreign Affairs."

"Baffled!" hissed out the Frenchman, as he took his departure.

"Just in time," said Lord LYTTON; "just in time."

"That chair giving way under him was most fortunate," observed the Private Secretary.

"Yes," returned Lord LYTTON, solemnly, "the honour of England, nay, the peace of the World, have been protected by our defective furniture! Let us complain of it no longer."

And they did not.

UPON AMARYLLIS

Causing him some displeasure.

BY SEDLEY SPOUTER.

THEY told her, when a wayward
Her temper to deter, [child,
A bogey man, unkempt and wild,
Would run away with her;
That richest quarry soonest falls
By simpering mien beguiled,
Till wide through fashion's gilded
halls
Young AMARYLLIS smiled.

With frozen glee her growing
fears
She struggled to restrain,
As through the uneventful years
She smiled, and smiled in vain.
And now she tries the infant plan,
And sulks the livelong day,
That so at least a bogey man
May carry her away.

"CELEBRITIES" NOT "AT HOME."

WE have just seen the first number of *Men and Women of the Day*, containing admirable photographs of Miss MARY ANDERSON, Lord HARTINGTON (Ex-Cabinet size), and Cardinal NEWMAN, quite the best we have seen of these Celebrities. If the series is equal to this first sample, it will be historically interesting, and most valuable as specimens of the Messrs. BARRAUD's photographic art. They do not say whether their intention is to give us one lady and two gentlemen every month, or to vary this proceeding occasionally, but the arrangement in this first number, with "Our MARY" between the Cardinal in a brown study, and Lord HARTINGTON, "himself to the life," that is in rather an awkward position and looking somewhat puzzled, and neither of them paying the slightest attention to charming *Perdita*, is decidedly humorous.

Cheerful!

WASN'T this a nice advertisement for the Christmas holidays? It was in the *Morning Post* (not the *Evening Post*—don't let there be any mistake about this, Sir ALGERNON) for December 30:—

GOVERNESS (English) for Three Children, eldest 15; must be a thorough disciplinarian and well able to administer corporal punishment; good salary; age about 24; write full particulars as to mode of inflicting punishment, also salary required; personal interview in London necessary.

Isn't that pleasant, Dr. BIRCH? Such advertisements ought to have a paper all to themselves,—say, for example, *The Whipping Post*.

Scent per Scent.

"JOCKEY CLUB" we know's a pleasant scent,
But now 'tis clearly honesty's intent
(And genuine sport of the result's expectant)
That Jockey Club shall be—a disinfectant!

JUST WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—The *Odium Medicum* runs so high, that at one West-End Club, on a Homœopathist being put up as a candidate, the Allopathists banded together and "pilled" him.

Vale!

DENNING departs? Pleasure has *Punch* in penning
A fond farewell. "Give you good den'," good DENNING!

THE INDIAN MAIN.—A Bill before the Indian Legislature proposes to constitute cock-fighting an indictable offence. But is that pastime really so cruel as it is called? The cocks themselves like fighting, and, whilst living, they "live like fighting cocks."

THE GREAT FIGHT

Between the "Game Globule" (Grimthorpe's Novice) and the "Pharmacopœian Pet," ex-Champion Heavy Weight, Holder of the Allopathic Belt, &c., &c. A Tale of the "Times," retold in (more or less) Homeric Verse.

MUSE, sing of the merriest mill, between two pugilistical rivals,
That yet has been seen in the ring, in this season of fistic revivals!
Don't warble of SMITH and KILRAIN, or of SULLIVAN, known as the "Slugger,"
Their sets-to compared with *this* one are mere samples of tame hugger-mugger.
The tale is a tough one to tell, it needs some such a muse as MACAULAY'S.
The gallant and genial GRIMTHORPE—himself a rare dab with his "mawleys,"
Got up this true sporting affair, he's the bravest and boldest of backers,
The lads that he got in the ring were a couple of regular crackers.
The "Pharmacopœian Pet"—*seniores priores*—a veteran,
Has got lots of fight in him yet, for a big 'un you'll scarce find a better 'un,
True he of late runs to flesh, is a trifle too beefy and lumpy,
And lovers of "science" may deem that his style's rather flashy and jumpy;
But he still has "a damaging right," so his backers at least are persuaded,
And quick "knocking out," his pet tactics, by weight and his inches are aided.
In fact he's a sort of a SULLIVAN, gassy and rather vain-glorious,
Full of disdain for his foeman, and cocksure of being victorious.
GRIMTHORPE'S "Game Globule," *au contraire*, is rather a light-weight at present,
But quick on his pins as a cat, with a "left" far too hot to be pleasant,
As promptly the P. P. discovered; the P. P. of course forced the fighting;
He hasn't got much of a guard, so he goes in for rushing and smiting.

"LAPSUS LINGUÆ."

Parson (who is also an enthusiastic Amateur Photographer, his mind wandering during the Service). "AND NOW FIX YOUR EYES ON THAT MARK ON THE WALL, AND LOOK PLEASANT!"

His "mug" wore a confident smile, which some might esteem a bit bounceable;
These big 'uns are apt to be cocky, but even a Titan is trounceable.
P. P. will nurse the delusion that Novices such as our G. G.
"Ain't never no good." "Let him come," cried P. P., "and I'll knock him to Fiji!" [Pharmacopœia
And then the "Game Globule" *did* come, and faced him of the
With steadiness, stoutness and skill of which P. P. had scarce an idea.
To Fiji he would *not* be sent, and that fact gave the P. P. the fidgets;
And he "landed" the P. P. to-rights, and he dodged his redoubtable digits,
And GRIMTHORPE cried "Go for him, G. G.!" and G. G. most certainly went for him; [spanks P. P. meant for him.
He *ought* to have been soon "knocked out," but escaped the big
And P. P.'s proud backers waxed wroth, and they howled to their "Pet" to demolish him;
"Wire into him, P. P.!" they yelled; "bring your right into play, and you'll polish him."
They were awful big Pots, were those backers, Corinthians high and exclusive, [and abusive.
Who thought they were cocks of the walk, and to prove it were hot
Monopolists mighty, they fancied that Victory followed their banners
So much as a matter of course, that they didn't heed logic or manners.
Shake hands with a "G. G."? Oh! no. *Infra dig.* It was most condescending
To fight him—a summary way his confounded pretensions of ending.
And didn't he slog, their P. P.? "Mighty Cæsar, that *was* a pile-driver!
Oh! if it had *only* got home! But G. G.'s such a dodger and diver.
This Mill isn't what we expected; that GRIMTHORPE's a deadly deceiver.
He dares to administer gruel, who ought to be gruel-receiver.
Knocked out, the G. G.? Not at all. No; he round after round comes up smiling. [riling.
How many more rounds will the fight last? It's tiring and terribly
Best take the men out of the ring; the G. G., though a cad, is so clever
That if our P. P. is not pumped, it seems likely to go on for ever!"

AN ITALIAN PEACE-PRESERVER.

PHILADELPHIA should, to merit its name, be the abode of brotherly love. Nominally, just the place to go to for a peacemaker. Thereat, accordingly, the Italian Government has lately ordered a piece of ordnance which, it may be hoped, will answer its purpose in case of need—a pacificator in the shape of a pneumatic dynamite gun.

"This gun is to throw a shell containing 600 pounds of dynamite four miles. The work of construction has been begun."

When it shall have been completed, may the work of construction contribute *in terrorem* to render the work of destruction unnecessary. British War Office, please copy.

A Look Ahead.

(Taken after reading the account of recent Cricket in Australia.)

MOSES and TURNER, of New South Wales
Seem rattling good hands with the bat and the bails:
Every cricketing zealot in England's a yearner
To bowl against MOSES, or stand up to TURNER.
The Australian Team of this year, *Punch* supposes,
Will scarce turn out TURNER, and hardly miss MOSES;
And so, in advance, *Mr. Punch* gladly hails
TURNER and MOSES of New South Wales!

DISTURBANCES IN ROUEN CATHEDRAL.—The Vauriens are emulating the misconduct of the London Roughs who invaded Westminster Abbey, smoked pipes, sang songs, and so forth. Perhaps some of our nice people went over to assist. No wonder they were evidently "on the road to Rouen."

A SERIES OF RECENT ARTICLES IN THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."—*Articles de Luck's.*

MERELY TENTATIVE.—The Suggestion of a Try-on at the Admiralty. With two other Lords, they might have made it a Tryonvirate.

A SENSE OF PROPORTION.

"WA-WA-WA-WATHER FA-FA-FA-HA-HA-HOGGY, EH, TOM?"

"RATHER FOGGY! YES. BUT, MY DEAR JACK, YOU STAMMER TEN TIMES MORE IN LONDON THAN YOU DID IN NEWCASTLE, EVEN! HOW'S THAT?"

"LA-LA-LA-LA-LONDON 'S TA-TA-TA-TEN TIMES AS BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BIG A P-P-LACE, YOU KNOW!"

"LESS THAN (MAN) KIND."

A Lubbocky sort of Fable.

"The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals; to them it may be full of music which we cannot hear, of colour which we cannot see, of sensations which we cannot conceive."—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK on *The Senses of Animals.*

THE Fox and the Ass travelled along the blue roads running through pink grass and shaded by white barked trees covered with rainbow-hued leaves that towered miles high into the yellow-and-green-spots-plus-striped-raspberry-jam coloured sky.

"Ass," said the Fox, in a voice of thunder, that sounded like forty million bees singing an oratorio to the accompaniment of a double-barrelled, steam-worked church organ, "what are those Men?"

"Fox," returned the Ass, in tones that made an Elephant, who was having a chat with a Black-beetle, scamper away in terror, "I fancy they must be persons who gain a precarious livelihood by attempting to please the rich."

The persons to whom allusion had thus been made were four in number. One had an orange face, the second a blue one, the third a green one, and the last, one of a colour it is impossible to describe, but which reminded the spectator of earthquakes, thunderbolts, and brass nails mixed together into a sort of mineral pea-soup with cough mixture and marmalade. They were seemingly expanding and compressing their cheeks, with a view to filling some curious looking instruments, miles long, with air.

"Ass," said the Fox, "these Men are what our Masters—ha! ha! ha! our *Masters!*—call a German Band."

"Fox," replied the Ass, "and those fools, our Masters—Masters! ho! ha! hum!—think they are only making a noise. We, on the other hand, are able to distinguish in this noise music that Men can never appreciate!"

Laughing in tones that reverberated for millions of miles, the two animals passed away from the country and entered the town. It was now quite dark to Mankind, but to the Fox and the Ass the light of the green moon shone as brightly as the sepia-brown sun. They entered a Picture Gallery and stood in front of a painting by Mr. WHISTLER.

"What is it called?" asked the Fox.

"A nocturne in yellow and black," replied the Ass.

"Oh, what magnificent hues!" cried the Fox, in an ecstasy of admiration; "look at that splash of pink liquorice, that daub of shot puce-vermilion tripe, that splutter of tawny-green-gamboge apple-tart!"

"Yes," returned the Ass, also in ecstasy, "and our Masters—ha! ha! ha!—our *Masters!* can see in this revelation no colour at all!"

The friendly couple then left the Art Gallery and entered a deserted reading-room. Instinctively (by a sense not possessed by mankind) they became acquainted with the contents of a thousand modern novels. Then they took up the magazines and acquired them. Neither of them went to sleep for a moment. Then they attacked the newspapers, wading through pages and pages of correspondence upon all sorts of the most uninteresting subjects. Finally they possessed themselves of the comments on the political questions of the day. They learned how TWIDDLEDUM was a villain and TWIDDLEDEE was a knave, and that both were fools.

"Ass," said the Fox, "are you satisfied with anything?"

"Not with many things," replied the Ass. "I agree with Mankind."

"But, Ass, are you satisfied with anything?" persisted the Fox.

"Well, Fox, on the whole, I think I am satisfied with myself."

"And that is a sensation that Mankind—our *Masters!* ha—ha—ha!—our *Masters!* cannot conceive!"

But, in spite of what the Fox had said, the Ass had a fellow-feeling for Mankind!

HONOURED IN THE BREACH.

THE Centenary of BYRON's birth, and no Celebration, no Statue, no Ode, no Oration, no anything! "Greek meets Greek," indeed, in honour of the hero of Missolonghi, but Englishmen seem too busy considering whether SHAKSPEARE wrote his own plays, to give a spare thought to the author of *Childe Harold*, which, perhaps they will presently attribute to Sir HUMPHRY DAVY! Happy BYRON, to escape the spasms of the Gushers, the speeches of the Notoriety-hunters, the libellings of the Image-makers! On such terms one would even be an Immortal Bard. For Immortality would be tolerable, but for its Centenaries!

LORD CHARLES'S FAREWELL.

(JANUARY 19.)

"Tar! Tar!"

"FAREWELL!" cries CHARLES.
"Away! away!
In the Government vessel I'll not stay.
I can't understand, in spite of your tips,
The Hamiltonnage of your ships.
So belay! belay! Lord SALISBURY,
Farewell, farewell to the Admiraltee!
If you experience doesn't teach,
You'll lose the sea as you've lost your *Beach.*"

"THÉÂTRE D'APPLICATION."—This sounds like real work. Capital notion this: a theatre,—not where you get seats by application for orders, oh, no,—but where the best classic works are performed by pupils of the Conservatoire before a mixed audience of subscribers. The Managers of this Theatre are the leading French Actors, who are also teachers of the histrionic art. With such a "Dramatic College" the English Stage might be given honorary rank as a profession. In England private enterprise would surely be an excellent substitute for Government subvention which the French Conservatoire possesses.

MASTER HAMLET MINIMUS AND HIS MOTHER.

Another Suggestion for Mr. Wilson Barrett.

A RE-MOVING TALE.

"A FAIRY stole your goods," quoth I, pleasantly interviewing WILSON BARRETT, after the sad loss he had sustained by a sham furniture-van driving off with what the other curate, the Rev. Mr. PENLEY, would have called his "goods and chat-tels."

W. B. shook back his ambrosial locks, as he replied, bitterly, "No Fairy, my friend, but a Van Demon was it who stole my properties. As *Shylock* hath it—or something very like it, if memory holdeth still its seat in this distracted brain—

> "They take my house, when they do take the 'props'
> That do sustain my house."

"To think, too," he continued, "that this caitiff, whom for want of a better name I will call GINGER—for he 's a hot 'un is GINGER——"

"Excuse me, W. B.," I observed, "but a most respectable professor of negro minstrelsy bears that appellation."

"I meant not him," replied the Tragedian, "I mean the Ginger-haired Gentleman who called at my house and had the effrontery to declare he came on my behalf."

"Yes, he called you 'the Guv'nor,'" I said.

"Precisely: and he told the serving-men that 'the Guv'nor's orders *were* orders.'"

"He was right there," I remarked. "You have kindly given me your orders before now, and I am bound to admit——"

"And so were they," interrupted the Manager.

"They were, and did so," I returned. "But I have advice for thee."

"Name it," he said.

"This it is," I went on: "produce a piece which turns upon——"

"Some theory of kleptomania?" he asked, disdainfully.

"No, W. B.," said I; "on no new theory, but on an abstraction. Let 'Willanous WILLARD' be the chief of the robbers; and in Act II. let him come with the van and steal the properties. In Act III. let him meet you playing the part of a Rural Dean (you will look excellently well in a shovel hat, encircled with a May garland,—an ideal Rural Dean), and be so overcome by your eloquence (SIMS and you together can concoct the cackle), that he restores you all your lost furniture."

"A striking dramatic situation!" exclaimed W. B., his fine eye in frenzy rolling like anything.

"And then the guilty creature sitting in front——"

"Aha! I see it all!" he cried, as if suddenly inspired.

> "The guilty creature, sitting at that play,
> Will hie him homewards, and repentant cry,
> 'I did the deed, the deed of deathless shame,
> I stole thy "props!" I! "GINGER" is my name!
> The name on me bestowed by cynic thee.
> Now to thy house I hie me with a cart,
> And all the furniture that once I borrowed
> I render back again, so thou wilt pardon me.'"

"Bravo! *Encore!*" I shouted, enthusiastically.

He reappeared in front of the window curtain (behind which he had made an exit on finishing his speech), and bowed. Not having a wreath handy I threw him a button-hole. Again he bowed, and there were tears in his voice,—which can be produced by this great artist at a minute's notice, or less if ordered the day beforehand,—as he thanked me and began another speech.

"Stay," I said, politely interrupting him at the commencement. "Let me tell you, before I go, where you may seek your goods and chattels."

"Where? Oh, tell me!" he cried; "and how long, how long will it take me to get there?"

"Within the neighbourhood of Oxford Street there is a shop where is written up 'Old Furniture and Pictures restored.' Try that. Good day." So I left.

* Mr. W. BARRETT has evidently been studying Mr. ROBERTS-BROWNING's most recent Jubilee verses.—ED.

GIVING THE ODDS—BAR ONE.

(*What it may come to if "Mr. Solicitor" has his way.*)

SCENE—*Interior of the Royal Courts. An Appeal being heard. Judges on the Bench. Members of the Combined Profession occupying seats once monopolised by the Bar.*

First Judge (*addressing Small Advocate*). We are not quite accustomed to the new state of things, but is it not usual for Barsolistors to wear robes?

Small Advocate (*aged* 16). B'leeve 'tis, m'Lud; but, fact is, I am here on behalf of Mr. JONES, the Barsolister, who is away serving a writ on a client, who requires special attention.

First Judge. I suppose you are Mr. JONES's Managing Clerk?

Small Advocate. No, m'Lud. Mr. BROWN, Mr. JONES's Managing Clerk is engaged in Chambers before a Chief Clerk, who is settling the remuneration of a receiver. Very important matter, m'Lud.

First Judge. Then, who are you?

Small Advocate. I am one of Mr. JONES's junior clerks, m'Lud.

First Judge. And what are your duties?

Small Advocate. Well, m'Lud, usually to assist in the sweeping out of the office, the writing of the addresses on the envelopes and such like. When I'm not doing that, I have the pleasure of addressing your Ludships.

First Judge. Has a junior clerk who assists in sweeping out the office as an ordinary duty the right of audience?

Second Judge (*after consulting authority*). Clearly.

[*He points out passage to his colleague.*

First Judge (*addressing Small Advocate*). I see that you have the right of audience. You can proceed.

Small Advocate. Thank you, m'Lud. As I was saying when your Ludship was kind enough to interrupt me—as I was saying, the other day I was reading a law book in master's chambers——"

Second Judge. Can you give the name of your authority?

Small Advocate. Well, m'Lud, to tell you the truth, I quite forget. I fancy it was RICHARDS or ROBERTS, or somebody who had a Christian name for a surname. The book was all about "Substantial Estates" I think. Yes, I fancy it *must* have been—*Roberts on Substantial Estates.* Something like that, you know, m'Luds.

First Judge. Could it have been *Williams on Real Property?*

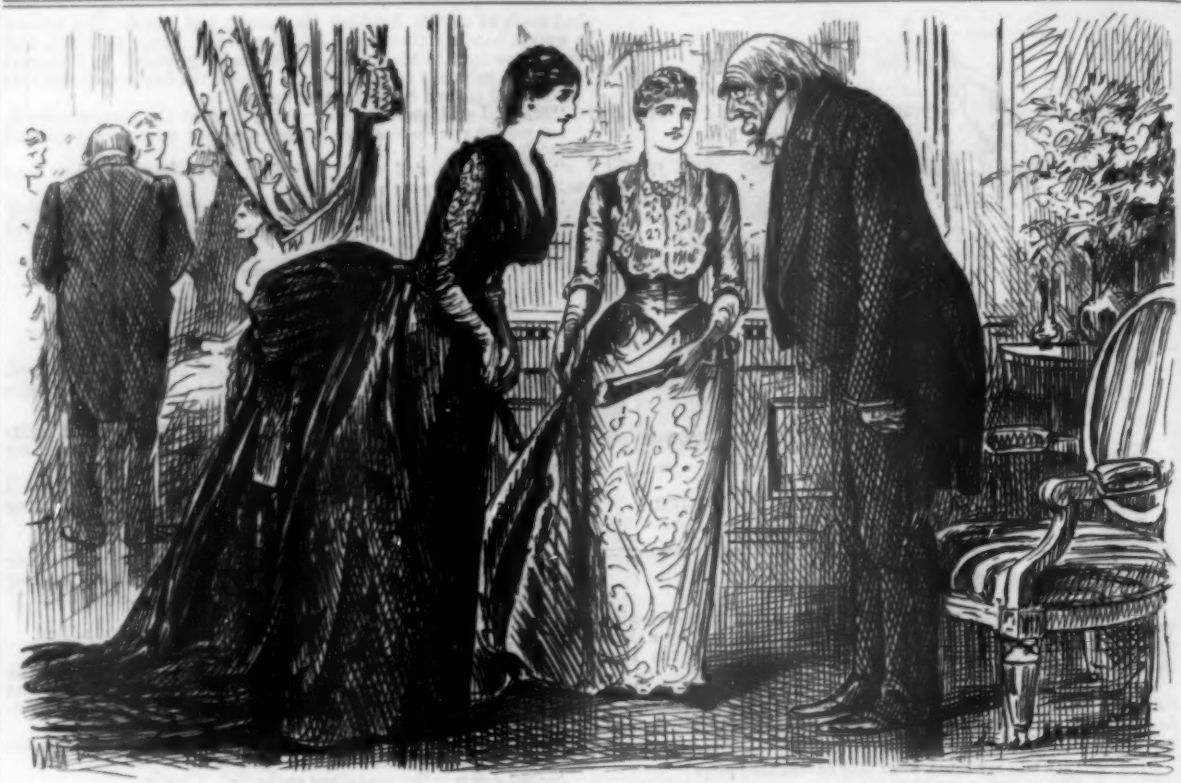
Small Advocate. Why, I do believe, m'Lud, you have hit the nail on the right head! Well, m'Luds, I read in this here book that waste was quite different in Law than in fact. So I believe my client was only exercising his just right when he cut down the wood in rear of the premises. He never wasted it, m'Luds, but sold it at a good price. [*Argues for an hour or so.*

First Judge (*at end of argument*). We shall give our decision on Tuesday week. (*Dead silence.*) Is there no other matter?

Aged Barsolister. Hem—ha—ho. B'lieve, m'Lords, no other case ready. Fact is, m'Lords—hem—ha—ho. Counsel otherwise engaged. Fact is, m'Lords—hem—ha—ho. One Barsolister is finishing a Bill of Costs, another receiving instructions about Marriage Settlement, and—hem—ha—ho—and a third examining Securities in a box at the Bank. My own learned leader, Mr. SILVERTONGUE, Q.C., is at this moment—hem—ha—ho—particularly engaged. Fact is, m'Lords, Mr. SILVERTONGUE, Q.C., is acting as a man in possession during the temporary absence of the representative of the Sheriff.

First Judge. As there appears to be nothing further on the paper, we must adjourn, but I cannot help pointing out that the mixing of functions, once kept distinct, causes at times considerable inconvenience. [*Scene closes in on the adjournment.*

OLLENDORFF FOR THE GROSVENOR.—We hear that a dinner is to be given by some artistic sympathisers with Sir COUTTS LINDSAY in his recent Grosvenor Gallery difficulties. The following form of interrogatory by way of invitation may possibly find favour with the Grosvenor Gallery-ites—"*Voulez-vous Hallé au diner?*" "*Je ne sais pas; mais à quelle heure?*" "*À sept heures moins un Carr.*"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"OH, I AM *so* PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MR. M'GRUMP! I HAVE HEARD OF YOU AND YOUR WORKS FOR EVER SO LONG—THE LAST TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS, I AM SURE!"

"YOU MIGHT HAVE HEARD OF ME AND MY WORKS FOR THE LAST *FIFTY* YEARS, MADAM!"

THE NEW "JUNCTION."

SCENE—*Signal-Box on the Amalgamated T. and L. U. Lines, at the new St. Stephen's Junction.* First *and* Second Pointsmen *are discovered "taking a look round."*

First Pointsman. What a lot of levers!

Second ditto (*stolidly*). Ah!

First ditto. I wish you wouldn't always say "Ah!"

Second ditto. Oh!

First ditto. Hang it all, nor "Oh!" neither. I hate a monosyllabic mumchance sort of a chum.

Second ditto. Well, you'll have plenty of polysyllables presently, if that's any comfort.

First ditto. Who'd be a Pointsman? (*Sings.*)

When a Pointsman is engaged in his employment,——

Second ditto. His employment,

First ditto. And attending to his levers and his dials,——

Second ditto. And his dials,

First ditto. His facilities for innocent enjoyment——

Second ditto. 'Cent enjoyment,

First ditto. Are restricted. 'Tis the terriblest of trials——

Second ditto. 'Blest of trials.

First ditto. Our emotions we, of course, must sternly smother——

Second ditto. Sternly smother,

First ditto. When this most important duty's to be done——

Second ditto. To be done.

First ditto. But, take one consideration with another,——

Second ditto. With another,

First ditto. A Pointsman's life is *not* a happy one.

Both. When this very urgent duty's to be done,
To be done,
A Pointsman's life is *not* a happy one!

First ditto. Ah! well adapted, well sustained. I feel a little better after that burst. Oh! if we could only more often take a Gilbertian view of our business! But it's too serious for that.

Second ditto. Humph!

First ditto. Hang it, HARTY, there you are again!

Second ditto. Haven't moved yet, SOLLY.

First ditto. Never *do* move till you're driven to it. Well, well, we've got our work cut out here. Now that your Company is to run its trains over our lines the traffic will be more tangled than ever—blocks more likely, collisions more difficult to avoid.

Second ditto. And more necessary to *be* avoided. By, Jove, if we get colliding now, we *shall* make a mess of it.

First ditto. Yes. Let's see (*looking at levers*); must keep a special eye upon that "Local" train; touch-and-go thing to work *that* in safely, I expect. Ah! (*Sings.*)

When the "Flying Irishman," is not a flying,——

Second ditto. Not a-flying,

First ditto. When the "Scotch Express," is not before it's time——

Second ditto. 'Fore its time,

First ditto. There'll be lots of casual "Specials," which are trying,——

Second ditto. Which are trying.

First ditto. And the telegraphs go clicking like a chime,——

Second ditto. Like a chime.

First ditto. I'll be bound that "Local" leads to lots of bother,——

Second ditto. Lots of bother.

First ditto. Could we shunt it—which we can't—it *would* be fun——

Second ditto. Would be fun.

First ditto. Yah! Take one consideration with another,——

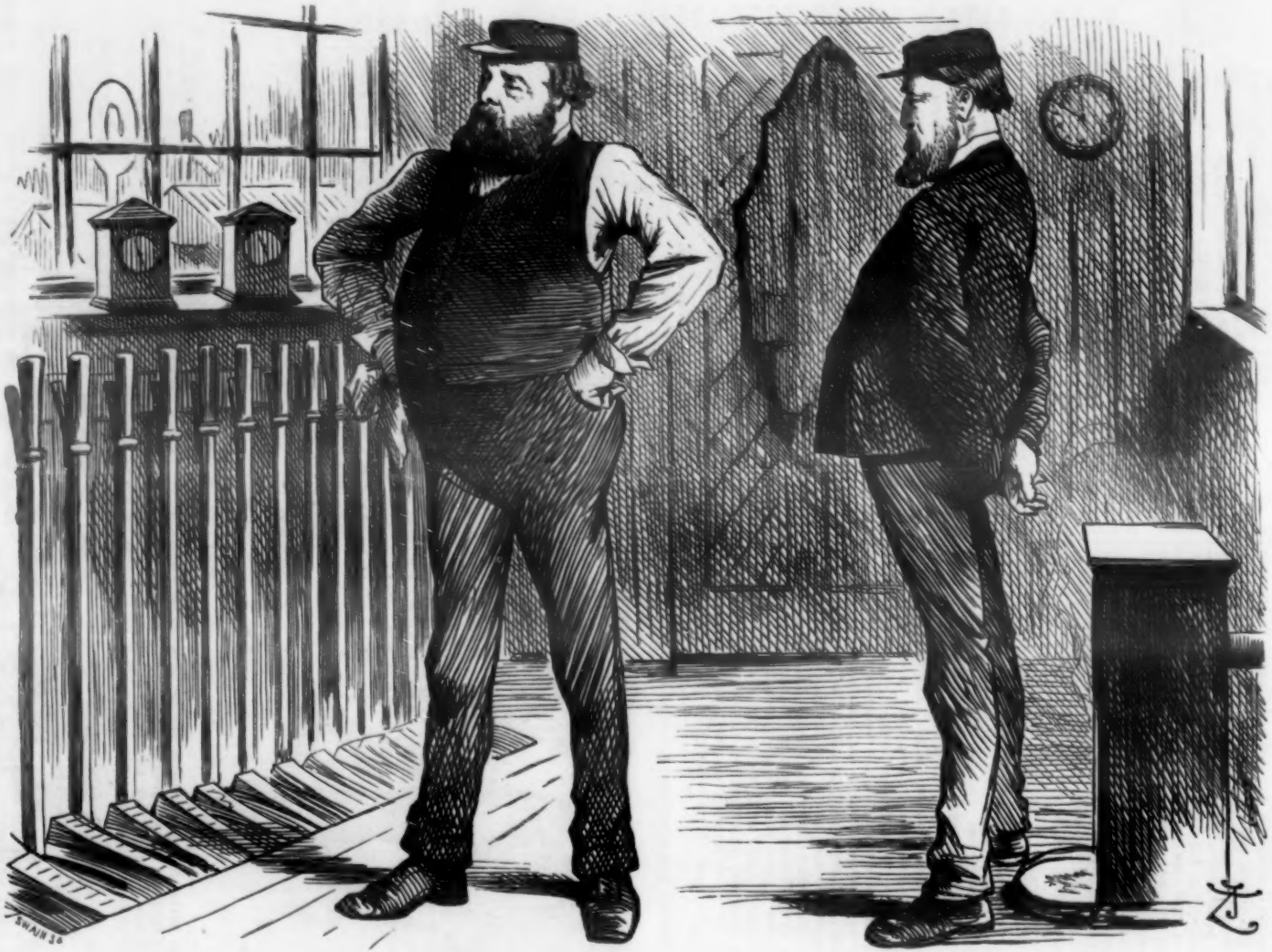
Second ditto. With another,

First ditto. A Pointsman's life is *not* a happy one.

Both. When our complicated duty's to be done,——
To be done,
The Pointsman's life is not a happy one——
Happy One!

First ditto. I thank thee, SULLIVAN, for teaching me that song.

Second ditto. Yes; but we mustn't be piping it too often or too loud. Might rouse suspicion, you know, and if it reaches the ears of the drivers and guards, might make 'em lose faith in you—and me—which would never do.



THE NEW "JUNCTION."

FIRST POINTSMAN (*hopefully*). "YES; WE'RE AMALGAMATED—BUT I MUST KEEP A SHARP LOOK OUT WHEN THE TRAFFIC BEGINS!"
SECOND POINTSMAN (*stolidly*). "SO MUST I!!"

First ditto. Phew! Roused out of "Ahs!" and "Humphs!" at last! But you're right, HARRY, my boy, you're right. When business begins Bab-ballading must cease. And the time's at hand. The first parliamentary is nearly due. Now that our two Companies are comfortably amalgamated, we ought to do good business. But I must keep a sharp look-out when the traffic begins.

Second ditto. So must I! [*Left looking out sharply.*

A NEW LIGHT.

WE should like to ask a question, which deeply affects our social and political life, respecting Mr. GRAHAME, Mr. BURNS, Mr. HYNDMAN, and all the Socialistic and Communistic leaders whose words and deeds exercise so pernicious an influence on the uneducated. The

Entirely New Finale for a Pantomime.

question is this—*Were they, in their youth, taken regularly to see Pantomimes?* If so, their estimate of the Police Force generally, as exemplified by their and their followers' treatment of "Bobbies," is distinctly traceable to these early lessons given them by Messrs. Clown and Pantaloon. There is no such effective teaching as that by example, and the example set, even in the most brief modern harlequinade, by everybody's outrageous conduct towards the Policeman, is simply sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

As in any rightly constructed melodrama poetic justice is always satisfied, and the detective, however he may have failed during four Acts, invariably succeeds in arresting the scoundrel in the fifth, so a Pantomime ought to finish with the triumph of Right and Might, in the person of the Policeman, over low cunning and outrageous resistance to all authority, as embodied by the Pantaloon and Clown. The influence for good that pantomimic teaching might thus convey is incalculable. Prevention is better than cure: formation of character is better than reformation. Let us begin at the beginning—with Pantomime.

LEGISLATION FOR THE SESSION.

LOCAL Government mustn't stop the way. Let there be one Bill brought in for putting a stop to all such processions—including bodies of Salvationists tramping about on Sundays with tambourine girls, and band of music ("Music! ye Gods!")—as have not received police permission for one occasion only.

Another Bill is wanted for dealing summarily with organ-grinders, street-singers, and all other similar disturbers of the peace, so that if a householder or some one acting as his agent, gives any of these nuisances into custody, a paper signed by him and the constable, shall be sufficient to warrant a conviction. Two sovereigns fine for first offence, imprisonment with hard labour for second, and for the third, perpetual banishment from England with the last penalty of the Law in case of their returning with the same deadly purpose in view; *i.e.*, the destruction of the peace and quiet of Her Majesty's subjects.

Also wanted, a Bill to fix certain spots outside a four-mile radius from Charing Cross, where any open-air public meeting may be held, of which the Commissioners of Police must receive at least a clear forty-eight hours' notice.

OUR ADVERTISERS. MUSICAL.

WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE AWAKE. By the Author of "*When the Children are Asleep.*" This thunderingly successful song which has almost reached its second edition, is now published in fifteen keys:—

"Ah! the smashing of every window-pane,
And the ink-spots scattered about like rain,
With a Babel fit to turn one's brain,
When the children are awake."

BLOWER AND CO.'S NEW SONGS.

THE CHIMBLEY-SWEEPER. BINSUTI.

I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE LAST TUESDAY WEEK. WALLINGS.

ONLY A SHILLING FARE! OWEN TOURS.

LET ME DINE AGAIN! LEAMINGTON WHITE.

OH! TAKE THIS TOOTHACHE BACK. SOLYMANS.

UPON THE JASPER STAIRS! This beautiful and thrilling and passionate song can be sung even with a bad influenza cold, with the most magnetic effect. The pathetic words of the refrain never failing to touch the hearts of the most humorously inclined drawing-room audience.

UPON THE JASPER STAIRS. Music by BARLOTTI. Words by JOHNSON BLAKE.

I passed the Agate gates, and, oh!
A vision wondrous sweet
Broke on my trancéd gaze, and so
I turned me to a seat.
I could not guess what they were at,
But someone unawares
Removed my chair; when, lo! I sat
Upon the Jasper stairs!

JABWICK AND LONGFORD'S NEW SONG. May be sung by anybody, anywhere, anyhow!

NEWHAVEN REST. The Publishers of the admirably touching song, "*The Last Omnibus,*" have much delight in astonishing the Public with another thrilling New Song by the same unrivalled Composer.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "*The Last Omnibus.*" The merry bell is ringing gleefully for the departure of the vessel, and as the old man totters to the forepart to make, in company with his little grandchild, the cheaper Channel passage across from Dieppe, he looks anxiously beyond the pier-head, and fixes his gaze on the troubled sea outside with a gloomy stare.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "*The Last Omnibus.*" His little grandchild has left him now to look at the Engines. The old man, still with a haggard gaze, expresses to the steward in dumb show, that he is feeling uncomfortable. The latter cheerily tells him that he had better "get below," and, helping him down the cabin-stairs, deposits him on a sofa.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "*The Last Omnibus.*" But the old man stifles in the stuffiness beneath, and after much difficulty, is once more pushed up again on to the deck. He is prostrate on a heap of tarpaulins by the vessel's side, and his little grandchild notices that his face is green. When asked to pay his fare, he feebly shakes his head.

NEWHAVEN REST. By the Composer of "*The Last Omnibus.*" But all is now over. The vessel has entered the port, and as the old man, the rays of the setting sun gilding his somewhat dishevelled appearance, is staggering up the ladder for the shore, being quite off his head, he fancies he hears a choir of angel voices singing from the Refreshment Room the beautiful refrain—

"To stay below would have been best;
Still, here's Newhaven! You're at rest!"

A GENTLE DUSTMAN'S HEART. New Song, by the Composer of "*A Maiden Fair.*"

His costume may your taste surprise,
You may not like his cart;
But say, oh! why should you despise
A gentle Dustman's heart!

THE LOVE THAT LASTS A MONTH. By the Composer of "*I Laughed amid my Tears.*" Published in A, C, D, E flat, and seven sharps, and sent Post-free anywhere for Twopence.

Opinions of the Press:—"Sure to be popular in a well-managed lunatic asylum."—*The Wapping Jew's Harp.*

MR. PUNCH'S EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CONVICTION has been borne in upon *Mr. Punch* of late that—whether from the engrossing nature of modern girls' and boys' occupations, or their preference for contemporary and realistic fiction—the study of Fairy Tale and nursery lore, is fast falling into neglect—if not (as is only too much to be feared) into positive contempt!

The disadvantages to a child in after-life of having been allowed to grow up in complete, or even partial ignorance of so essential a branch of a liberal education are too obvious to be enumerated, and *Mr. Punch* is anxious to do all in his power to avert what he cannot but consider a national calamity.

In these days there is but one means of stimulating or reviving a flagging department of knowledge—we make it the subject of compulsory or competitive examination, and so *Mr. Punch*, reluctant as he is to incur the resentment of his young friends by proposing any addition to their doubtless numerous tasks, feels it a duty, nevertheless, to suggest to parents that no child should be allowed on any pretext in future to leave the Nursery for School, until it has passed creditably some such examination as is indicated below. It would not be necessary, of course, to require candidates to take up the *whole* of the works in question, which would perhaps impose too arduous study upon the younger generation. The best plan is to select such portions from each as will give the young students a fair general idea of the style and subject-matter of our greatest nursery classics.

Mr. Punch hopes that no parent will think it necessary to send his children to a "Nursery-Crammer" to be prepared for this examination, and that the use of an abstract, or "*memoria-technica*" will be discouraged as far as possible. It should be added that the candidate is expected to do these papers *without any books whatever* at his elbow, and that appeals to elder persons for their assistance should be met with stern and unflinching refusal.

The following questions, though searching, will not, *Mr. Punch* considers, prove too severe for students of any industry and intelligence.

(A) SET SUBJECTS:—

"Jack the Giant-Killer" (*first two chapters*).
"Puss in Boots" (*selected portions*).
"Aladdin" (*from commencement—to the Vanishing of the Magic Palace*).
"Bluebeard" (*the whole*).
"Sindbad the Sailor" (*Second Voyage only*).
"Ali Baba" and "The Babes in the Wood" (*selected portions*).

1. Mention and criticise the conduct of *Morgiana* after discovering the Forty Thieves in the Oil-jars.

2. Should you be inclined to call *Puss in Boots* a strictly truthful animal?

3. What were the circumstances that led *Cassim Baba* to the conclusion that *Ali* had suddenly become rich? What use did he make of his discovery?

4. Describe, as fully as you are able:—
(*a*) *Bluebeard's* Chamber.
(*b*) The halls and terrace where the Wonderful Lamp was found.
(*c*) The chief physical and geographical features of the country at the top of the Beanstalk.

5. At about what time of the year did the *Babes in the Wood* perish? How do you fix this from internal evidence? Is it stated that they had eaten anything previously which was at all likely to disagree with them?

6. Sketch concisely the main incidents in the life of *Aladdin*, from the time he found the Magic Lamp to the disappearance of the Palace.

7. State all you know of *Cogia Baba*, *Haroun Alraschid*, *Alice*, the Mother of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, the *Marquis of Carabas*, *Sister Anne*, *Beauty's* Father, *Red Riding Hood's* Grandmother.

(B) CRITICAL AND GENERAL.

1. What is your opinion of the intelligence of Giants as a race? Of what substance were they in the habit of making their bread? Would you draw any and what distinction between (*a*) Giants and Giantesses, (*b*) Ogres and Ogresses, (*c*) a Mamma Ogress and her daughters?

2. What is a Roc? What do Rocs feed on? If you were on the edge of steep cliffs surrounding an inaccessible valley, strewn with diamonds and visited by Rocs,—how would you proceed in order to obtain some of those diamonds? Give the reply of the Slave of the Lamp to *Aladdin's* request that a roc's egg should be hung up in his dome.

3. Mention instances when (*a*) a *Wolf*, (*b*) a *Bear*, (*c*) a *Cat*, (*d*) a *Harp*, are recorded to have spoken, and give the substance of their remarks, when possible, in each case.

4. Write down the name of any hero you can remember who suffered inconvenience from (*a*) the imprudence, (*b*) the disobedience, of his wife.

5. How would you act if you were invited to go to a party on the opposite side of the way, and had nothing to go in but a pair of Seven-Leagued Boots? Compare the drawbacks and advantages of going to a State Ball in glass slippers.

6. State which family you would rather belong to: One in which there was (i.) a Wicked Uncle, (ii.) an Envious Sister, (iii.) a Jealous Brother, or (iv.) a Cruel Stepmother? Give your reasons, and illustrate them by examples. How many Wicked Uncles do you remember to have read of? Are Wicked Uncles ever sorry, and, if so, when?

7. Give any instances that occur to you where it is stated that the chief personages of the story "all lived happily ever afterwards." Are there any exceptions to this rule?

(C) PANTOMIME PAPER. (*Optional, and for those Students only who may decide to "take up" this branch of the subject.*)

1. Did the manners, language, and general deportment of the various Kings and Queens you have seen in Pantomimes correspond at all with what you had expected them to be from the books?

2. Mention any fairy tale in which (1) long ballets, (2) allusions to subjects in last year's papers, (3) jokes about "drinks" and "pawn-tickets," (4) comic duets which you didn't quite understand, and (5) men dressed up in women's clothes, occur. Mention (if you can) any Pantomime in which they do *not*.

3. Were you surprised to hear at Drury Lane that the King who befriended the *Marquis of Carabas* was originally a Potman? Do you remember this in the original text?

4. Why do you suppose that the Wicked Brothers in this year's Pantomime were frightened by green snakes, pink lizards, and enormous frogs? Did their own explanation that they had "the jumps" convey much to your mind? Did this scene make you laugh?

5. Give as clear and intelligible an account as you are able of the story of any one Pantomime you have been to, mentioning where—if at all—it departed from the version you have studied, and whether or not you considered such departures (if any) to be improvements.

6. Investigate the principal peculiarities of Pantomime Animals. How do they chiefly differ from other animals? Describe the effect of kindness upon a Pantomime Donkey, and account for it.

N.B.—Not more than four questions need be attempted in each of the above Papers. Candidates are advised not to leave any question unattempted from a mere inability to answer every part of such question.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE.—*Heart of Hearts* offered but little attraction to the public, so Mr. THORNE is trying upon them the *Fascination* of Miss JAY and Mr. BUCHANAN. What will be the Manager's next step? *Pas de Fascination?*

BALLAD OF BATHYBIUS.

"*Bathybius*, a name given by Professor HUXLEY to a gelatinous substance found at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, and at first supposed to be a formless mass of living protoplasm, but now regarded as an inorganic precipitate."—*The Dictionary.* "*Bathybius*, from two Greek words meaning the 'deep,' and 'the life.'"—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

I.

"A MERMAID I," she said, with modest mien,
"In Ocean's caves I stray."
HUXLEIUS viewed her with a glance serene,
And answered, "So you say.

"'Tis an opinion I can hardly share;
Yet, should you court renown,
I'll have you labelled, *This side up, with care*,
And send you off to Town.

"For, if a being does exist at all
In Earth, or Air, or Sea,
It's very certain to be *natural*,
Whatever else it be."

"Observe," she said, "my tail with pearls bestrown,
Green eyes, and locks of blue!"
"I *do* observe," he answered, "and I own
These objects meet my view.

"But yet, without one thousand witnesses,—
Pray do not think me rude,—
Science and I must doubt if you possess
Relative certitude."

She smiled; a subtle influence seemed to flow
About him from the sea.
"As I'm an F.R.S.," he murmured low,
"She's hypnotising me!

"You must remember that I still retain
My judgment in suspense,
Subjective visions will appear in vain——"
Then clouded grew his sense.

II.

HUXLEIUS in a pallid light awoke
On a dim cavern's floor,
And on his ear a murmur moaned and broke,
Like the long Ocean's roar.

It was the voice of his Bathybius,
Out of the gulf of Time—
"I'm *not* 'the new Moner,'—you named me thus—
I'm just old *Chevy Slyme*.

"If I submit to being overhauled,
I'll know the reason why;
Sulphate of lime I am; that's what I'm called.
I never told a lie!"

Chorus of Mermaids.

Sulphate of lime he is; that's what he's called.
He never told a lie!

"You need not look for germ of life in *me*,
We all know what we are.
I'm not organic, and don't mean to be:
You carried it too far!

"I'm not the thing with which you make a fuss
No more than I'm a Guelph.
Don't think of calling *me* Bathybius.
Bathybius yourself!"

Chorus of Mermaids.

Don't think of calling *him* Bathybius,
Bathybius yourself!

"*Bios* is 'life,' and *bathus* stands for 'low,'
And low enough I rate
Ascribing life to what you ought to know
Is just 'precipitate.'"

* * * *

Then ceased the low-voiced murmur of the sea,
Ceased the Mermaiden's song,
And great HUXLEIUS woke, and knew that he
For once was in the wrong.

But whether he'll be wise in days to come,
Or err another time,
Ascribing life—'twere better to be dumb—
To inorganic slime,

Is just the point on which we have a doubt!
Fled from the Mermaid's chasm,
He seems cocksure and very pleased about
His old friend, Protoplasm.

And yet we cannot share his honest pride.
A doctrine oft miscarries.
His Protoplasm may be ranked beside
Our old friend, *Mrs. Harris.*

A WANT AND NO SUPPLY.

MR. PUNCH, Sir,—Why should not the old days of Evans's Supper Rooms be revived? Yes, we know Clubs have increased and multiplied since the days when PADDY GREEN flourished. Clubs were called and Clubs have turned up. But Evans's is another matter altogether.

The Theatres are certainly not over earlier than they used to be, and after the excitement of a drama and the atmosphere of gas, nature is exhausted and requires what it cannot obtain anywhere really comfortably, though there is a notable exception to this at Rule's, in Maiden Lane; that is, if Rule's can be an exception. Even here if there be a crush and a rush, the hungriest and thirstiest are not served first, and if you only arrive at 11·30, on a crowded night, you find you have become a waiter instead of a customer, and just when you are beginning to enjoy the long expected whatever-it-is, the warning stroke of 12·30 tells you "Time's up!" and within a quarter of an hour "out you go," with a digestion in about as indifferent a state as was *Hamlet's* Father's conscience when its owner was hurried out of this wicked world.

We mention this exception, if exception it be, as the only one with which we are personally acquainted. But Evans's was something more than a mere supper-room, it was *the* place *par excellence* for glee-singing (at an hour when it comes in pleasantly enough, which it doesn't at dinner-time) part-songs and ballads. It was the place *par excellence* for a chop and potatoes in their jackets, (we were in jackets ourselves when we first tasted these luxuries) a small steak, devilled bones, grilled chicken and a cool tankard of stout. Only the male sex were admitted, and in spite of there being no charge for entrance (we are speaking of "long, long ago,") the company was orderly and comparatively select. Why shouldn't some enterprising caterer take such a place in hand? And before securing suitable premises not too large—Evans's came to grief when it was enlarged and admitted the feminine element,—in the classic neighbourhood of Covent Garden, let him apply to the Police Authorities to grant the establishment tentatively for three years, say a licence with extension of time up to 2 A.M., on condition that only glees, part-songs, and ballads are performed, that the glees for which boys' voices are required, shall cease at 11·30, and that to no part of the building (the innovation commenced with private boxes at Evans's, *consule Paddy*) shall any of the female sex be admitted. The seclusion must be as strict as that of a Monastery. 'Twill be like a little Evans's below, a Paradise without an Eve of dissolution in it.

We present this notion in the rough to London and the Provinces generally. Country Cousins always formed a strong contingent at Evans's, and its revival concerns the visitors to London equally with Londoners. There is much to be urged in its favour: and not much against it. You, *Mr. Punch*, remembering the jovial round table in the corner, the cheery, sociable, and harmonious evenings, and seeing that a considerable and influential class are dissatisfied with Music Halls, will, we are sure, give us your vote and interest, if we can proceed any further in this matter. Let our cry be, "Arouse ye then, my merry, merry men!" and so we, that is my inseparable companion and myself, beg to sign ourselves, Your old friends,

The Roost. "CHOUGH AND CROW" (LIMITED).

THE BUSY B.'S.

"The BANCROFTS have hit upon a taking title for their reminiscences. It is *Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft On and Off the Stage: written by Themselves.*"—*St. James's Gazette.*

How doth the little Busy B.'s,
Improve each shining hour,
By writing reminiscences,
With literary power.
Their honey (pathos, humour, fun,
They 've stored on memory's shelves;
It will be read by everyone,
Though writ quite "by Themselves."

Most people "by themselves" are dull,
But when this sees the light,
The volumes will, we're sure, be full
Of all that's nice and bright.
"*Mister and Mrs. Bancroft, On*
And Off the Stage,"—to this
Add "*Written by Themselves.*" Just con
This title,—what's amiss?

"What's in a name?" a precious lot.
In *this* name if you please,
The very thing for them I've got,
Call it "The Busy B.'s."
Or else "Two B.'s," or not "Two B.'s:"
But there, the matter's small;
I'm sure their reminiscences,
Will pleasure give to all.

SYMBOLICAL.

[During a certain annual religious ceremony at Petersburgh, the CZAR appeared "bare-headed."]

ADVICE TO SOCIALISTS AND COMMUNISTS.—"Act always on the Square." Only, mind, not on Trafalgar Square.

ROBERT AT THE CHILDREN'S FANCY BALL.

I WUNDERS if ennybody as has never seen it, ever got within say a hundred miles or so of ewer imadgining the site of about a thowsand bootiful children, more or less, all bootifully drest in lovely outlandish costooms, all looking the werry picter of appyness, and all dancing to bootiful music, or marching round in state, or a setting in a great circle on the floor of the great City Palace of Delite, a gazing and a larfing, with that little merry larf that belongs so naterally to little children when they're all drest in their new clothes, at their old favrite *Punch and Judy*, and ewen encurridging *Mr. Punch* in his owdacious behawiour. In my fortnit persition of coarse I've seed about everything as is to be seen of a grand or scrumptious charackter, but I never has no doubt as the Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Manshun House beats the lot in a canter and the rest nowheres.

Weather it was the cold fog or not of course I don't know, but the little darlings soon came a dropping into the refreshment room and a drinking most copiously of lemonade and consumin the spunge cakes with great wigour. One yung feller, all drest in nice warm white flannel, and with about as pretty a little face as I ever seed, and who I was told had cum all the way from Canterberry, acshally arsked me for a glass of Shampane, but werry properly added, "put some water in it, please, as I don't want to get tite!" Bless his careful little art, much he knowed about that misterry. With the wallyable assistance the little dears receeved from their Pars and Mars they kept us all werry well employed 'till supper-time, when of course I assended to the upper regions to attend to my more serious dootys.

I got a peep from the Gallery of the grand march round of the children, which was the gem of the evening, as ushal. I shood have liked to have had it all over agin, but of course I didn't dare shout tout ancore, or they might have all looked up at me, and how shood I have felt under such trying suckemstances!

There was a smart young chap strutting about, werry andsumly drest as King CHARLES THE 2ND, as he told me hisself, and a gent, who must have bin jist a little behind hand in his Natral History, arsked him how he could be a warking about after his head was cut off? But he was quite ekal to the occasion, and said, "That wasn't me; that was my Father; and there he stands," pinting to a ancient Common Counsilman who was filling up his lezzure time by drinking sum champane cup.

The Gentlemen of the Press mustard uncommon strong, and express their opinons as to the supper and the wines with great freedom and wollobility, and I was pleased to hear from sitch xperienced Critics that it was all fust rate, speshally the Bore's Hed and the Mum. A natral fear keeps my umbel pen quiet, or I shoud much like to menshun the names of jest a few. But there was jest a rather wildish look about one of them as showed how thoroughly he injoyed the seen, while another seemed to feel that he had to bear the whole world on his broad shoulders. But they are a ginial set, and always werry civil to a poor Waiter.

Praps the most poplar and suttenly the most owdacious part of the hole proceedings, was the sham Lord Mare's percession. It was that bootiful got up, and gone through with that degree of sollemnity, that was most credditable to all the yung Hacters and their Pars nd Mars, whose sons and dorters I'm told as they all was, tho' hem's misterrys as is not rewealed to Waiters, no, not even to Hed uns. But what spiled the hole effect to me was the sollem thort that we was acshally looking at, and all a clappin our hands at, a burlesk of that amost sacred hinstitushun, a Lord Mare's Persession! How the ribbold jester wood have rejoyced, supposing such a irreverent fust class miscreant had intruded hisself into that Agipshun All of splender! I trembled as I red the accounts in the nex day's papers. But no; they past it by without no snear.

As I've bin a studying the French Tung lately, I thort as I'd try my skill upon a yung French Gent, with his waste jest under his arm-pits; so, after he had drunk a glass of Shampane Cup, I says to him quite boldly, "Ancore du Shampane Cup, yung Mossoo?" At which he larfed and said, "We, Gassong!" quite nateral.

I was a good deal surprized at one of the jewvenile royal pussonidges, a King, or a Erl, or summat of that sort, a asking me for sum of that sossidge meat, and a pinting to a Bore's Hed! But in coarse even jewvenile Kings or Erls carnt know everythink. I remembers the late Sword Bearer telling me, with a shudder, that wunce upon a time, when he was atending in state upon a Lord Mare who was a going to call on the Prince of WHALES at Marlboro Ouse, as they were all a waiting for his Royal Iness in the All, little Prinse GEORGE came into the Gallery, and when he saw the Sword Bearer in his grand Fur Cap of State, pinted at him, and said, quite lowd, "Oh, wot a funny Old Man!" The Sword Bearer, like the trew gennelman he was, tho much hurt in his feelinx, as he told me he was, took no notice of the hinsult, but forguv him at wunce. Praps you've eard this afore? Well, it bears retelling.

I didn't notice quite so much diffrence as I should natrally have xpected between the style of dancing of the royal and noble pussonages, and them of humble degree, such as shepperdesses and pezzants, but they suttenly all injoyed theirselves up to the werry larst, and when the fatal hour of midnight struck 12, they seemed no more tired than did the geenial LORD MARE and his hansum Lady, who had receeved ewerybody, and noticed ewerybody, and made ewerybody feel theirselves quite at tome, tho they was at the sillebrated City Pallis.

ROBERT.

TÆDIUM MEDICUM;

Or, What, if it doesn't Stop, it will come to in the "Times" of 1889.

SIR,—I have read attentively now every day for one year and three months the six columns of controversy at first vindictive, then libellous, then scurrilous, and in these last times beyond all bounds frantic, between the two rival schools of treatment that you have persistently kept publishing for the benefit of your numerous readers. The result of the perusal of this correspondence upon me has been this. I have registered a solemn vow that under no complication of diseases to which I might suddenly fall a victim would I ever again "call in" a medical adviser of any profession or school whatever. No, Sir, I have determined to leave Dame Nature to do her best or worst with me according as it may please her own sweet will. Anything I feel would be better than to hand one's body over to be juggled with by this screaming crew, who in chorus denouncing each other as quacks, liars, thieves, mountebanks, and cut-throats, have fairly and finally scared out of their arena and, I trust, for ever beyond their reach,

Your obedient but reflective servant,
A STAGGERED LAYMAN.

SIR,—One word more in answer to that just-created peer, GRIMTHORPE. I did not, as he malevolently and with malice aforethought argues, state that if you threw a bottle of stout into a gasometer full of ginger-beer you would not "detect it." What I did say was that I would defy anybody with his eyes blind-folded to *taste* it. This is the 177th time I have had to correct this scandalous, outrageous, and scurrilous perversion of truth in the course of the present controversy. Need I say I am sick of it.

I am your obedient servant, J. C. B.

SIR,—One word to supplement my yesterday's letter, in which I flatter myself I once more gave it hot to "J. C. B." and to all the other bigoted, orthodox vampires who are yelping the same tune with him. If I did not fairly flay them and put them and their perjured nonsense into pickle after, all I can say is I don't know what more they can want. Stay, though—I must not forget what I had to say. It is this. If any one of the A. champions still wants to have it out with me, let him come down here to me in Yorkshire (where my family has been settled for more than fifty years), and I shall be happy and eager to give him as good an argument or two as he could wish—*with a horsewhip.*

Yours, &c., GRIMTHORPE.

*** This correspondence must now close.—ED.

NEW STATUE FOR TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—That of Justice CHARLES as companion to King CHARLES.

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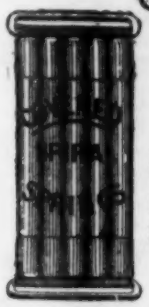

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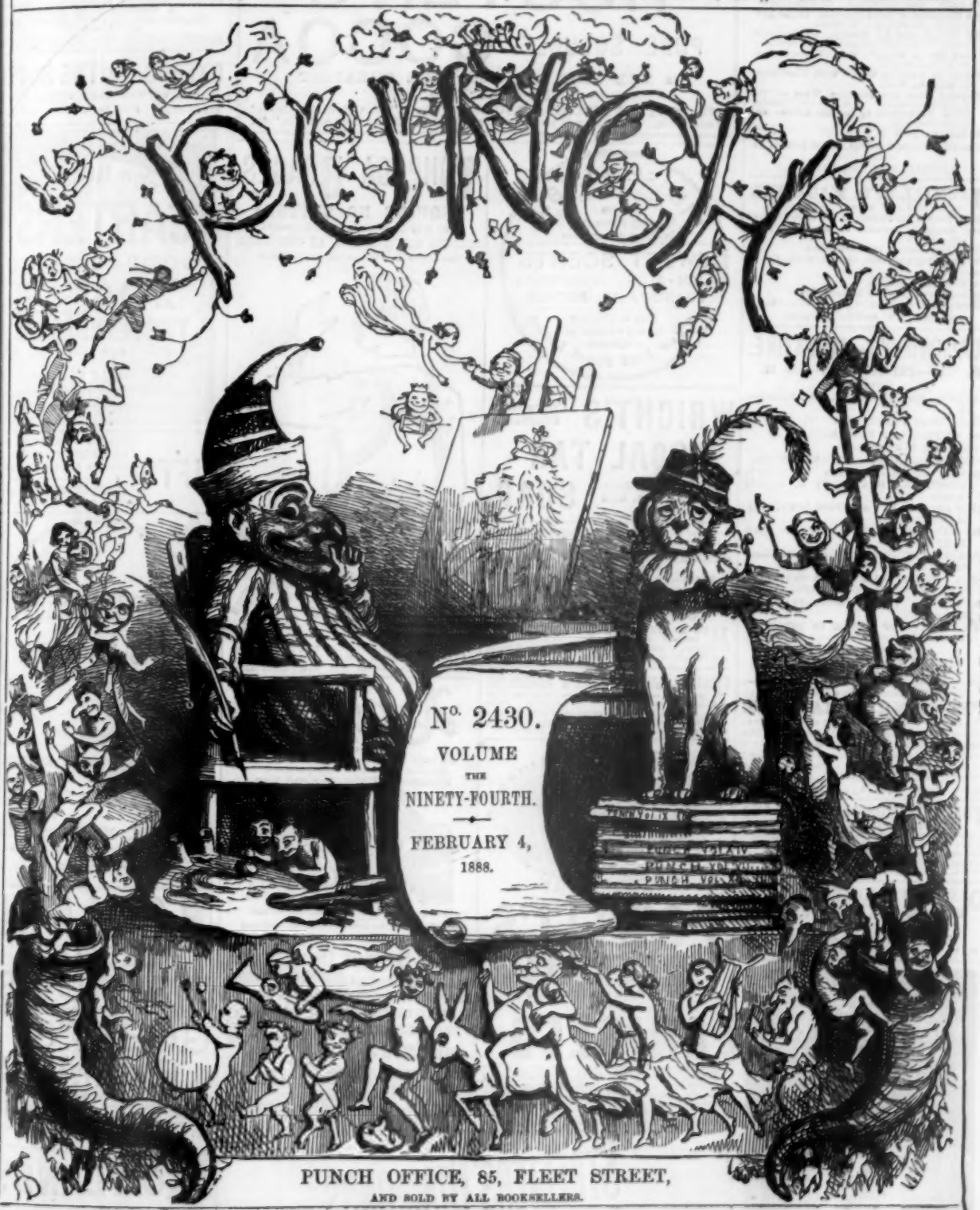

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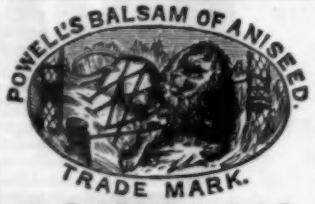

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From Mr. Sp-ker.

Sandy, Beds. Saturday.

Dear Toby,

Order, Order! I suppose as we are now on the eve of the Session, and you will have other affairs to occupy your time and attention, the Letter-Bag will shortly be closed. But before you pull the string, allow me to drop in a brief note. The Speaker of the House of Commons is, after all, human—or, as H-rc-rt might say if he filled the Chair, in some respects human. In deference to this weakness, I feel a peculiar pleasure in addressing you among all the 670 Members of the House. If they were all like you, dear Toby, what a Paradise would reign within our four walls! Never since Barkshire did itself honour by returning you, have I once had occasion to suspend you. (Excuse me; but I suppose, if in the troublous times ahead of us such a misfortune came to pass, I should have to seize you by the tail?) Never once have you moved the adjournment of the House, delivered a prosy speech, questioned the decision of the Chair, or behaved otherwise than as a model Member of Parliament. I wish there were more like you.

But there are not, and we must take things as we find them. They have been pretty lively since I first sat in the Chair, and from all portents they are likely to be still more so in the Session that opens next week. I observe that Mr. P-rn-ll has been advising his Young Men to avoid obstruction and adopt mannerly ways. That is all very well for Mr. P-rn-ll, who has pleasantly passed the recess far from political strife. But I can well understand some of his compatriots asking whether, because Mr. P-rn-ll has not been in prison, there shall be no more cakes and ale? W-ll-m O'Br-n fresh from his plank bed, T. D. S-ll-v-n just freed from gentler restrictions, and Mr. P-ne tired of hanging like M-h-m-t's coffin between heaven and earth, are likely to take another view of the situation. In and out of the Chair these fifteen years, I know very well what it is for a Leader of a Party to discountenance obstruction, and what effect it has upon the course of business. Sir St-ff-rd N-rthc-te, when he led the Conservative Party, was honestly opposed to obstruction. But that did not prevent Grandolph and his merry men stopping all progress. Gl-dst-ne is equally shocked at the adoption of any means of obstruction less subtle than the occupation of two hours in saying what might well have been uttered in twenty minutes. But, apart from the Irish Members, the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate and some other Members who sit in that part of the House, are certainly not to be accused of docility in following their titular leader.

B-lf-r is the only man who has a practical scheme on hand for combating obstruction. Of course if one by one the most truculent of the Irish Members are cast into prison, the available forces of obstruction in the House of Commons must be diminished. Sir B-yle R-che had not this particular illustration in his mind when he made his famous declaration. But the application holds equally good. B-lf-r has done his best, the only sign of maladroitness about his proceeding being in the somewhat indiscreet haste with which it was inaugurated. If Irish Members are sent to spend their Christmas Day in prison, under sentences of two months' confinement, it is clear that their appearance in the House of Commons cannot be postponed long after the commencement of the Session. It is not for me even to hint at counsel in so delicate a matter. I am not responsible for the Chief Secretary's action, and am called upon neither to approve it nor to disapprove it. But, viewed in connection with the question of obstruction, there is evidently a chronological error at the basis of Mr. B-lf-r's proceedings. But he is young and ardent, and experience may bring its lessons.

I daresay you will be glad to hear that I approach the new Session in renewed health and I need hardly add, with indomitable spirit. I am glad to be able to add that Sm-th, who looked in the other day, is also ready for his work. He has just returned from Pau, which he was a little surprised to find is, after all, not a river. Otherwise his mind preserves its customary serenity. He tells me that on some rare occasions, when there was smooth water in the Mediterranean, he practised a new pounce, which he believes will prove effective in preserving the discipline of the House and supporting the dignity of the Chair. He wanted to take his coat off and show me how it was done, but I decided to defer the pleasure. I would rather share in the surprise which awaits the House.

On the whole I am glad that Sm-th's removal to another place has been deferred. Of course if he had gone B-lf-r would have come along, and that in some particulars is not a pleasant prospect. It is a very small matter, and to you who sit on the other side of the House with the view partially obscured by the Table, it will be hardly comprehensible, but the fact is I could not face without disturbance the prospect of having B-lf-r's legs in close proximity throughout a long sitting. It is bad enough when it is part of his game of aggravation to absent himself from the House as much as possible, more particularly at the hour when Irish Members want to put questions. If he were Leader of the House he must perforce be in his place for something like six parts of a ten-hours' sitting, and I am afraid I could not stand it. It is impossible to convey to you a full sense of the mental torture suffered after many hours' strained attention to debate by the recurrent intrusion of apprehension of what B-lf-r will next do with his legs. Whether he will ever succeed in his lifelong attempt to kick Gl-dst-ne under the table, is a familiar question I shrink from recalling in these days of recess. Even now I tremble when I think of the possible apparition in the course of debate of the feet of the Leader of the House on the Table. It is not fair that the already overburdened President of an assembly like the House of Commons should be freighted with petty cares of this kind, and I hope that Sm-th will stop where he is.

I envy brother H-mpd-n the great advantage of having had D-zzy so long the Leader of the House whilst he sat in the Chair. Long before I had any notion that the matter would have a personal interest for me, I have from the Front Opposition Bench watched D-zzy in his place—the folded arms, the crossed legs, with the coat-tails brought forward placidly covering the knees, the downcast head, the half-closed eyes. *There* was a soothing assistant to the Speaker in the discharge of his irritating duties. The effigy of a Crusader supine on a tombstone does not come more nearly to the *beau idéal* of a Leader of the House as seen from the Speaker's Chair, than did D-sr-li. Gr-nd-lph when he was Leader, in his comical way recalled this picture which he, too, had often seen. He occasionally did it all, even to the orderly arrangement of the coat-tails, wrestling with himself, often ineffectually, to prevent his hands going up to curl his moustache. As for Gl-dst-ne he was most embarrassing. One had always to be on the look out for his sudden incursion. Sm-th was an improvement in despite of his tendency to pounce. But B-lf-r would be worse than an appreciable addition to the Irish representation.

I mention these things, as probably in reviewing the difficulties of the position of a Speaker, they never occurred to you. When you come to sit in the Chair—a position that may perhaps hereafter be forced upon you—you will understand all.

The Clerk will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day, so no more at present from

Yours faithfully, Arth-r P-l.

One for the Force.

Bobby too open to the furtive "tip"?
How can the world malign in such a manner?
Although self-offered to the Peeler's grip,
'Tis plain a "Copper" will *not* take a "Tanner."

THE JAPANESE SCHOOL AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"Japanese Art .... is the only living Art in the world .... In comparatively few years Japan will become the acknowledged centre and leader of the Fine Arts."—*Extract from Japanese Lecture on Japanese Art. Vide "Times,"* Jan. 25.

FEELINGS AND FOOTLIGHTS.

Mr. Archer has, in the current number of *Longman's*, despatched a second batch of arrows at the actor's art, and has certainly scored. His article has covered a great deal of ground. That Mr. Wilson Barrett playing *Hamlet* shivering with the thermometer 14° below zero should have assumed a comfortable temperature from strong emotion as soon as he got on to the stage, and that Mr. Clayton after representing *Hugh Trevor* has been so exhausted that he has lain down on the floor of his dressing-room, and "feeling as though he had been thrashed all over," said to his dresser, "don't come near me for an hour," are certainly strange entertaining and even appalling facts. So indeed are some of the numerous anecdotes about tears and laughter, terror and blushes and other stage experiences, that he has managed to collect by his catechetical method. Still there is more to come, and he has promised a third and concluding article. This should deal among other matters with the "emotions of Pantomime," a singularly interesting subject at this season of the year, and though we will not vouch for the perfect accuracy of every word, the subjoined brief extract may be taken as a fair sample of the way in which the whole matter will be handled.

Strictly observing my usual method of catechising, I have, as a preliminary step, addressed to several noted Clowns and Pantaloons the following questions:—

In scenes of commotion in real life, whether you are a participant in them (*e.g.*, in a regular Police row yourself), or a casual on-looker (*e.g.*, in a street riot, in which legs of mutton, loaves of bread, strings of sausages, bundles of turnips, babies, and Police-

FAMILY CARES.

First Excursionist. "Int'restin' Ruins these, Sir."

Second Ditto (the Bread-winner). "'Mye-es, 'Don't care for Ruins m'self though." (*Pointing to his Olive Branches in the background.*) "Them 's Ruin enough for me!"

men's helmets are flying on all sides in the air), do you consciously note effects for subsequent use upon the stage? Have you ever tried the effects of a red-hot poker on personal friends in your own drawing-room, and so automatically registering on your memory a phase of real life experience, been enabled to turn it to subsequent professional account?

The answers to the above questions are very various. Some Clowns deny that they have had experience of the red-hot poker in their own houses, but in making butter-slides, filling their pockets with perambulators, stray bonnets, and turkeys, they have, "as casual lookers-on," like Miss Isabel Bateman, "noted effects of real commotion, and stored them up for possible use."

A distinguished Clown at one of the London theatres who, with Mr. Lionel Brough, holds that "All scenes in real life are impressed on the mind of the real actor, and that, if occasion requires, he will try to reproduce them," writes to say that he has so thoroughly realised the necessity of this that he has often got up a pelt in the New Cut, tripped up old gentlemen coming down the steps of West-End Clubs, put the page-boy in his own kitchen oven, and tried to jump through the front of a hairdresser's shop. He has thus gained his "emotions" directly from real life, and when he translates them into action on the stage at night he does it with a force and realism that fairly electrifies his audience. He never, for instance, spares Pantaloon, but when he has either to trip him up, collar him with a ladder, or knock him down, he does it so thoroughly and effectively that in the present Pantomime in which he is now playing, though it is only in its fifth week since Christmas, the part of the Pantaloon has had to be refilled in turn by no less than seven fresh representatives, five of whom are laid up injured in a local hospital, while the other two have obtained summonses against him for assault. The writer adds that only the other night he made a great point in the representation of a street fight by hurling a bundle of real turnips right into the face of the leader of the orchestra, and with such good effect as to knock him backward off his stool. The house was extraordinarily excited by the incident, and showed by a prolonged burst of applause how it appreciated that the actor was really feeling in his own person something similar in kind, and almost equal in degree, to the vivid pugilistic passion he was representing.

In a similar strain also writes a celebrated Pantaloon. Having once travelled on the Metropolitan Line in a second-class carriage with a third-class ticket, and having been detected and consequently shouted at by a little vulgar newspaper boy, he affirms that whenever, in the course of a scene, the Clown falsely accuses him of having committed some delinquency in the well-known stock phrase, "I saw yer do it," he is so absolutely awestruck, and his doddering gait becomes so tragic, that he fairly brings down the house.

It may be interesting to note, in conclusion, that a well-known Harlequin, on being questioned to account in some degree for the utterly unintelligible eccentricity of his movements, and the generally pointless though sportive frivolity of his character as delineated in action, admits that, like Mr. George Conquest, "he has on many occasions gone to Lunatic Asylums and collected effects for use on the stage." The article will also casually touch upon the effect on an actor of playing to an empty house, or with uncongenial surroundings, the catechetical inquiry taking some such shape as the following:—

A distinguished Actor informs me that on playing *Othello* in the provinces, where his terms with the management were "shares" after £15, on going on the stage and finding only eighteenpence in the pit and five orders in the dress circle, he has felt a lump in his throat that has nearly prevented his articulation. He also added the *Roderigo* on the occasion in question was drunk, and so frequently alluded to "*Two Lovely Black Eyes*" in the course of his part, that he was ultimately called on for a horn-pipe, which he gave, being eventually removed from the stage by the Doge, the Gasman, and the Prompter. Do you consider that such conditions would be calculated to stifle a tendency to a morbidly emotional rendering of the character, and would you conceive yourself justified in washing your hands of the performance, and after having it out with the Manager, leaving the house then and there without waiting to smother *Desdemona*?

Rabies in Richmond Park!—O Deer!

CHARLES WYNDHAM DISCOVERS RUSSIA.

The Gallant Explorer is here seen taking his little Davy and his treasure of an Ingot up the Neva to St. Petersburgh.

CHEAP (?) LAW.

A Probable View of a Possible Future.

Scene—*Chief Office of* Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, *of Gray's Inn and The Temple, Barsolistors-at-Law. Enter* Client, *who attempts to attract attention of one of several Clerks.*

Client (*addressing a Clerk*). Oh, please, I have come about a Chancery matter.

Clerk (*looking up from a law-book*). Better speak to some one else. I know nothing of the earlier stages of an action. (*Pointing to another.*) That gentleman, perhaps, can attend to you. Here, Mr. Chucklaw, Chancery Department.

Client. I have come about——

Mr. Chucklaw (*sharply*). All right, Sir; you had better see Mr. Jones.

Client. But I prefer to see Mr. Brown. The fact is, I have an introduction; and——

Mr. Chucklaw. Just as you like; but my advice is, see Mr. Jones.

Client. You are very good; but I would prefer to see——

Mr. Chucklaw (*sharply*). All right, Sir, just as you please. (*Turning to another Clerk.*) Is Mr. Brown in?

Other Clerk. Think he has just come back from Court during the adjournment for lunch.

Client (*decisively*). Then you will be so good as to give him my card.

[*Scene changes to Room of* Mr. Brown, *wherein that eminent Counsel is discovered in his robes devouring sandwiches.*

Mr. Brown (*hurriedly*). Yes?

Client. Oh, if you please, I have come about a rather complicated matter.

Mr. Brown. Yes? Please give me the papers.

Client (*confused*). Papers? What papers?

Mr. Brown. I suppose you want my opinion. Well, if you will give me the case I will cast my eye over it, and let you know what I think of it after the adjournment of the Court. I have got rather a heavy matter on just now before Mr. Justice South, and shall be arguing before his Lordship until half-past four o'clock.

Client. But this is the first time I have been here. I have got a letter to you. [*Gives it.*

Mr. Brown (*after a hurried perusal*). Ah, I see. But you must go to Mr. Jones.

Client. But I would prefer to talk the matter over with you.

Mr. Brown. My dear Sir, it would be of no sort of use at present. I know absolutely nothing of the earlier stages of an action. No doubt it will get to me in time, when I shall have the greatest possible pleasure in discussing the matter with you. But that time will be when it is necessary to carry the matter into Court. Good-bye. Glad to have seen you. [*Exit hurriedly.*

Client. Dear me! I thought that now the two branches of the profession are merged into one, all of them would be able to help me.

[*Leaves* Mr. Brown's *Room, and wanders about the passages until stopped by a door. He opens it, and enters a second room.*

Gentleman at Work at a Table. Well, Sir, what is it?

Client. Oh, if you please, I want to talk over a matter of business. The fact is, I am a Trustee, and I am not quite sure——

Gentleman at Work at a Table (*cutting him short*). Oh, I know nothing about that sort of thing. My department is to prepare Bills of Costs.

Client. Well, Sir, can I see one of the Firm?

Gentleman at Work at a Table. I am one of the Firm. My name's Robinson. You want my partner—Mr. Jones.

Client (*angrily*). No, I don't, Sir. I particularly do *not* want Mr. Jones.

Gentleman at Work at a Table (*good-naturedly*). Well, I'm afraid no one else will be able to understand you. At any rate, I can't, so good-bye. [*Returns to his Bills of Costs.*

[*Client returns to Clerks' Office, and is ultimately shown into Mr.* Jones.

Client. I think it right to tell you, Sir, that as I hear you are fond of fox-hunting (to which I have conscientious objections) I should have preferred seeing one or other of your partners.

Mr. Jones. Quite so. But never mind; tell me what it's all about. [*Client tells him.*

(*Interval of Two Years.*)

Client (*looking at his Bill of Costs*). Why the amount is just as heavy as it would have been in the old days, if not heavier! The fusion of the two branches of the Legal Profession doesn't seem to have made law any cheaper

[*Scene closes in upon the* Client's *sorrowful reflections.*

A BENEVOLENT ADULTERATOR.

Joseph Juggins, twenty years ago, a spanking fortune made,
Not by bulling, or by bearing, or by mining speculation;—
No; he drove a highly spirited, remunerative trade
In provisions, gently tempered by astute adulteration.

When his gains had mounted up to such a very handsome sum
That it took a dozen clerks a week to find out what he owed,
It befel him that his conscience, which had theretofore been numb,
Roused itself to do its duty as an active moral goad.

Its suggestions were not pleasant—nay, indeed, were the reverse—
At his very heart's core, night and day, incessantly they gnawed,
Pointing out with painful frequency that, probably, a curse
Would attend upon emoluments derived from wholesale fraud.

"I have done a deal too well, I fear," repentant Juggins said,
"With my oleo-margarine, retailed as Dorset of the best,
With my tins of slimy odds-and-ends, my homicidal bread,
And my sauces which from inexpensive drugs obtained their zest.

"I have made vast sums of money by those profitable teas,
Which acquire peculiar fragrance from the foliage of the sloe;
By my honey, manufactured independently of bees;
By my eighteenpenny "sparkling," and my ninepenny Bordeaux.

"I must make full reparation, and with all convenient speed,
To the much-offended sources of my evil-gotten wealth.
Let me do some highly creditable philanthropic deed,
Do it, too, exceeding promptly, and, if possible, by stealth!

"Shall I found an Institution for the permanent relief
Of my deeply-injured clients of the lower middle-class,
Who, in pocket or in health, have come to swift and hideous grief,
By consuming food and drink which *I* supplied to them, alas?

"'Twould be sure to be mismanaged!—Happy thought!"—and here a smile
Played about the lips of Juggins. "'Tis quite obvious how I may
Make the needful restitution to the victims of my guile,
In a far more thoroughgoing, yet less ostentatious way."

Straight he opened all his principal emporia once more,
And placarded his resolve to recommence the daily sale
Of the edibles and potables in which he'd dealt before;
But at prices unrecorded in the annals of retail.

At elevenpence a bottle, strange and wild as it may seem,
He supplied East India Sherry, Comet Hock, and "Twenty" Port;
He adulterated milk with thirty-three per cent. of cream,
And retailed it to his clients at a halfpenny the quart.

Orange Pekoe and Young Hyson, sweetly flavoured and perfumed,
Could be bought at his establishments for one-and-four the pound;
And his fine old fragrant Mochas were extensively consumed
At the price which Juggins paid to have the berries burnt and ground.

All the articles provided by this much-repentant wight
Were superlative in quality, and yet so wondrous cheap,
That his shops were thronged with customers from morning until night;
While his business competitors had ample cause to weep.

As for him, his spirits regularly rose from day to day.
In proportion to the chronic diminution of his pelf;
He exulted in his losses, and was often heard to say,
That a clear and spotless conscience was a fortune in itself.

When the brand of black remorse was quite effaced from Juggins' brow,
And the balance at his bankers wore the semblance of an O,
All the ruined London tradesmen met, and registered a vow
To be bitterly avenged upon the author of their woe.

In their wrath they turned and rent him—badly, I regret to say—
Irretrievably, indeed, as far as Juggins was concerned;
For his fragments were collected and in triumph borne away
To the foot of Nelson's Column, where, next morning, they were burned.

But the people, prizing Juggins as a man of antique mould,
As a credit to his country and an honour to his race,
In the precincts of the Abbey raised a pyramid of gold,
With the following inscription, deeply graven on its base:—

"In Memoriam! This Monument commemorates the deeds
Of a singularly generous and philanthropic man,
Who expended all his substance to relieve his neighbours' needs,
And reversed commercial principles to carry out his plan.

"Human jealousy removed him prematurely from this earth
To a region where such sacrifice as his reward should find;
And a sorrow-stricken Nation thus pays tribute to the worth
Of J. Juggins, the lamented benefactor of mankind!"

A WATERY GRIEVANCE.

Mr. Punch, Sir,

As it is the last straw that breaks the poor Camel's back, so it is the last arrogant, if not impertinent demand of the imperious Water Company that condescends to supply me with the small quantity of water that I require for domestic purposes, that breaks down my powers of silent endurance.

Not content with charging me annually nearly as much for river-water as I pay my Wine Merchant for my liberal supply of fine Old Port, the Collector informs me that he purposes calling for the Christmas account on the 2nd of January; or if I prefer sending it before that time, he will be at home to receive it for one hour on two days of the week! What lordly airs this mere Waterman gives himself. At the back of the demand note I am furnished with such information as is expected to explain to me why I am charged so much, and this is what I learn from that wondrous document.

In the first place I am referred to the 15th and 16th cap. Vict. 160, section 3538, which of course, not being an Astrologist, I do not understand. Anticipating, probably, this difficulty, the matter is cleared up by the information that all the services they so kindly render to me in the water line, if more than 160 feet above Trinity high-water mark, are charged one per cent. per annum additional. Now here I find a twofold difficulty. I do not know how high Trinity high-water mark is, and, if I did, I have nothing wherewith to measure 160 feet. I consulted my milkman, thinking he would probably know all about it, but he was really quite angry at my suggestion to that effect, and professed utter ignorance on the subject. A boating-man of my acquaintance tells me that he should think that the Trinity House, on Tower Hill, stands about twenty feet above the river at high-water, but I don't quite see how that important information helps me. He tells me, if I happen to know one of the Old Brethren of that Ancient House, he could perhaps assist me; but I don't, so I suppose I must yield the point.

I am next told that for every high service ten feet above the roadway, I must pay extra, and for every fixed Bath I must pay extra, so I have been measuring, with the assistance of a ladder, the outside of my sober dwelling—and a fearful cold I succeeded in catching during that risky operation—and find to my joy that by unfixing my Bath and using it, when required in my back drawing-room, I can elude these two abominable charges. But now comes such an awful combination of outrageous swindles in the form of definitions of the meaning of the familiar word domestic, as I should think was never before attempted, even by a Water Company.

I am informed that domestic supply does not include supplies for Steam-engines or Railway purposes, which is quite unnecessary information for me, as I have none in the house. But I also learn that it does not include water for warming purposes, or for baths, or for washing my little Brougham, or for watering my little garden, twenty feet by fifteen, or for watering my little horse, or, cruellest of all, for flushing a drain should it require it!

Can anything be conceived more monstrous? Here am I called upon to pay a considerable sum for water, and I am forbidden to use a drop of it for any of the above most necessary purposes. I must not use any of it, apparently, for warming my nocturnal whiskey, or for washing more of my person than my hands and face, and I must not let my poor horse drink a drop of it! Why is this iniquitous system allowed to continue?

Old Deputy Muggins tells me that when the grand old Corporation, as he always calls it, applied to Parliament a few years ago to remedy these and similar grievances, the Directors and Shareholders of all the Gas Companies, and the Railway Companies, and the Tramway Companies, and the Dock Companies, and the Telegraph Companies, who were members of the House, all met in the Tea-Room, and, over a cup of that innocent beverage, vowed to combine together for the protection of their brother Monopolists against the common foe. The Corporation were defeated and routed on that memorable occasion, although supported by the then Government, but, I am delighted to hear that they are now engaged in undermining the watery Monopolists by sinking an Artesian Well in the eastern confines of the ancient City whence will shortly be seen bubbling up an inexhaustible supply of beautiful pure water for the use of every ratepayer of that fortunate locality, who may use it not only for such purposes as an imperious Company may dictate, but for every use that health, cleanliness, or comfort requires.

May their grand effort be successful, and their good example imitated,

Joseph Greenhorn.

TENNYSON IN SHOREDITCH.

So all day long the noise of prattle rolled
Among the brawlers of the Civic Board,
Until the Shoreditch Vestry, man by man,
Had snapped their fingers in their Chairman's face,
The Vicar. Then because his wound was deep
(Inflicted by a pen thrown at his head),
A band of Ratepayers began to cheer,
Of Ratepayers, who hated all those rows,
And bore him to a friendly neighbouring pump,
A broken handle with a broken spout,
That stood in the yard beneath the Vestry Hall:
On one side stood the Vicar, and on one
Those coarse-tongued brawlers—and their tongues *were* coarse!

Then spake the Chairman to the Ratepayers:
"The shindy of to-day exposes all
The apish antics of a Bumble crew,
The worst this town containeth. Straight it leads
To a Reformed Municipality." &c.

[*And the sooner the better!*

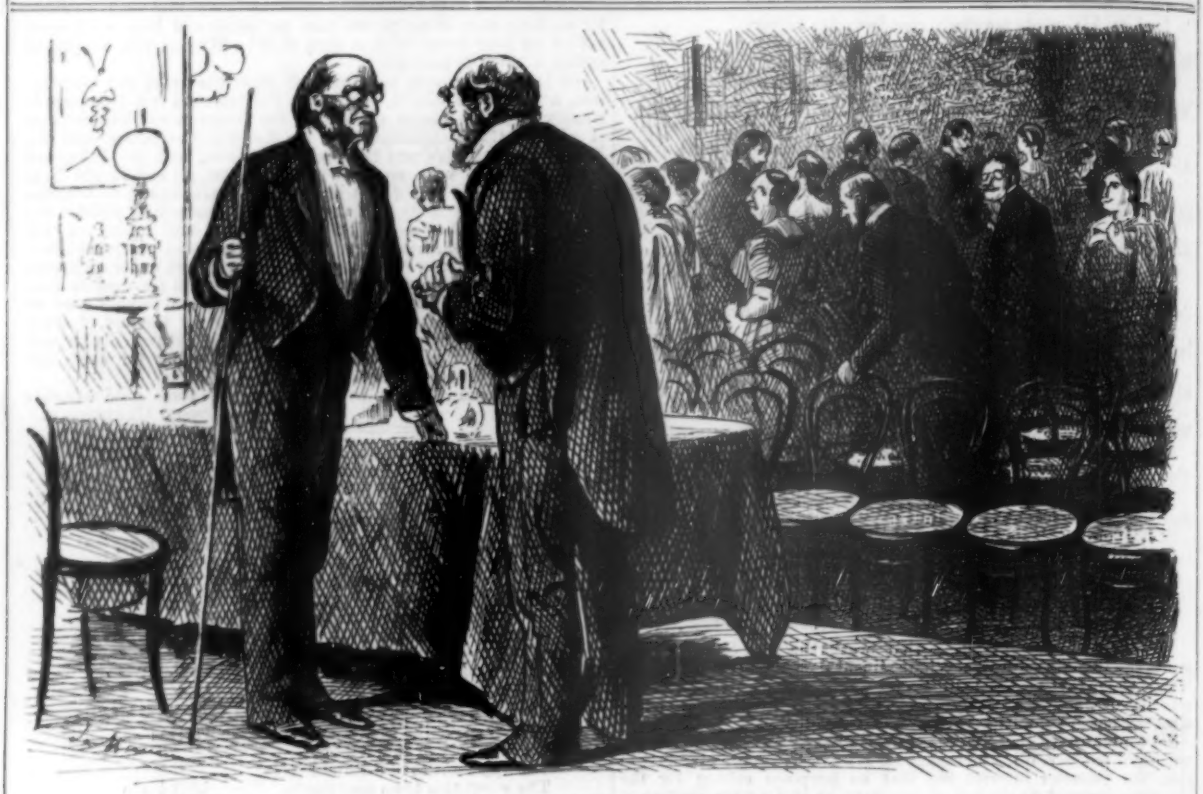
"May be to-day read o'er in Paul's."—*Mr. Punch*, as a contented Parishioner and Citizen of London, begs herewith to congratulate the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's on the magnificent Reredos recently erected in the Cathedral of London. Like old *Mr. Eccles* in *Caste*, it "has its faults;" but, taking a broad view of the work as a whole, it may be said to require only the finishing touches of that great artist, Time, who, with his own method, and by the judicious use of London atmospherical effects of colour, will gradually bring its tone into harmony with the surroundings.

A True Brett 'Un.

The Master of the Rolls, in the Firework Case on appeal last week, was more brilliant than all Mr. Brock's show. He quite

coruscated. And the laughter! He must be known as the "Master of the Revels," or "The Master of the Roars-of-Laughter." Impromptus too! apparently no preparation. But there's concealed art in these jocosities. What sort of art? Brett Art, of course.

Mr. Biron, sitting at Lambeth the other day, having been apparently much surprised at the conduct of a Policeman who had suffered a couple of housebreakers to slip rather too easily through his fingers in the Walworth Road, is reported to have mystified the constable in question by asking him whether "he thought he was living in Arcadia." Such language from the Bench suggests the possibility of giving quite a classic ring to the Police Reports, for, following up the Bironic method, it would not be difficult to haul an allusion to Bacchus and the Eleusinian Mysteries into a drunk and incapable charge, and adorn a case of mistaken identity with a reference to the dangers besetting a passage between Scylla and Charybdis. Mr. Biron commences well by boldly contrasting the Walworth Road with Arcadia, and no doubt he will effectively follow up this happy lead. Meantime the Lambeth Police might look up their Lemprière.



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The Professor. "A—A—I HOPE MY LECTURE 'S NOT BEEN TOO LONG, MR. CHAIRMAN!"
Chairman of Committee. "NA, NA, SIR. ON THE CONTRARY, I THINK YOU HAD A MOST PATIENT AUDIENCE!"

"ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"

Mr. Punch's Greeting to "Our Boys" on the occasion of the Centenary of New South Wales, January, 26, 1888.

ADVANCE Australia! Yes, my boys,
And this seems something *like* advancing!
In this great day all England joys;
It sets our slowest pulses dancing.
The echoes of your ringing cheers,
From Sydney Cove the wide sea over,
Sound welcome on our elder ears,
Far as the old white walls of Dover.
Winter 's with us, and summer shine
Graces your Austral January;
But warm hearts greet across the brine,
Your Centenary.

A hundred years! At Time's old pace
The merest day's march, little changing;
But now the measure's new, the race
Fares even faster, forward ranging.
What cycle of Cathay e'er saw
Your Century's wondrous transformation?
From wandering waifs to wards of Law!
From nomads to a mighty nation!
Belated dreamers moan and wail;
What scenes for croakers of that kidney,
Since first the *Sirius* furled her sail
Where now is Sydney!

A hundred years! Let Fancy fly—
She has a flight that nothing hinders,
Not e'en reaction's raven cry—
Back to the days of MATTHEW FLINDERS;
Stout slip of Anglo-Saxon stock
Who gave the new-found land its nomen.
Faith, memory-fired, may proudly mock
At dismal doubt, at owlish omen.
Five sister-colonies spread now
Where then the wandering black-fellow
Alone enjoyed day's golden glow
Night's moonlight mellow.

Adelaide, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth,
And merry Melbourne! There 's a cluster
Of towns that you may challenge earth
In swifter braver show to muster.
Out of that hundred scarce a year [ment,
But saw some new quick-spreading settle-
To prove to moody thralls of fear
What youth and Anglo-Saxon mettle meant.
And now your century to its close
Rounds amidst joy and jubilation,
And faith in your fair future flows
Through all the nation.

"The Island-Continent! Hooray!"
Punch drinks your health in honest liquor
On this your great Centennial day,
Whose advent makes his blood flow quicker.
We know what you can do, dear boys,
In City-founding—and in Cricket.
A fig for flattery!—it cloys;
Frank truth, true friendship,—that 's the ticket!
Land of rare climate, stalwart men,
And pretty girls, and queer mammalia,
All England cries, through *Punch's* pen,
"Advance, Australia!"

"WINCHESTER REPEATERS" (*nothing to do with the School of Gunnery*).—The junior Wykehamites.

ROWS ALL ROUND.

IT seems rather a Sign of the Times—at any rate, of the *Standard*—that the three leaders in the latter excellent journal on the 27th of January were all concerned with squabbles. Leader No. 1 was devoted to the quarrel between Lord CHARLES BERESFORD and his official superiors; Leader No. 2 to the shindy between Sir EDWARD WATKIN and Mr. WILLIAM ABBOTT; and Leader No. 3 to the controversy between Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY and those angry recalcitrants, Messrs. COMYNS CARR, HALLÉ, and BURNE-JONES. Now, if Administrative efficiency and economy cannot be secured, Commercial claims cannot be adjusted, and the much-vaunted "dignity of Art" cannot be vindicated without all this public prosecution of personal quarrels, how *are* we to expect "peace in our times"? These petty Iliads of ill-temper, originating commonly in the peppery "wrath" of some very minor Achilles, are more wearisome than the most long-winded of pseudo-epics, and ought to be sternly discouraged. Thersites, with an epos all to himself, would hardly be a greater nuisance than the Petty Squabbler who should monopolise our Morning Paper.

Vox et Præterea Nihil.

(*A Tip to our Tall-talkers.*)

YES, we can talk across the World to-day;
Yet gabble wired around the globe *is* gabble.
What boots great Babel's spread, if what we say
Is blatant babble?

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

Lord Grandolph. "HA!—'TIS WELL!—I AM OBSERVED!!"

THE HEIGHT OF MASHERDOM.

"Well, Ta-ta Old Man! My People are waiting up for me, you know!" "Why, don't you carry a Latch-key?"
"Carry a *Latch-key!* Not I! A Latch-key 'd spoil *any* Feller's figure!"

MR. PUNCH'S EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Pathetic Protest from Master Passmore.

Mr. Punch prints the following characteristic letter without comment:—

Dear Punch,—I've allways rather liked you up to now, becaus I thought you stuck up for boys, but I *do* call it too beestly mean of you to go and set that humbugin paper you did on Fary tales! How do you expect a fellow to do a desent paper in things he hasn't looked at sinse he was a kid? And giving it in hollidays too. My guv. said he'd like to see what sort of a paper I made of it, and so the consequens was I had to stay in a hole morning, and swot at those footling questions of yours! And all I got for it was that when the Guv. read my ansers, he said there were too things struk him forsibly—my injinuity and my ignoranse, which was a nice remark for a fellow's pater to say! I don't beleive I did so *very* bad either, considering I wasn't given any time for prep., and the Guv. was in the Libry all the time, and I couldn't get a chance to crib, for there's nothing low in cribbing in Pass Exams., you know. But I'll tell you some of the things I put, and you'll see. You said "Mention and Critisize the condue of *Morjianna* after"—something or other. I didn't mention it, becaus I couldn't remember that part, so I only critisized. I said: "*The conduc of Morjianna, tho not praps all that could be desired, was such that unless she had acted diferently, could not have been otherwise.*" You see the tip is always to write as if you knew all about it, and then they may think you *do* and mark you,—praps—I did the same for the next one, which was: "Would I call *Puss in Boots* a strictly truthful annimle?"

That stumped me at first, for I'd forgotten who *Puss in Boots was*, as I hadn't been to the Pantimime then—but I maneged to fox up something at last. I put: "*When we considder the sircumstenses, and the times she lived in and all that, which were barberous compared to now, we must come to the conclusion of her being as truthful as the ordnery run of cats of that age, and praps this, if cats spoke now, which I have not met any that do it.*"

The next was—"How did *Cassim Barber* discover *Ally* had become rich?"

I shotted that, and stuck down: "*By the swagger he put on.*" "What use did he make of his discovery?" I said: "*Sucked up to him and asked him to dinner.*" Becaus, whether that was the right anser or not, it's what most chaps *would* do, so I may have done that right.

Then you said, "describe fully: *Bluebeard's* Chamber." I know I did *that* right, I put it was full of haredies and machines and things. How I knew was a long time ago, when I was a lower boy, I went to the Gayaty where it was done. I muffed "the halls and terrace where the Wonderful Lamp was," I said there was nothing much to see there except oil-jars—which was wrong.

For "the fizzical and geografical features of the country at the top of the Benestork," I corked down "*clouds*,"—and chanced it.

In the B paper I did much better. To the question "if I considered Giants an intelligent race," I used my Commin Sence, as a form master we have, always tells us to when in doubt. I put:

"*Giants possesing big heads, we natully expect their branes to corispond, and so we find, for it is quite common to hear people tork of an 'Intelectial Giant.' So I consider they* are."

The next was easy: "What is a Roc? What do Rocs feed on?" I wrote:

"*All rather big stones are termed Rocs, or (as it is more coreckly spelt) Rocks. Rocks live on the ground, and the Proverbian tells us, they gather moss, but they do not eat it—it sometimes eats into them.*"

The rest of the question was such orful rot, I left it alone.

About the wicked Uncles I put—and I don't see *now* where I was wrong!

"*The end of a Wicked Uncle is he ushally dies, he is sometimes sorry, when he reppents.*"

I didn't try the one about the seven-lege boots, because I thought there was a catch in it somewhere. Another was: "Write down any hero who has sufered inconvenance from (*a*) the imprudense, (*b*) the disabedience, of his wife."

I thought I'd better write something to that—just to say I'd tried. So I said:

"*The disabedience or imprudense of a wife is always inconvenant to a hero, leding as it does to rows, which are disagribble to live with.*"

You see I didn't exackly anser the question, becaus I didn't know it, but I think anyone but my Guv. would have alowed me *som* marks. I told him I'd done quite as well as I genally did in other Exams., and he larfed a nasty larf, and said he quite bleeved me, but I deserved plucking all the same. He turned everything I wrote into fun, and told me a few ours quite studdy of Fary Tales would do me a world of good. So I thought I'd write and ask you not to try to be funny that way again, becaus it's grind enuff to have to go in for exams., on *usful* subjics, without being bothered craming up boshy nursry storys! I remain, Your disapointed Friend,

Marcus Cockshott Passmore.

P.S.—I tell you *one* thing, I'll take joly good care I see *Punch before* the Guv. does *next* week. But I forgot—I shall be back at Skool then! M. C. P.

LAMENT OF THE LATTER-DAY APE.

Respected once were we,
At least our fathers were,
Brought home from over-sea
In Solomon's *galère*.
Ah, those were merry days!
As monkeys may not sing,
We chatter of their praise—
When Solomon was King!

Apes clung amid the sails,
With gold about their necks,
Below, with gleaming tails,
Slim peacocks walked the decks;
But now their plumes sublime,
Men say, misfortune bring.
'Twas not so in the time
When Solomon was King!

Ah, now to organs tied,
Or prisoned in the Zoo,
Where vulgar crowds deride
What sorrows we go through!
Beseechingly we crave
For nuts, and sweets, and string,
Who did not so behave
When Solomon was King!

Yet in those ages old,
When apes might honour win,
Man never had been told
The monkeys were his kin;
You know it now, and yet
You bid the Ape go swing—
The summers we regret
When Solomon was King!

Theft of Trade-Marks.—What is the difference, in point of roguery, between removing your neighbour's land-mark, and appropriating his trade-mark? What brand does that manufacturer deserve who purloins another's? Brand for brand? In mediæval and merry England, the brand would have been imprinted on the offender with an iron instrument at a temperature too high to be tolerable; but modern civilisation prohibits that contrabrand proceeding. Would there be any cruelty, however, in the Merchandise Marks Act if it rendered a counterfeiter of marks liable to be painlessly but ignominiously branded with the Broad R.?

ISMAIL OUT OF EGYPT.

Air—"*He's all Right when you Know Him.*"

Newest Version, arranged as a Duet As Sung by those clever Mammoth Comiques, Mr. Marriott and Ismail Pasha.

Mr. Marriott sings:—

This Ismail is a party as yer don't meet every day;
He's liberal and hearty, free and easy in his way.
You'd hardly call him scrupulous, but in this bloomin' East,
Of all things parties care about they care for *that* the least.

(*Spoken.*) Yer know conscience ain't everythink—or else *I* might not have a look in, or so my enemies say. You know what the aphoristic cove says about Conscience being like a thorn in a cushion—only another term for discomfort. *I* like an easy seat to my couch, so does every sensible chap with an eye to—shall we say the Woolsack? Ah! (*to audience*) you don't know Ismail, neither did I till now. But *he's* right enough!

Sings:—

He's all right when you know him, though the fellaheen he vext;
You don't expect a Pasha *too* particular. Wot next?
He wouldn't hurt a beetle; he's a pal as you can trust;
He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust.

Judge-Advocate's a lovely blend, my Ismail begs to state,
And if he had his way, *he*'d be both Judge and Advocate.
I sez, "pray chuck in Jury," but he answers "that's all bosh,"
And in the East—like many other things—won't never wash.

(*Spoken by Ismail Pasha.*) I'll lay a Palace on the Bosphorus to—Tewfik's brain, that there ain't a better Judge *nor* Advocate in England nor what he is. He can shift it, can't he? See what he's done for me! As the *Times* says, I'd piled up my claims to five millions sterling, exclusive of maintenance charges. In course that was all bluff. I'd about as much claim on the Egyptians I'd so successfully spiled as a pickpocket would have for compensation for disturbance from the old bloke he'd robbed, and who had collared him in the act and handed him over to the Crushers. "In right and reason," sez the *Times* agin. "I was an undischarged bankrupt." *Right?* Ha, ha! *Reason?* Oho! In the Happy Land on the shores of Old Nile, beloved of Bondholders, ruled by "Toothpick Pasha," and guided, philosophered and friended by Edgar Wincent and Marriott!!! What a larks! But the Judge-Advocate-General *is* a pal, if yer like——

Sings:—

He's all right when you know him, though he *wos* so down on Joe,
But, bless yer, they have made that little tiff up long ago,
Lord Solly finds—as *I* do—he's a pal as one can trust.
He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust.

He's seed a deal of change, he has, he wos a Lib: one time,
Well, he's a Liberal now—to me. One Hundred Thousand! Prime!
He'd never round upon a pal, for me he's spread it thick.
Cash, public lands, three palaces! By Allah, he's a brick!

(*Spoken.*) I tell yer, you don't half know what the man can do. What does the *Times* say agin? "His people still groans under a load of taxation his scandalous prodigality and avarice of gain accumulated. . . He has been the source of most of the misfortunes of Egypt." Ha! ha! That's Me!!!—"And the friends of Egypt have to thank him for letting himself be coaxed into taking an indemnity from its penury of a couple of millions." Ho! ho! Thanks! And who was the "Coaxer"? Why, Marriott to be sure,—

Sings:—

He coaxed that there two millions from young "Toothpick"—ain't he green?—
And "Toothpick" why he'll "coax" it out of the "poor fellaheen." [can trust!
Oh, Marriott is a rorty pal, a pal as you
He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust!

Marriott sings:—

Off to Constantinople with his little lot of swag!
"All's well that ends well," says the *Times;* it's *worry* pooty gag.
He looks as high and horty as King Pharaoh in his chariot. [along of Marriott!
He's safe for corn and fleshpots, and it's all

(*Spoken.*) Bless me! That's more than those squeezable poor fools, the fellaheen, will do, I fancy. But what o' that? "By the dexterity, rank, and influence of the counsel thus paradoxically employed, satisfactory results have been obtained at a *minimum* of inconvenience." *Times* again! Quite so. Highly satisfactory—to me. "In no case could it have been imagined that a Member of the British Government would undertake the professional enforcement of enormous legal demands against a Sovereign under that Government's special protection, control, and tutelage." Praps. But then "All's well as ends well," don'tcher know!

Both sing:—

When a party has expensive tastes, and is an ex-Khedive,
He *must* have lots of cash and land, else how's he going to live?
Yus, { Ismail is a cute 'un / Marriott *is* a backer } he's a pal as you can trust.
He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust!

SOME OF THE ADVANTAGES OF MIXED UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

"The result of having a considerable number of young women resident at Cambridge, with no other occupation than reading for an ordinary degree, might be very serious."—"*Objection to 'Proposed admission of Women to Degrees,'*" *quoted by Miss Emily Davies, in her Letter to the Times, Jan. 25.*

PROFESSOR PUNCH'S ANSWER IS GIVEN PICTORIALLY ABOVE, AND INDICATES THAT THE YOUNG LADY UNDERGRADUATESSES WOULD FIND PLENTY OF "OTHER OCCUPATION" BESIDES, OR IN THE COURSE OF, READING FOR AN ORDINARY DEGREE.

A PLEA FOR THE PEOPLE'S POET.

SINGER for many and many a year
Of songs that gladden the people's ear,
"*A Good Time Coming*," and "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer!*"

Poet and patriot, champion still
Of simple manhood and honest skill,
Of pure Home-love, and of frank good-will:

Friend of JERROLD, and foe of wrong;
Very Voice of the toiling throng,
Its needs and yearnings, in touching song:

Punch's greetings! The world should see
That needless sorrow come not to thee,
Broken yet cheery at Seventy-three.

Let all who have heard, under many a sky,
The manly music he lifted high,
Thank-offering render to CHARLES MACKAY!

*** A Fund is being raised for the literary veteran, Dr. CHARLES MACKAY—known wherever the English tongue is spoken or English songs are sung, who is now in his seventy-third year, in reduced circumstances, and broken in health, but bright, cheery, and industrious as ever.

Subscriptions will be received by the following Bankers:—The Bank of Scotland, Lothbury, E.C. Messrs. ROBARTS, LUBBOCK & Co., Lombard Street, E.C.; Messrs. DRUMMOND, Charing Cross, W.C.; or by the Honorary Secretary, L. C. ALEXANDER, LL.D, Putney, S.W.

WEED *v.* WHEAT.—A Conference of British tobacco-growers, on the report of their Committee, has decided on forming an Association "to resuscitate and encourage the cultivation and manufacture of tobacco" in the United Kingdom. Evidently they calculate upon the strength of their "returns."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Whirligig of Time is bringing about its revenges in this "so-called nineteenth century," when the dusty papers of the Record Offices at home and abroad, and the Manuscript treasures, both of ancient houses and of private collections, are freely placed in the hands of lynx-eyed experts, who, in the enthusiasm of their plodding perseverance, are continually cinder-sifting the dust-bins and exhaustively inspecting the waste-paper baskets of the past—not to "make history," but to reveal truth plain and irresistible. One of the results of this laborious process comes before us in the shape of the first volume of GASQUET's *Henry the Eighth* and the *English Monasteries*, which stating only hard facts, and dealing straightforwardly with the contemporary records, justifies beyond question the opinion now gradually, but surely, gaining ground, that some of the heroes of that epoch, such as CRUMWELL and his creatures, LEGH, LAYTON, AP RICE, and LONDON, were unmitigated scoundrels, that their Royal Master was every way worthy of them, and that the shape assumed by the Reformation in England was made possible by WOLSEY, of whose character SHAKSPEARE, by the mouths of Queen KATHERINE and of faithful GRIFFITH, formed so just, and yet so charitable an estimate. That there was some basis for the modern popular notion expressed in the first verse of a once well-known song, set to a catching tune, recounting how

"Many have told
Of the Monks of old,
What a jovial set they were,"

is certain, as this first volume proves. But "of the many who told," very few were worthy of credit, and their stories, even then, were only of "'some' Monks of old," not all, just as Collegiate bodies, Guilds, and even Metropolitan Boards, may become lax and corrupt, and their conduct necessitate a commission of inquiry with a view to correction of abuses. And at such a period how conspicuously stands out the incorruptible honesty of the honest men! How virtuous it was at such a time to be virtuous! How difficult to be constant to a principle! How easy to save a head by giving way just enough to avoid the block! When a stroke of the pen might ward off a stroke of the axe, the alternative between "Is Life worth living," or Death worth dying, was not one which ordinary men could choose without considerable sacrifice one way or the other. GASQUET's *Henry the Eighth* is to be completed in two volumes, and will be a valuable work for historical reference.

By the way, the publications of the Record Office and modern research into these old letters and papers,—and "there are lots more where those come from,"—show that our old friend, COBBETT, whose work has been shelved for some time, was pretty accurate in his history, and had warrant for the strength of his convictions and the force of his expressions. There was an attempt some little time ago—whose it was I forget—to whitewash RICHARD THE THIRD, but it was only theoretical, and did not deal with facts such as are afforded by the *litera scripta* of the Record Office, and in reading the life of Lady JANE DORMER, transcribed from the ancient MS. notes of HENRY CLIFFORD in Lord DORMER's possession, I find that the Tudor Queen, whom we have all been taught to regard as "Bloody MARY," was, in the opinion of her Lady-in-Waiting and intimate companion, a charming Princess, and everything that was kind and considerate as compared with her haughty and violent sister, ELIZABETH, whose conduct as a girl seems to have been scandalous. What will the Private History of our own "Victorian Era" be when a century or two hence the cinder-sifters have taken the records in hand! However, it will not matter to us of the present day, at all events, who won't be there to contradict or applaud the verdict whatever it may be. And now to lighter themes.

Having read MARION's, I should say *Marzio's Crucifix*, and recorded my delight in no stinted terms of praise, I determined to read MARION CRAUFORD's *Paul Patoff*. It has lain on my table for three weeks, and I have been perpetually trying to sit down to its perusal. Something has invariably prevented me. Once, having to leave town, I took away a volume with me, which on settling myself comfortably in an arm-chair, I discovered was the third volume. When I returned I made a spare hour, and took up Vol. I. Scarcely had I cut its pages than a visitor was ushered in to see me on important business. The next day I searched everywhere for it: in vain. All three volumes had disappeared. "Where, Madame," said I, addressing the Baroness, "is my *Paul Patoff*—three volumes, blue cover?" She explained that, thinking I had finished it, she had lent it to a friend. It was returned in three days: again and again I tried to snatch a few moments just to make a beginning; but no, fate was against me until one morning I exclaimed brilliantly, "If I defer it any longer I shall call it *Paul Putoff*," and seizing the first volume I commenced reading, and as far as I have gone I am charmed by the style, and thoroughly interested in the story.

"Please look at this," said the Baroness, who is a novel-devourer, to me, at the same time handing me a book by ROWLAND GREY, entitled, *By Virtue of His Office*, in which she had marked certain passages. In one of them there is deserved praise bestowed by one of the characters on *The Children's Cry*, which appeared in one of *Mr. Punch's* numbers. But *Miss Elizabeth Verity*, the heroine of the novel (which the Baroness informed me interested *her*, though she is not sure if I should care so much for it) blushingly takes to herself the credit of having written *The Children's Cry*. Sorry to contradict a lady whose name is "Verity," but I fancy *Mr. Punch* will tell us that it wasn't written by a feminine hand, and has since been republished in a collection of poems by the same author. Is it not so? *Connie*, the minor heroine, observes that she "only reads *Punch* and *The World*." A well-disciplined mind, evidently. But in spite of these attractions, I must return to *Paul Patoff*, or I shall lose the thread of the narrative. So no more, until I've done with these Russian Blue-books, from

Yours studiously, BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

A BIT OF GRAPHIC.

(*Of the Regulation Pattern.*)

THE woodland ways, lately so golden-glorious in their radiant array, are now sorrowful in their solemn silence. The polychromatic Oread-haunted obscurities of October, the neutral-tinted nymph-trodden nebulosities of November have given place to the damp desolation and dreary drippingness of December, dismally prolonged into what is ironically called the Opening Year!

Chill rain-pools lie in steely stillness in rust-hued argillaceous ruts. Here the broad slowly-circling wheel of the rustic wain has weightily wound its deep-indenting way. Sparse and sodden spearlets of consumptive-looking grass droop limply along the reeking sidewalk. Nature, indeed, seems stricken as with phthisis. Like an almost pulseless *poitrinaire*, she lies limply on her tear-stained couch, dying, dying, dying!

A belated bluebottle, buzzing blindly athwart a leafless forest vista, blunders incontinently into a broken rain-gemmed spider's web. The emaciated Arachne of the woods is all too weak and woesome to spring with the old obese ogreishness upon its prismatic prey. But the purblind, cold, palsied lump of azure iridescence, erst the swift and sonorous offal-hunter of ardent August, gives up the ghost nevertheless, too weak to whir a wing, too weary to unwind one clinging manacle of mucilaginous gossamer.

What is that lying at the gnarled serpentining root of yonder inky-barked elm? A frowsy fungus, the foul-smelling "agaric of the holt?" No! It is something of equal unsavouriness, of parallel unpicturesqueness, yet of infinitely greater human interest. It is the rusty remnant of a tramp's abandoned highlow. A discarded shoe, no more! Yet how it teems with suggestion! Heel has it none, of sole scarcely a scrap, its frayed "uppers" hint not even distantly of DAY AND MARTIN, its gaping ankle-pieces ungainly gape and uncomely curl and brutally bulge. But it once held a human foot!

"You may break you may batter the boot as you will,
But the trace of 'the human' will cling to it still,"

as a less meretricious and more genuinely graphic MOORE *might* have sung—had he been man enough.

It is the only suggestion of "poor humanity" within sight, this damp and disintegrated highlow. But how it redeems mere Nature from negation and nullity! That is because "the low sad music of humanity" breathes through its gaping soul—I should say sole—and age-worn eyes—that is to say, eyelet-holes. It transmutes the languid lyric of Niobe-like Nature at once into a stirring epic of soul-flushed Life! The Roman was right:—

"Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."

—not even a human highlow! It speaks of poverty, it whispers of the wars of Class, it hints not indistinctly of the Unemployed! It bears a warning to the autocratic WARREN, and the truculent truncheon-bearers of Trafalgar Square! So here in the lonely slush-sodden heart of the leafless wintry woods, there wells up from the chill, but oracular lips of unpleasantly damp and draggled, but ever sublime and sympathetic Nature, a message to caste-ruled, cosily housed, but always despotically-disposed Man,—proud man, dressed in a little brief (Tory) authority, which soon the indignant voice of a too-patient, but omnipotent proletariat, shall hurl——

[No thank you! This is "hooking it to some useful end," with a vengeance. The article was evidently intended for a penny paper. A "blend" of graphic gush badly imitated from poor JEFFERIES, and partisan spite of the regulation political pattern, will not suit *Mr. Punch*.—ED.]

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ILFRACOMBE, Devonshire, as a desirable WINTER RESORT, occupies first place for mild, equable, and dry climate. (See Royal Meteorological Society's Record.) Mean Temperature for Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb., 44·1; Mean Range for ditto, 8·9; Lowest recorded Temperature for ditto, 30·0 (once only). At Nice, South of France, for same period, 39·3.

Indigestion, Constipation.

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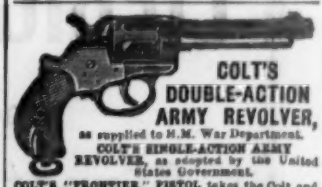

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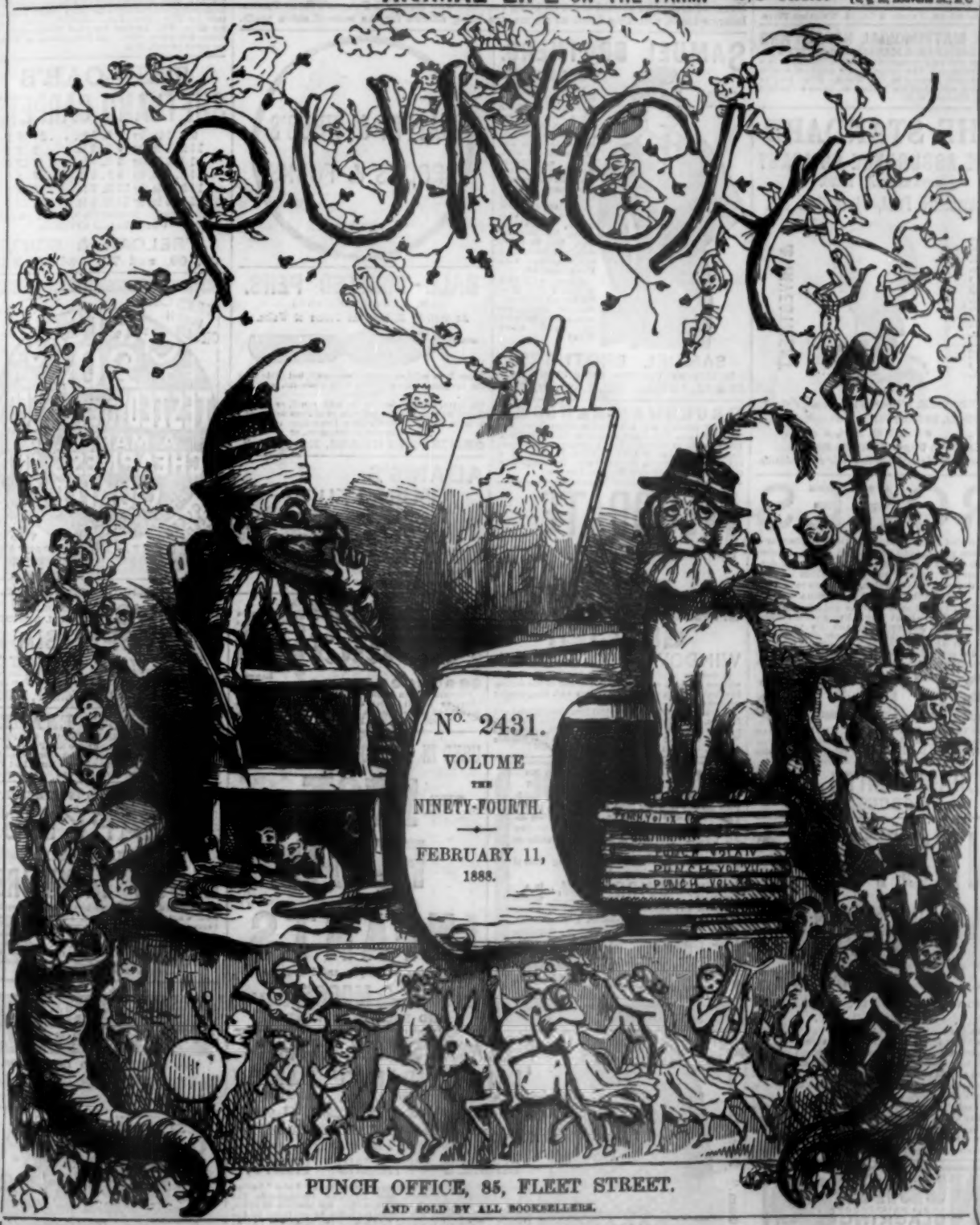

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LORD CH-RL-S B-R-SF-RD *sings:—*

A PLAGUE on those wooden old lubbers
Who teach us to shirk and to shrink!
If we of our foes would be drubbers,
We must not only fight, we must *think*.
The Board were all muffs, and *I* twigged it, [set agog.
And HAMILTON soon Led by Red-Tape's state rules,
He backed up the old fools.
I'd have waked the whole Board, ay, and wigged it,
For, hang it! I can't stand King Log!

To save a few thousands of guineas,
They'd ruin the whole Commonwealth.
They're a lot of incompetent ninnies,
Who sap Britain's safety by stealth.
They will fall in the pit when they've digged it.
I gave the old junto a jog.
I twigged their crass folly; [SOLLY;
So, no doubt, did GOSCHEN twigged it, ah! all of 'em twigged it;
But—they all knuckled down to King Log!

THE GALLANT TAR C. B. ATTACKING THE ADMIRALTY LAND-LUBBERS.

I fancied they'd yield to my preaching,
But the muffs behind HAMILTON slunk.
Small use to wood dummies is teaching,
They're victims to folly and funk.
I drew out my cutlass, he twigged it,
The whole lot of blockhead's I'd flog.
Yes, S. twigged, and G. twigged,
And HAMILTON, *he* twigged;

And I twigged, and all England twigged it;
And yet I'm chucked out for King Log!

Intelligence? Pah! they're past thinking;
They're ghosts, only fit for the grave.
I'd have smashed the old duffers like winking,
When HAMILTON stepped in to save.

For me, in a moment, I twigged it,
That England they'd land in a bog.
One day, late or early,
JOHN BULL will have fairly
Perceived CHARLEY's right; having twigged it,
By Jove *won't* he go for King Log?

THE ALDERMAN'S CATECHISM.

Questions to be answered by Aldermen Elect, before being clothed with the Crimson Robe of Office.

WHAT age are you supposed to be?
How long have you been that age?
What is your special occupation after your ordinary occupation?
What did you promise and vow when addressing your constituents?
Have you a good cellar of wine?
What is the vintage of your oldest Port?
What is your candid opinion as to dry Champagne?
Are you thoroughly acquainted with Professor TOOLE's *Practice of Magistrates?*
Do you sincerely think that you can dine out four nights a week for six successive months, and still come up smiling?
When reaching home, after a truly gorgeous banquet, do you find any difficulty of a "truly rural" character?
Will you temper justice with mercy in all cases of comparatively mild inebriation?
Have you a thorough knowledge of the Law and Practice of Criminals? If not, why not?
Will you always draw a proper and respectful distinction between a bet for £500 at Tattersall's, and one for a paltry half-crown at a mere vulgar pub?
When do you purpose laying in your wine at the Mansion House in preparation for your Mayoralty?
Which is your favourite Cookery Book?
Have you thoroughly mastered the mysteries of the letter H?
We will not insult you by asking if you are a Teetotaller, but can you take your bottle of '47 Port after dinner like a gentleman?
Can you contemplate without a shudder the taking upon yourself the various arduous duties of a Sheriff?
Have you commenced preparing yourself by joining several Livery Companies?
Will you procure and commit to memory an eloquent form of words expressive of profound gratitude for a Toast to your health?
When Sheriff, will you take especial care that the Old Bailey Luncheons maintain their ancient reputation?
Will you give your whole mind to this important matter?
Have you carefully studied before dinner the difference between the Statutes in confinement and the Statutes at large? If so explain it fully.
Finally, will you promise and vow never to indulge in unseemly jesting or boisterous merriment, as unfitting the character of a present Alderman, a probable Sheriff, and a possible Lord Mayor?

"NETTING THE WYLIE FOR PIKE."—This was the title of a sketch in a recent number of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*. At first sight it sounded somewhat suggestive of certain proceedings at the Grosvenor Gallery in connection with the Hallé-Carrnassus difficulty, but on closer inspection we found it was a piscatorial illustration.

WITH THE NINTH QUEEN'S ROYAL DANCERS.

H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor is now very much attached to this Regiment. (A suggestion for an interesting page in "The Graphic," with Mr. Punch's compliments.)

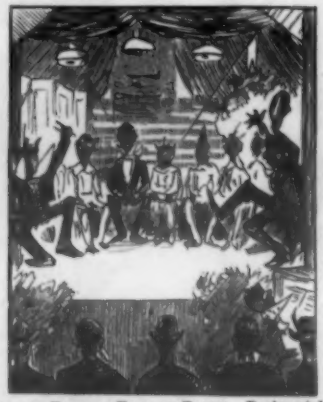
A MARCH OUT. P. A. V. mounted at the head of the Troop.

MILITARY EVOLUTION. "Doing it on his head." P. A. V. dismounted, but still at the head of his Troop.

LEARNING THE ART OF WAR. P. A. V.'s Quarters besieged. He defends himself gallantly from first-floor window.

ACQUIRING HABITS OF BUSINESS. P. A. V. pays his men, and sees that the change is correct.

P. A. V. at a Fatigue Party of the Ninth Queen's Royal Dancers.



SECOND PART OF FATIGUE PARTY. Regimental Smoking Concert. P. A. V. represents "Mr. Johnson," the Middle-man of the "Musical Black Brunswickers."

THIRD PART OF FATIGUE PARTY. P. A. V. playing whist with Col. Dumby. Captain Deucesce respecting and advising.

THE MORNING AFTER THE FATIGUE PARTY. P. A. V. in ambush. He is prevented by a sufficient force from having recourse to the only weapon within his reach.

WITH THE REGIMENTAL DRAWING-MASTER. P. A. V. learning to sketch for "The Graphic."

THEN, NOW, AND HEREAFTER.

(Three Views of the same Subject.)

VIEW I.—The Probable Past.

The Cathedral was filled with worshippers. The organ pealed through the aisles. The stately procession of Monks wended its way through the nave to the altar-steps.

It was then that the Prelate descended from his throne, and leaning on his pastoral staff, raised his right hand to bless the kneeling throng before him.

The sweet tones of the Church music died away, and in a silence solemn and awe-inspiring, the Bones of the Martyr enshrined in gold and precious stones, were placed in the receptacle that had been reserved for them!

VIEW II.—The Positive Present.

The labourers pulled out the stones from the front of the altar. One of the men suddenly came upon a coffin. With an exclamation of surprise he attracted the attention of his mate.

They had come at length upon the bones!

They were a little startled at the incident. They had expected no such immediate discovery. They just turned over the remains to see that they were not mixed with anything more valuable, and sent for the Authorities.

The Authorities hurried into the crypt, and handled the bones with very natural curiosity. To whom could they belong? Did they belong to him? That was the question.

This long bone seemed part of a good-sized leg. That cranium was evidently a portion of a skull. Had the skull been cracked or broken? Important questions these, and some day to be answered.

But the remains were in a sad condition! They were quite dirty. This was hardly a reason for astonishment. They had laid undisturbed for centuries in their old-fashioned stone-coffin. So the best thing to do was to give them what they most needed—a good washing! So they were washed!

When they were nice and clean they were ready for the anatomist and the expert. But where could they be examined? Not in the confines of a Cathedral Crypt, then why not in the neighbouring house of a local Official? A board on a sofa in the drawing-room would be the very thing!

So without a throng of worshippers, minus the sweet music of an organ, and in defiance of what Public Opinion might say about disinterring human remains, the Bones of the Martyr were placed on the receptacle that had been reserved for them!!

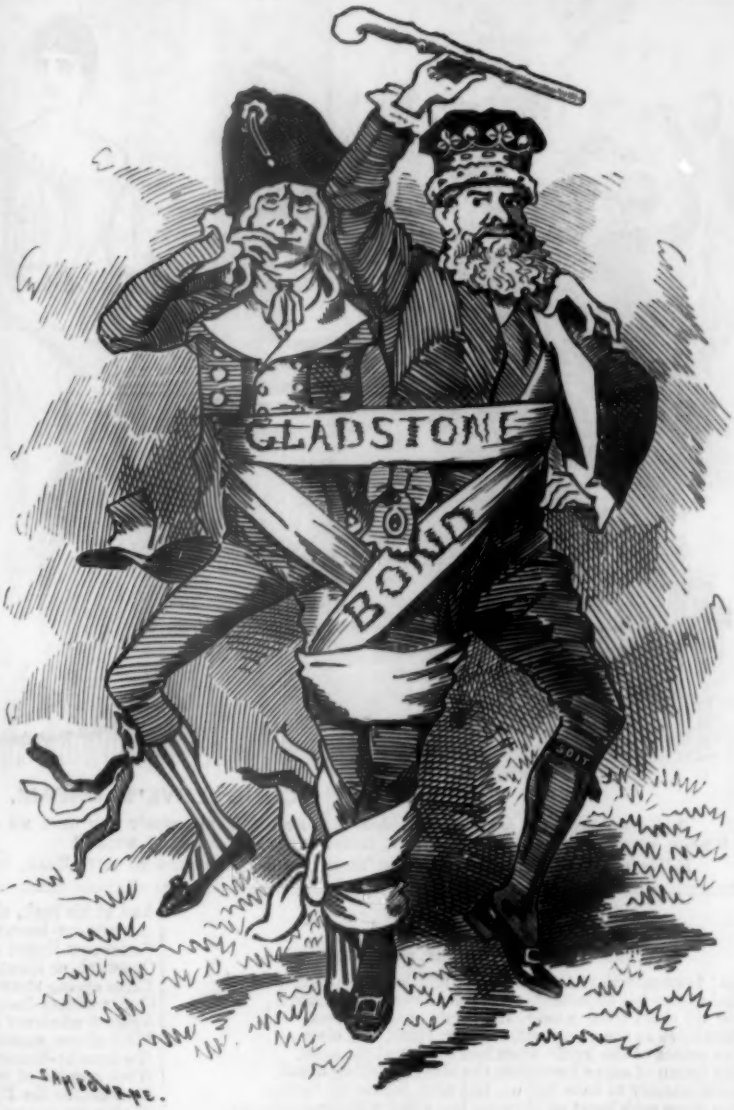
VIEW III.—The Frowning Future.

The Museum was filled with curiosities. Here was a newspaper five hundred years old. There was a gun that ages ago used to be loaded with steel shot and gunpowder. Yonder was a thing called an anchor that the mariners of olden times were wont to employ to tether their water-boats to the sea-bound shore.

Two men were handling some human remains. A third held a book filled with entries. All three expressed curiosity, and closely examined the labels attached to the interesting exhibits.

To whom could they have belonged? Were they once the frame-work of a giant? Had they come from a battle-field?

The three men shook their heads. They did not know! There was no one handy to consult! No! Not even an anatomical expert! No! Not even a prying member of a Cathedral Chapter! The remains had better be put in a case labelled "Miscellaneous." So without the smallest mark of respect, without the least show of ecclesiastical splendour, without a chance of challenging Public Opinion, the Bones of the Martyr were placed in the receptacle that had been reserved for them!!!



"BOUND TO PART."

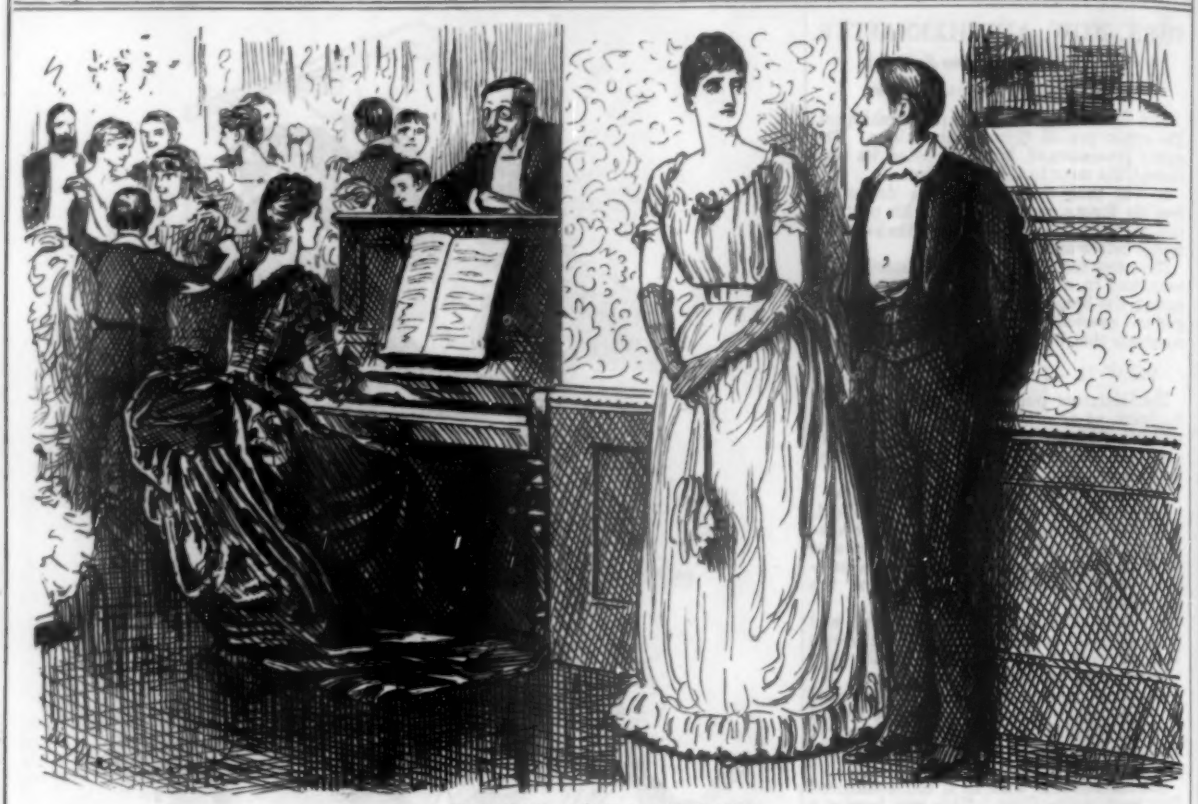
The Double Irish Jig as danced (à la "Double Hornpipe in Fetters,") by those accomplished Artistes the Marquis of Ribbon and the "St. Just of the Gladstonian Party,"—"We thank thee, Goschen, for teaching us that word,"—Last week, at Dublin.

Mrs. Ram is going to take a class at a Sunday School. She told her niece, "I shall hear the children their cataplasms and instruct them in the three creeds, which my dear, as the Bishop said in his sermon the other day, are the Epistles' Creed, The Lyceum, and the Farinaceous Creed."

Unprofitable.—Speculating on a "dead certainty."

A Popular Cry.—Palaces for the People! A South London Palace, a North London Palace, an East London Palace, a West London Palace—so many Palaces for the People of London. Why not also so many balls and sceptres, so many crowns, and plenty of them for his Majesty the London People? But then, for the multitudes of the People unemployed that want bread, what will, Palaces at all quarters of the compass prove, but piles of stone that will not feed them?

"To Wykehamistus."—Our Classical Boy has returned to school. We have sent him your letter, and hope to hear from him next week.—Ed.



YOUNG LOVE'S DREAM.

Bobbie (sentimentally, to his Cousin, whom he adores). "MAUD, WON'T YOU GIVE ME SOME *SOUVENIR* OF YOURSELF TO TAKE BACK TO SCHOOL WITH ME?" *Maud.* "WHY, BOBBIE DEAR, OF COURSE I WILL!"

Bobbie (with much pathos). "AND YOU 'LL LET IT BE SOMETHING TO *EAT*, DEAR, *WON'T* YOU?"

IN THE ARENA.

THE "PARADE" BEFORE THE CONFLICT.

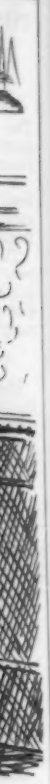
Ho! trumpets blare forth bravely, ho! banners proudly flout!
Cool critics loll expectant, spectators swarm and shout!
For lo! short truce is over, and lately sundered foes,
Once more in the arena will counter, clash, and close.
The echoes of the battle when last they trod the sand,
The tramp of eager horsemen, the clang of biting brand,
Seem scarcely to have left us, and now, before the Spring
Has come with burst of blossom, has filled with flush of wing,
Ere Valentine the Vernal hath trod the ancient tracks,
His burthens laid on lovers, and eke on postman's backs,
Ere snow hath left the branches, ere green hath lit the boughs,
We may look out for ructions, and we must list to rows.

Muse, this is scarcely classic, it smacks of Cockney slang,
Not thus had sung old HOMER of battle's crush and clang;
Not thus sublime ALCÆUS had chanted the great day,
When "halls from floor to rafter glitter with war's array." [snow,
But now our "white-plumed helmets," shine not with unsmirched
And though we've "shields emblazoned," "Chalcidian blades enow,"
And war's "well-tried protectors from hostile spear" and dart,
Heroes seem less heroic, with less of heart than art.
And classic exaltation, and chivalry's intense
Ecstatic high-faluting, and rapt magniloquence,
Require a little toning, in colour and in phrase,
To fit them to the fighters of later lesser days.

Yet in this huge arena heroic figures shine;
Such sure is thine, GLADSTONIUS; CÆCILIUS, such is thine!
Achilles and great Hector might well have flushed with joy
To counter foes so worthy afar by windy Troy.
(Our Troy, indeed, is "windy"—in quite another sense;
Their Æolus meant power, ours mainly flatulence.)
CÆCILIUS on his war-horse full proudly praneeth round—
He doth not show like shrinking, nor look like giving ground;
And at his back, all brawny, and stolid, and serene
(An armour-bearer stouter hath been right seldom seen),
Comes low-lipped HARTINGTONIUS, ready with shield, or crest,
Or sword, or spear, or javelin, as may be in request.
These eyeing stern and steady, as fighters foemen eye,
Comes wintry-look'd GLADSTONIUS, game still the lists to try
Against whatever comer, erect, and gaunt of limb,
With glance exceeding fiery, and jaw exceeding grim;
His armour-bearer, also, is ready at his heel,
With breadth of bossy buckler, and length of shining steel;
PARNELLIUS the Placid, with pallid cheek and cold,
With calm eye ever watchful, and chill front ever bold.
When these anon encounter in full and fiery tilt,
Be sure that steel shall splinter, and ruddy blood be spilt.
"Who—who in the aforetime had ever thought to see
These heroes *so* attended?" museth the herald, *P.*
And other chiefs of valour though lower in their grade,
Array in the arena, and prance in the parade.
Comes SMITHIUS the smug-faced, him of the settled smirk,
BALFOURIUS "the brave," too, one never known to shirk
Sword-thrust, or spare his foeman though prostrate and disarmed,
GOSCHENIUS, erst henchman of GLADSTONIUS, till charmed
From him the white-look'd Wonder, but now his fiercest foe,
Save CHAMBERLANIUS, better beknown as Brummijo,
Who beards his ancient Chieftain with even more of ire,
And backs his ancient foeman with yet more zealous fire.
Not so the stout HARCOURTIUS, him of the triple chin,
He backs the "Grand Old Manlius," as one who's bound to win,
Old Manlius GLADSTONIUS, when others shy or sulk,
And loads the ancient war-horse with big complacent bulk.
And others follow after him of the snowy crest,
MORLEIUS the mordant, bravest amongst the best,
Gallant SPENCERIUS RUFUS, the loyallest of hearts,
And—but the clarion brayeth, the martial pageant starts.

How, now will fare the battle, how will the conflict end? [friend?
Which foe will slay which foeman, which friend will smash which

88.



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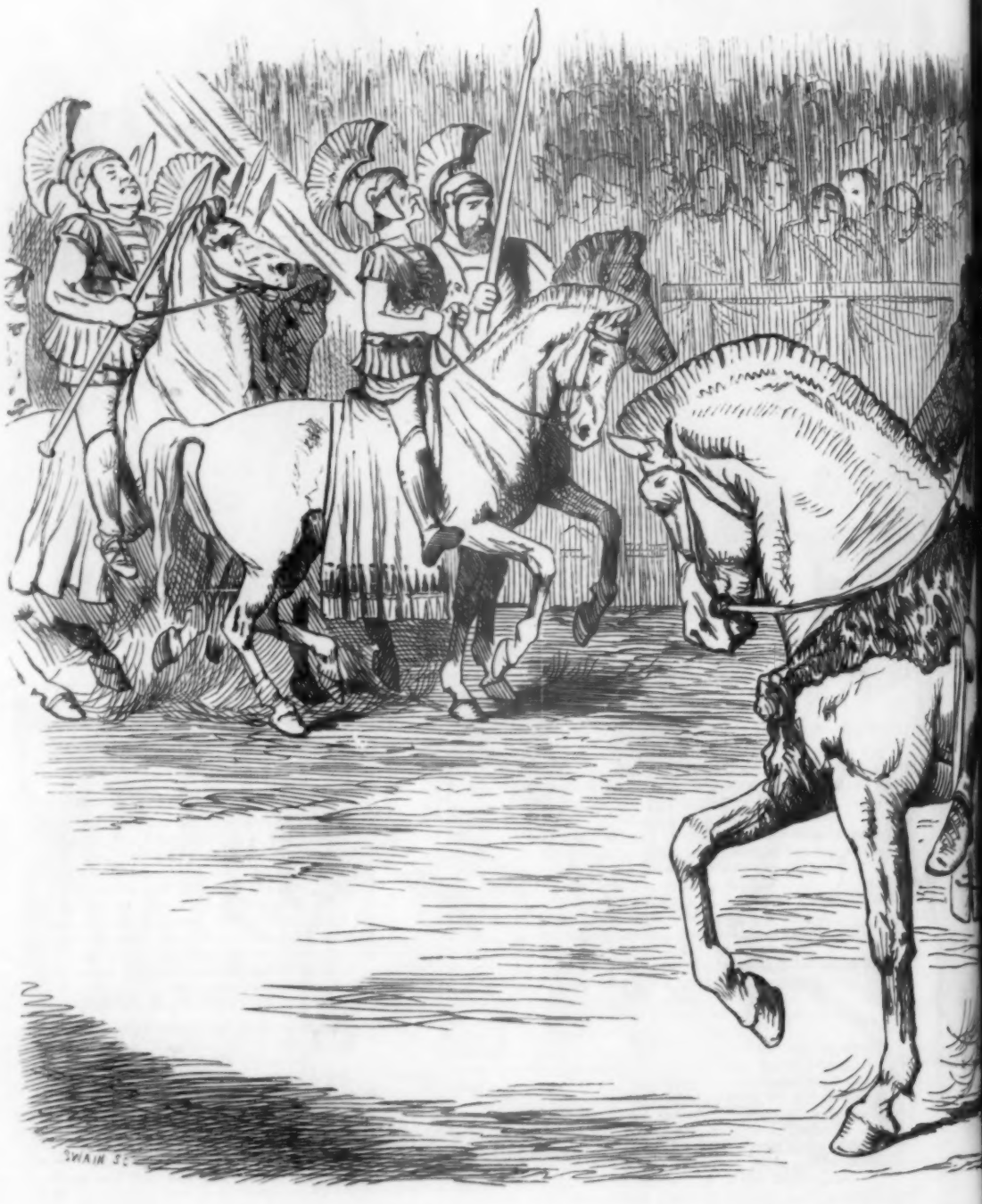


IN THE

THE "PARADE"

THE ARENA.

E" BY THE CONFLICT.

When sword with sword shall counter, and shield shall clash with shield,
Which side shall kiss the sawdust, which host shall hold the field, [to say,
A Muse which was prophetic perchance might dare
Let ours, which is more modest, stand by and mark the fray.

MR. PUNCH'S EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

NURSERY RHYME PAPER.

1. GIVE some account, in your own words, of the domestic difference between Mr. and Mrs. John Sprat. In what manner was a compromise finally arrived at?

2. What was the *menu* (or bill of fare) of the wedding-breakfast on the marriage of Cock Robin with Jenny Wren? What was the fate of the bridegroom? Who were the principal witnesses of the tragedy? Who acted as, (1) Shroud-maker, (2) Undertaker, (3) Grave-digger, (4) Parson, (5) Bell-ringer, on this melancholy occasion?

3. "*Who comes here?*" "*A Grenadier!*" Explain the object of his visit. How was he addressed in consequence?

4. Mention the various manners in which pease-pudding can be prepared for table.

5. What were the chief horticultural products of the garden of "Mary, quite contrary"? Can they be accounted for by any reference to her disposition?

6. Give the favourite food of (*a*) Handy Spandy Jack-a-Dandy; (*b*) Little Jack Horner; (*c*) Little Miss Muffet; (*d*) Simple Simon; (*e*) The Man in the Moon; (*f*) The Rat, and the Frog who would a-wooing go.

7. How many errands were run by Mother Hubbard on her dog's account? On one occasion she is recorded to have gone to the joiner's—for what? and how did she find the dog engaged on her return? Have you any reason for believing that the dog was *not* a Teetotaller?

8. What was the correct answer to the question asked by the Man in the Wilderness?

9. Give the exact quantity, and destination, of Black Sheep's wool.

10. Relate any circumstances you remember connected with the possession of a Crooked Sixpence.

11. Write down the names of *all* the tunes with which Tom the Piper's Son is said to have been acquainted.

12. Trace the various processes which are required before the old woman's pig could be induced to get over the stile. What was the original cost of this pig?

13. A certain cat went to London to look at the QUEEN. Do we possess any, and what, account of the manner in which she employed herself on this occasion?

14. To what would you compare "a man of words, and not of deeds?"

15. Describe the rigging, crew, and cargo, of the ship commanded by a duck that was once observed "a-sailing on the sea."

16. Mention any singularity that occurs to you in the appearance of the lady who was to be seen riding in the neighbourhood of Banbury Cross? How was (1) the person who went to see her, (2) the lady herself, mounted?

17. In what respect was the condition of the little pig who went to market better than that of the little pig who remained at home?

18. Enumerate the chief contents of the House that Jack built, and give some account of the principal persons who resided in its vicinity.

19. Contrast the characters of Tommy Green and Tommy Trout (or Stout), and give a short account of Robbin the Bobbin, Peter Piper, Thomas-a-Tatamus, Robin and Richard, Margery Daw, Little Jumping Joan, Mother Goose and her Son Jack.

20. What celebrated character excused himself from singing in society on the ground that "a cold had made him as hoarse as a hog?" Should you be most inclined to ascribe this to—(i.) offence at the manner in which the request was made? (ii.) affectation, and a desire to be further pressed? (iii.) an honest statement of the literal truth? or (iv.) a mere excuse, intended to conceal a natural want of vocal talent? Give reasons for your answer. (N.B. *Candidates are not required to attempt more than one-fourth of the above questions.*)

THE PARLIAMENTARY OWL (GENUS "COMMONS;" SPECIES SMITHIAN) PREPARING TO POUNCE.

WHEN M.P.'s come at the Party call,
When WILL from Florence fair doth hail;
When shindy wakes in St. Stephen's Hall,
When Tories row and Rads do rail;
When blood comes hot, and speech flows foul,
Then eager sits the staring Owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who;—a warning note!
How on the pounce his eyes do gloat!

When bores blare forth and boasters blow,
And jeering drowns discursive jaw;
When PEEL sits brooding, brows bent low,
And HEALY's nose is cock'd at LAW;
When hot Home-Rulers hiss and growl,
Then nightly sits the watchful Owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who;—a warning note!
He's on the pounce; they'll catch it hot!

"JACK'S ALIVE!"

WHO killed JOHN MADDISON MORTON? "I," says the *Saturday Review*, "in my article on LABICHE, January 28." But who saw him alive? "I did," says *Mr. Punch*, "quite recently;" and we are informed that "the late Mr. MADDISON MORTON," as the Saturday Reviewest called him, is still "all alive O," and is one of the dispersed Charterhouse Brethren, quite cosy and comfortable. Not so very long ago he was present as a visitor at a meeting of "The Urban Club." Long live JOHN MADDISON MORTON! But *à propos* of LABICHE, JOHN MADDISON MORTON'S *Box and Cox* is something more than a mere adaptation of *Frisette*,—though, we admit, that a small but telling portion of its dialogue is simply literally translated,—because MADDISON MORTON possessed an original style of dialogue, *nihil tetigit quod non Maddisonavit*, and in this instance, unless we have been for many years much mistaken (in which case "the late Mr. MADDISON MORTON" will be in time to correct us), he used two pieces besides the operetta *Frisette* (to which class of entertainment the farce returned under the inverted title of *Cox and Box*, with SULLIVAN'S immortal music and an entirely new character, *Sergeant Bouncer*)—and J. M. M. "combined the information" in the concocting of *Box and Cox*. But MADDISON MORTON deserves literary and dramatic immortality if only for having invented the title *Box and Cox*. LABICHE'S *Frisette* has long since been forgotten, but MORTON'S *Box and Cox* lives and flourishes, and will live—as will also *Cox* and (*the musical*) *Box*—to delight ages yet unborn.

THE PROPHETIC WILLIAM.—"Who's MARK H. JUDGE, who wrote a letter to 'the Board of (Faith without) Works,' with the terms of which it wouldn't comply?" "Well, I don't exactly know of what race or religion he may be," replied his friend; "but SHAKSPEARE must have had him in his mind's eye when he made *Gratiano* say, 'MARK JUDGE, a learned Jew!'"

"READING BETWEEN THE LINES."—Very dangerous practice, specially when there are trains coming.

APPROPRIATE AMUSEMENT FOR LENT.—Visits to the Loan Collections. Old Masters still on view.

"NUMBER ONE."

Bridegroom (*on their way to Paris*). "You 're sure you 're quite warm and comfortable, Love!" *Bride.* "Oh yes, Dear—quite."

Bridegroom. "I don't like to see you sitting with your Back to the Engine, Darling. You don't feel any Draught!" *Bride.* "Oh, not the slightest!"

Bridegroom (*who does!*). "Then, Sweetest, would you mind Changing Places——!!!"

"THANKS FOR KIND INQUIRIES."

Sir,—Amongst advertisements which murally decorate the stations of the most useful District Railway, has been appearing one headed Olympia, and underneath this, in staring capitals, the words "Last Month!" Now, Sir, what is the use of advertising "last month?" Who cares what went on last month at Olympia? If the show is to attract, let them announce what is going on "this month." Yours, &c., Key Say.

Sir,—I don't go much into the theatrical world, so I want to know from you is the report true that Mr. Gillie Farquhar, the actor, late of the Vaudeville, has come into a large fortune and is going to have a benefit? One Who Doesn't Know.

Several kind inquirers signing themselves "Messrs. Wye, Warefor & Co.," write as follows:—

"*Why*" *the First.*—When a man has been undergoing penal servitude [for several years, on the discovery that he has been unjustly sentenced, and is entirely innocent of the crime laid to his charge, *Why* does he receive the "Queen's pardon?"

"*Why*" *the Second.*—In the above instance, *Why* doesn't the unfortunate victim receive "the Queen's Ample Apology," and a handsome pension for life?

"*Why*" *the Third.*—The Lord Mayor has a Remembrancer, *Why* should not the Queen have an Apologist?

"*Why*" *the Fourth.*—When a man is condemned to death on evidence considered unsatisfactory by the Judge, and evidently so by the public, *Why* is he reprieved and sent into penal servitude?

"*Why*" *the Fifth.* *Why* is he not acquitted?

"*Why*" *the Sixth.* If this is the Law of the Land, *Why* isn't it altered at once?

"WHERE 'S RAMSGATE?"

[*Mr. Justice Hawkins.* Where is Ramsgate?
Mr. Dickens. It is in Thanet, your Lordship.
Report of Twyman v. *Bligh.*]

"Where's Ramsgate?" Justice Hawkins
cried.
"Where on our earthly planet?"
The learned Dickens straight replied,
"'Tis in the Isle of Thanet.

"Ramsgate is where the purest air
Will make your head or leg well,
Will jaded appetite repair
With the shrimp cure of Pegwell.

"Where's Ramsgate? It is near the place
Where Julius Cæsar waded,
And nearer still to where his Grace
Augustine come one day did.

"All barristers should Ramsgate know:
I speak of it with pleasure,"
Quoth Dickens. "There I often go
When wanting a refresher.

"Where's Ramsgate? Where I've often
seen
Both S-mb-rne and Du M-r-er,
When I have gone by 3·15
Granville Express, Victorier.

"With Thanet Harriers, when you are
Well mounted on a pony,
You'll say, for health who'd go so far
As Cannes, Nice, or Mentone?

"With Poland, of the Treasury,
Recorder eke of Dover,
I oft go down for pleasurey.
Alack! 'tis too soon over!

"O'er Thanet's Isle where'er you trudge,
My Lud, you'll find no land which——"
"Dickens take Ramsgate!" quoth the
Judge.
"Luncheon! I'm off to Sandwich!"

"Wondrous Kind."—Two cards of admission to the Church of All Saints, Lambeth, for a "Solemn Office," on the occasion of the Centenary of "The Young Pretender," (January 31) were forwarded to our Office, which is not a "solemn" one. *Mr. Punch* begs to acknowledge their receipt, and fully appreciates Dr. Lee's sympathy with a Pretender, whether young or old, past or present.

The Petition against admission of Women to degrees at Cambridge, has been sent round for signature. The basis of the petition is that they have already more than Three Graces of the Senate. Such extra graces as the Ladies would bring with them being superfluous, might result in dis-graces.

House of Commons, Tuesday Night. Having a rehearsal to-night of our Opening Day on Thursday. Things a little mixed, as appears from sketch taken on spot by Own Artist. But of course on these occasions, when Strangers' Galleries are cleared, we do pretty much as we like. SPEAKER, as will be seen, is in high spirits. A little conscious, I fancy, of advantageous set-off of his figure against LORD CHANCELLOR. But HARDINGE GIFFARD doesn't mind.

"I approach opening of Session with easy conscience, Dear TOBY," he said, just now. "Haven't held office more than two years, and can lay my hand on my heart and say there's not an uncle, a cousin, or an aunt that I haven't seen comfortably provided for. Can I do anything for you, old boy? Like to be a Registrar, County Court Judge, or anything else in unobtrusive but comfortably-salaried way? Think it over and drop me a line."

Nice fellow, HALSBURY! As COLERIDGE says, he adds dignity to the Woolsack, and his relations to the list of our salaried officials.

GLADSTONE here, fresh from Florence; also GRANDOLPH, inflated with the confidences of the CZAR. Says it's "all a flam" about his proposing to settle the Bulgarian Question by succeeding FERDINAND. "Person I'm going to succeed," says GRANDOLPH, "is the Markiss. Shall begin at earliest opportunity to commence operations for unseating him."

GRANDOLPH very confident, but rather quails under eye of ARTHUR BALFOUR, who walks gloomily around. All very well to propose to himself awkward motions on foreign affairs. But suppose BALFOUR were to clap him into prison for a couple of months? Suggest this to GRANDOLPH. He, in his conversational way, says "Gammon!" but evidently seriously perturbed. Noticed he took opportunity later of effusively shaking hands with W. H. SMITH, inquiring with friendly concern after health of Markiss, and proceeded at some length to discuss prospects of the Session. Just to keep his hand in, SMITH pounced, and on a Division question put—Which side of the House shall we be sitting on when new Session of 1889 opens? *Answer Given.*—None.

RESULT OF THE UNIVERSITIES' RACE.

(*According to Mr. Goschen.*)

Athletics—1. Latin Verses—2. Intellectual Interest—0.

TAKEN AT A DISADVANTAGE;

Or, What it might come to any day, if affairs should happen to be left in the hands of an "Unintelligence Department."

A Chamber at the Admiralty. Responsible Official *discovered settling himself down to a comfortable perusal of the "Times." He leisurely surveys it for a moment, when he suddenly starts up from his seat as if shot.*

Goodness gracious! What's this? (*Reading.*) "War declared by France last night." "Gibraltar invested by a French Fleet." "Fifteen ironclads and fifty torpedo-boats assembled at Brest." "The command of the Channel threatened!" Dear me, I dare say now they don't know it at Portsmouth. This is really very awkward. I wonder, by the way, what I did with that list of available ships. (*Fumbles at several pigeonholes, and finally touches hand-bell. Enter a* Well-organised Clerk.) Ha! Mr. Jones, I suppose you've heard the news? War declared. Channel threatened by the French. Most awkward piece of business. It's all in the papers.

Well-organised Clerk (*smiling*). Really, Sir? I haven't heard it yet mentioned in the Office. War with France! It sounds quite like a romance. [*Smiles again.*

Responsible Official. Just so. But I suppose the Board have had some intimation of the fact. Though (*reflectively*), now I come to think of it, I don't suppose they have. You had better send round the usual letter. [*Uproar without.*

Well-organised Clerk. I scarcely think, Sir, that will be necessary, as I fancy I hear the voices of some of "my Lords," even now, upon the stairs. (*Opens the door.*) Ah! here they are.

[*A bevy of Lords of the Admiralty pour into the room gesticulating wildly, and engaged in a fierce and recriminatory altercation.*

Lords of the Admiralty (*in confused chorus, all together*). Ah! I knew what it was coming to! Well, why didn't you open your mouth about it? What business is that of yours, I should like to know! Who says we haven't got the guns ready? I said it was the powder. The best thing you can do is to "shut up." Ho! would you? A precious "sea" Lord you are! Why you're nothing but a land-lubber! It's all your doing, and I'll prove it. Oh, hold your row!

Responsible Official (*at last getting a word in*). Well, my Lords, I suppose, as things appear to have arrived at—ahem!—a crisis (*uproar*), that you have come for some—some ar—information as to how we are prepared—I might say, ready to meet it. [*Renewed uproar.*

First Lord (*getting a hearing*). That's it. In the first place, how are we off on the home stations for ships?

Responsible Official. How are we off? Ah! to be sure. Of course. (*Fumbling at pigeonholes.*) I had a list, I fancy, dealing with something of the sort, here the other day, but I can't, for the life of me, put my hand on it. Do you remember, Mr. Jones, what we did with that list?

Well-organised Clerk (*after some reflection*). I fancy, now you come to mention it, Sir, that Mr. Robinson sent it to Sheerness a few weeks ago. I think they wanted it for some reason or other. [*Uproar.*

First Lord. Really, this is abominable. Can you tell us whether we have a single ship available for the protection of the Channel? [*Jeers.*

Responsible Official. Well, my Lord, I shouldn't like to say for certain: but, I should hope so (*slightly nettled*). You cannot reasonably expect this Department to tell you everything. But I will telegraph for information to Portsmouth. [*Does so.*

Second Lord. But what is the condition of the First Reserve? Come, surely you can tell us that? [*Uproar.*

Third Lord. And what instructions have you sent to the Commanders of the China, Pacific, and African Squadrons? [*Jeers and shouts.*

Fourth Lord. What orders have been despatched to the Mediterranean Fleet? [*Groans.*

Fifth Lord. Is there a ton of powder in store anywhere? [*Laughter.*

Sixth Lord. Have we any guns at all? And if we have—will they go off? [*Roars of laughter.*

Responsible Official (*carried away by the general geniality, but recovering himself*). Really, my Lords, you overwhelm me with your questions. Why, some of them, as you must be well aware, would take months to answer. You can't expect a parcel of civilians, who are responsible for these things, to have them at their fingers' ends. Why, the Director of Naval Ordnance is the only one of us who has any professional assistance to help him. We mayn't make much of it, my Lords, but we do our best. (*Cries of "Oh! oh!" jeers, and uproar. Messenger enters hurriedly with several telegrams. Three are from the Commanders respectively of the China, Pacific, and African Squadrons, saying they have "just heard of the outbreak of hostilities, that they are out of coals and ammunition, and are waiting instructions, which must, however, be sent out by sea, as after the despatch of their respective messages the wires will be cut." The fourth is from the Admiral in command at Portsmouth.*)

Responsible Official (*eagerly opening it*). Ha! now we shall know how we are prepared in the Channel. This is from Portsmouth. The Admiral in command telegraphs (*reads*):—"Only vessels here H.M.S. *Bilgewater*, in dock, with her bottom off; *Tarpaulin*, laid up with her boilers burst; *Racket*, ditto, waiting her new screw; and the *Battledore*. She might be got out, but she's still short of three of her guns, and the shell that's been put aboard for those she has got is two sizes too big; but she has got a Nordenfeldt and a couple of Gatlings that only jam now and then; and though there's something wrong with her crank that makes her only cover seven knots in the hour, yet, take her all round, she's as tidy a craft as has been turned out of the yard for some time now, and might have a chance of getting safe up the Channel if there was a bit of a fog on, and the enemy didn't keep his weather-eye too wide open. Wire instructions. Shall I send her off, or keep her at Spithead to protect the Ryde Steamboat Company?"

[*Frantic uproar, amid which, after threats, imprecations, and general recrimination all round, it is decided that the "Battledore," and as many of the vessels of the Ryde Steamboat Company as "she can get to accompany her," shall proceed forthwith to Brest, and do their best to blockade the French Fleet, pending the six months or so it may take the "Department" to get things a little more organised and in hand to meet the immediate necessities consequent on a sudden outbreak of war.*

FAIR AND FOWL!

[Miss Helen Ratcliffe summoned the Reverend Hugh Hawkis before a Magistrate because the crowing of a cock belonging to the Reverend Gentleman disturbed her. The case was adjourned for settlement. But on Friday last it was reported that the Hen-house had been burglarised, and that the offending Chanticleer had vanished.]

That bird of Hawkis's
Did make such noi-ises,
Neighbours are glad it is gone;
Playing "Jim Crow" on his
Fiddle, and so on, is
Hawkis lamenting alone.

Cheer up, Hugh Hawkis, Sir,
Uncertain Law is, Sir.
Says Helen, "Are Burglars' crow
(Bird beyond ken o' me
'Held by the Hen-emy')
Cock-sure to crow over Hugh?"

Innocent Food.

This advertisement was found in *The Liverpool Mercury*, Jan. 27:—

WANTED, at end of February, a NURSE, able to bottle a baby.

We do not think this was meant cruelly, yet it is liable to be misunderstood. Who, (except perhaps a Cannibalistic gourmet) ever heard of "Bottled Baby?" The nearest approach to it in sound is *Bootle's Baby*, and that certainly was uncommonly good.

Holely Satisfactory.—The Very Rev. Dr. Hole was installed as Dean in Rochester Cathedral, Mayor and Corporation attending in State. That is, in the best state they could. In Rochester Cathedral Body Dean Hole won't do things by halves.

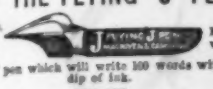
☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

Beware of the party offering Imitations of

ACNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men, the Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."
Oban Times.

"THE FLYING 'J' PEN."



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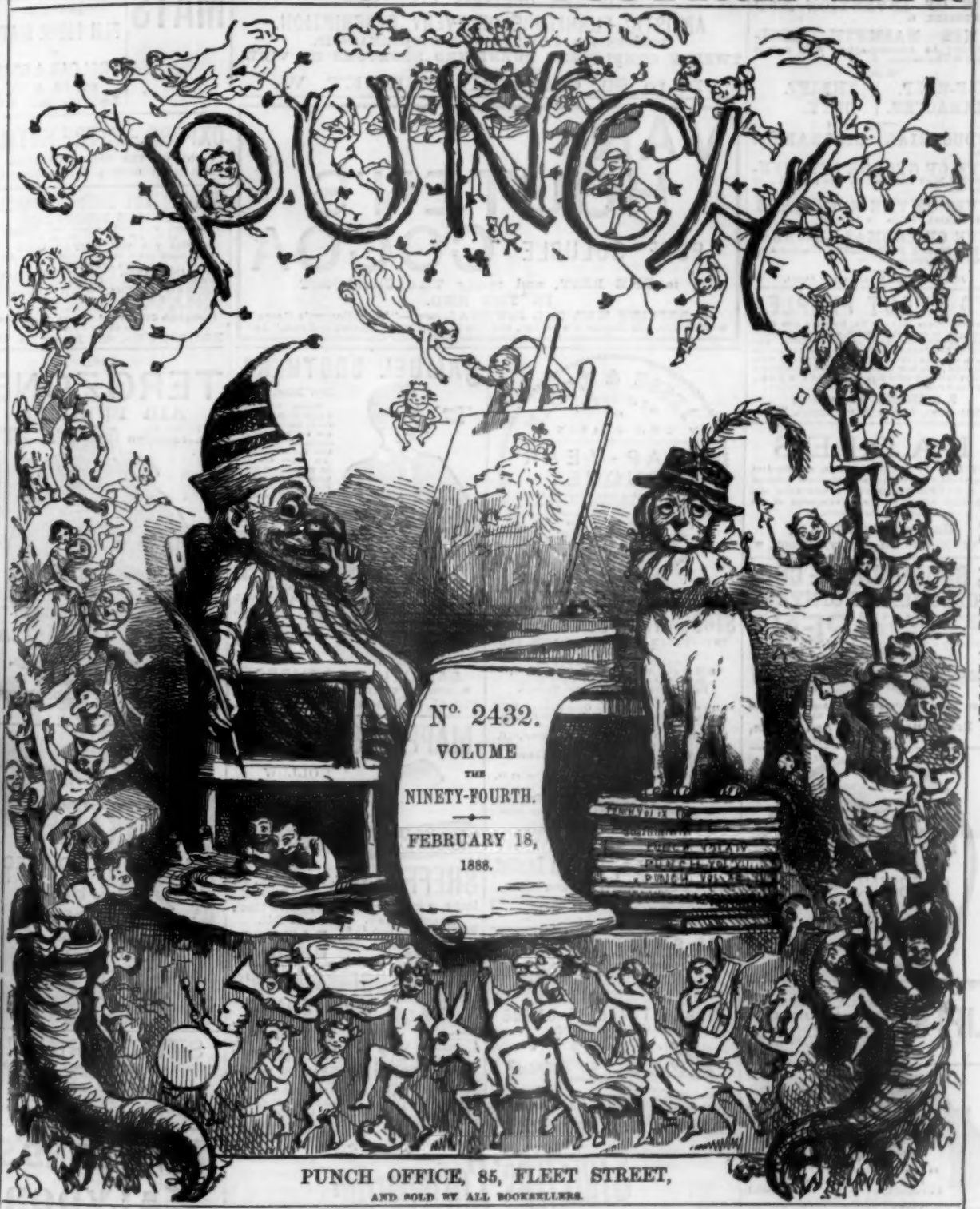

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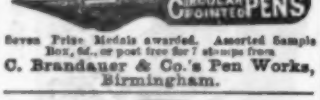

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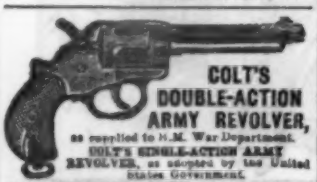

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PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Examiner. Now, Sir, what appointment do you desire to fill?

Candidate. I wish to become Dean of a Cathedral.

E. Certainly. Have you any idea as to your duties?

C. I fancy I am responsible for the building and its contents.

E. Quite right. Now, suppose you or anyone had reasons to believe that the bones of some great historical person were buried in a certain part of the Cathedral, what would you do?

C. I would dig for them.

E. Quite right. And if you did not find them in one place, what would you do?

C. I would dig for them in another.

E. Certainly. Quite right. And if you found them—what next? (*Candidate hesitates.*) Well, what would you do with them? Yes?

C. (*after a pause*). I think I should give them a good washing.

E. Quite correct. And after they had been washed, what next?

C. Well, perhaps it would be well to have them photographed.

E. Unquestionably. And after they had been photographed, what would be your next step?

C. Well, I think I ought to put them somewhere handy, where they would be carefully examined by the scientists.

E. Yes. Well? Where would that be?

C. I can think of no better answer than somebody's drawing-room?

E. And that answer will do admirably. I am so pleased with your replies, that I appoint you Dean until the End of the Chapter. And you may adopt as your motto, "*Otium cum dig.*"

A LESSON IN LAW;

OR, FUSION AND CONFUSION IN THE FUTURE.

SCENE—*Interior of the Hall of an Inn of Court, Students discovered seated at tables, more or less attentive. Enter two* Porters, *who arrange a table surrounded by long drapery. They then retire, giving place to* Lecturer *who is received with applause. He bows, and gets behind his table.*

Lecturer. Gentlemen, now that in the Legal Profession no distinction is known between Barristers and Solicitors, a Lawyer must be able to appear in many parts. It is not sufficient that he may know how to address a jury or to draw a brief—he must be competent to serve a writ, or possibly to become the Lord Chancellor. Naturally in the latter character he would have many reminiscences of the days of his youth. If you please, I will appear as the Lord Chancellor. (*Stoops down beside the table and re-appears in wig and robe.*) H'm, the Lord Chancellor. (*Applause.*) H'm, ha, h'm. This is a very important matter—so important that I fancy we must take time to consider it and not give our decision—decision I say, until next term. And that reminds me that once when I was engaged in sweeping out the office of some Barsolistor (I was junior partner of the firm at the time), I found a draft of a brief that had never been delivered, and on account of its non-delivery the action had been won. No doubt my Brother beside me will remember the circumstance? (*Altering his voice in reply.*) Certainly. (*Takes off disguise of Lord Chancellor and reappears as himself. Applause.*) Having shown you one of the Prizes of the Profession, I will give you another. I will introduce my friend, Mr. WELLUP, a Chief Clerk in the Chancery Division. This should be more interesting to you than the other illustration, as it is easier to become a Chief Clerk than a Lord Chancellor. (*Laughter, amidst which the* Lecturer *dives beneath his table to reappear dressed as a Chief Clerk of the Chancery Division.*) Mr. WELLUP! (*Cheers and Laughter.*) Now, let me tell you all, that I do not advise anyone to do anything, but if I am asked by the Plaintiff in this cause what he ought to do, I can only say, that were I he, I should certainly take out a summons which might be made returnable in a week asking for whatever it is. And if the Defendant in this cause were to make the same application to me, I should give him the same advice. That is what I should do were I *not* a Chief Clerk, but as I am a Chief Clerk, I give no advice at all! (Lecturer *dives beneath his table and reappears as himself. Applause.*) Having shown you what you may become if you are successful, I will now give a hint of a possible companion fate. My friend, Mr. COSTKILL, having become a Barsolistor, and entering into legal proceedings himself, knowing the ropes, is anxious that everything should go right. (*Disappears and reappears in an old wig and tattered gown.*) Mr. COSTKILL. (*Applause.*) Now tell me, because you know I *do* know all about it, whether everything has had proper attention? Have you got the third account vouched—and the letter for the surrender of the lease posted, and the further observations to the Junior Counsel sent out? And I do hope that the funeral I had to attend did not interfere with my being properly represented when that point about the binding of my wife's life interest was referred to the judge? And you are quite sure that there is not more than five quarters rent to pay for that farm we haven't been able to agree amongst ourselves to let? And you don't think much harm was done by my absenting myself to take my eldest daughter to the scarlet fever hospital when that unsuccessful application was made to have some accumulated income paid to me out of Court. And—(*hesitating*)—and—and you don't think you could advance me five shillings to go on with? (*Loud laughter, amidst which the* Lecturer *resumes his every-day dress.*) And now, Gentlemen, I will conclude my lecture with my last illustration—Mr. JONATHAN BUSYMAN, whom we will suppose is a Barsolistor who has not yet been able to secure a partner. (*Dives under table, and reappears in another character.*) Now let me see which shall I do first—argue before the Court of Appeal, or finish that Bill of Costs? No; can't do either, as I have to serve that writ in Bayswater. But that won't do either, because I have got to take the proof of that Detective in the Probate case. And yet how can I attend to him when I must be in Somerset House searching for that will? Then if I do that, and don't finish the engrossing of that marriage settlement, I shall stop the marriage fixed for to-morrow at St. George's, Hanover Square. And then, if I neglect the dying deposition of the witness at Charing Cross Hospital, and he dies before I get to him, how on earth am I to conduct that case at Bow Street, fixed for some time this afternoon? Not that I couldn't throw over a criminal matter if it would have helped me to appear in the running-down case in the Q. B. D., to cross-examine the coachman this morning. And then, if I do either, the widow may starve if I don't identify her in the Paymaster-General's Department, to enable her to secure her dividends! Not that she couldn't wait if I had but the leisure to finish that opinion about the fraud on the power which I promised should arrive in good time to enable some country clients of mine to make up their minds before they commenced suits for administration over value, and improper conveyance. Well, I can't do all, and if I don't do all, I had better do none; so, as it's a fine day, and I feel in a pleasant frame of mind, I think I shall take a holiday, and go to Southend!

[*Roars of laughter, amidst which the Lecturer retires, and brings the Scene to an agreeable conclusion.*

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"STUFF," says LANKESTER. "Nonsense! I know that I'm right.
On your old effete system I'll let in the light."
Answers OXFORD. "Your light you will please take away.
We can see better far, thanks, without such a *Ray*."

HERCULES IN THE AUGEAN STABLE.

Good luck to you, Hercules! Ply the hose steadily;
Water enough you will need for this task.
All men of honour will back you right readily,
What better sort of "Spring Clean" could they ask?
Augeas himself had not horse-stalls uncleaner;
Alpheus-Peneus combined they might tax.
Those muck-heaps are dear to the fouler and meaner,
But lay your stout Club on their rascally backs.

The Muck-Mammon rules in these realms too completely,
The taint of his touch seems on all, high and low.
To make these vast stalls smell a little more sweetly,
Is quite an heroical task, as things go.

So go it, my Hercules! sluice away smartly;
The place stands in very sore need of a scrub;
And if vested interests in filth should talk tartly,
Just silence the knaves with a tap of that Club!

Doves with a Difference.—Almost all over Europe it appears that carrier-pigeons are in course of being trained for service in the event of War. All pigeons are doves, but the Continental carrier-pigeon is evidently a bird of quite another feather than the ideal dove that allegorically bears the olive-branch. Perhaps, however, it will be branches of Bitter Olives that these War pigeons will carry.

House of Commons, Thursday Night, February 9.—Saunderson quite unhappy. Came down early this afternoon prepared for exciting doings. Air full of rumour of war. Duncan, under cover of seconding the Address, came down armed to the teeth. Parnellites were to raise question of Privilege; Old Morality was to introduce his new pounce; and Arthur Balfour had ten Policemen disguised as waiters in the dining-room. At given signal they were to enter and arrest every Irish Member on the premises. Hadn't been such a glorious prospect for years. Nothing to equal it—except the absolute flatness of the night's events. No question of Privilege; no arrests. The disguised waiters had nothing to "take up" but the dinner. Ministerialists brought down by urgent Whip left the House by scores when their Leader rose to continue debate; before midnight whole thing miserably died out.

"Duncan comes here to-night."
"The gracious Duncan!"
Macbeth.

Gladstone hopelessly infected with prevailing spirit. Followed Mover and Seconder of Address. "Now we'll have it," said Saunderson, shifting shillelagh to left-hand coat-tail pocket. But we didn't have it at all. Gladstone almost blessed Ministers, approved their programme, and promised assistance in making it a legislative Session.

"Call that a Grand Old Man?" the Colonel muttered between clenched teeth; "*I* call him a Mild Old Muff."

Up to last moment some hope lingered round Pyne. After hanging out on his castle walls for weeks and months, turned up to-day under the very nose of Arthur Balfour.

"So you've let yourself down to this?" said Laicaita, looking in to hear the writ moved for Dundee. "Better where you were. As for me, can't approve the way Opposition is carried on, so gave up my seat. If you could spare a quarter of an hour, I'd explain, in fuller detail, my reasons for resigning."

"Excuse me," said Pyne. Whipped out coil of rope which was wound round his waist; hitched one end over rail of Peers' Gallery with neatness only attainable after long practice; went up hand over hand with amazing celerity.

"Don't wait," he said looking down on amazed ex-Member for Dundee. "Think I see a Policeman coming."

"How very abrupt!" Laicaita said, gladder than ever "How very abrupt!" he had left the House of Commons. *Business done.*—Address moved.

Friday Night.—"They've picked Pyne at last, *I* hear," said Wilfrid Lawson to Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.

"Well," said Sage, "he was getting a little over-ripe, don't you think? A man can't hang out for months over his castle wall, even in Ireland, without going to the bad."

Incidents of the arrest quite dramatic. When Pyne left House early this morning, Police on his track—but he got away. Might have been all right if he'd stayed away. But duty first. So he took penny 'bus to bottom of Parliament Street. Observed Police in charge of main gateways to Palace Yard; skirted railings, descended steps by Clock Tower. A few more steps, and he would be safe within the precincts.

"I must dissemble," said the Châtelain of Lisfarny Castle. So he thrust his hands in his pockets, raised his shoulders in [vain] attempt to hide his face, and vaguely whistled "*Erin Go Bragh.*" But all in vain. Hawk eye of policeman spotted him. "Mr. Pyne, I presume?" said representative of Law and Order, just as if he had come upon Dr. Livingstone in the wilds of Central Africa.

A Pyne, who requires a great deal of forcing.

Pyne's hand at his belt like flash of lightning. In another moment rope would have been unwound, and he would have been half-way up the Clock Tower. But the Policeman too quick for him. Seized the rope, which served conveniently for binding the prisoner, and so he was carried off to the lowest dungeon beneath the Castle Moat.

At least, that's what Joseph Gillis tells me. The sketch was taken by Our Own Artist, who was providentially on the spot.

This pretty well to begin with. But more to follow. Soon as Speaker had taken Chair, Gilhooly rose and gave notice, "On Monday to ask for leave to bring in a Bill for the better housing of the working-classes." A seraphic smile crossed Arthur Balfour's face as he listened. "My dear friend," he sweetly murmured, "I have made arrangements for your own better housing long before Monday."

Chief Secretary was overheard. Report got wind, and Gilhooly was marked as a doomed man. Everybody said he would be arrested when he left the House.

"Then why leave it?" said Joey B. "I've slept on two chairs in the Lib'ry meself. If you'll be lonely, we'll keep the House sitting all night to wake you. Only say the word."

Gilhooly pressed the patriot's hand, but too moved to say any word. Walked about the House; took affectionate leave of familiar places. House up at quarter-past eleven. Gilhooly walked forth with unfaltering step. Crowd of Members followed in silent procession. Big Ben tolled forth the half-hour. Most impressive scene. Only wanted presence of Chaplain to complete analogy that struck everybody. At the gateway Policeman posted. At proper cue, Gilhooly arrested, and, for better housing, taken over to police cell in Whitehall Place. *Business done.*—Irish minority reduced by two.

"Hall Marked."—Clever Mr. S. Hall, of the Chancery Bar, has just "taken silk." As a leader, he should be "on velvet."

SNOB-SNUBBING.

"A—my People, Miss Devereux, came into England with *Strongbow*, you know!" "Are you quite sure it wasn't *Longbow*, Mr. Snookson?"

OUR "JUNIOR CLASSIC" AGAIN.

Dear Old P.,

I must just *begin* in English. I'll go on into Latin in a minute, only I find I can't talk so *freely* in Latin. Here I am, back at school, and *I've got my remove!* I feel no end of a swell. As my Pater says, "perhaps I shall blossom out into a Porson some day"—though who Porson was I don't know, only I think he was some classical bloke or other—Lars Porsona, I think he used to be called.

Well, your request that I should tackle the letter of Wykehamistus, who strangely objects to being called a Wykeham*ite*, reached me yesterday, and I feel no end flattered. I wish you hadn't said I had better answer it in Latin. However, here goes.

Excursus

(*I think that's what they call it*), *de litterâ alicujus Wykehamsti, et de nomine* "Wykehamistus," *vel* "Wykehamitus."

Primum, permitte me observare ut tuus correspondens est ad culpam quum scribit Latinè. Objectit ut nomen "Wykehamitus" non est proprium, et demandat explanationem "quum proxime tuus papyrus eveniet." Hoc est vere caninum pro "as soon as your paper comes out." Sed prætermitto hoc, quod ascribo ad factum ut hic pauper socius non est Etonensis; nunc ad rem!

Terminatio *ist* occurrit sæpe. Ut *whist* (ludus) *hist* (signalis ut Magister appropinquat) *kist* (paulo-post-perfectum de *kiss*, osculare). Vide de hoc Madvig, "de Particulis Latinis," vol. 26. Vide quoque "Grammaticam" Boppi (illius Germani), si vis. (Sed hoc non adviso. Bopp, quamquam eruditus, est valde aridus et incomprehensibilis, ut mos est Teutonicus.) Adde *ist* ad Wykeham, et habes "Wykehamistus," decens Latinum. Ego prefero "Wykehamensis," ut "Etonensis." Id sonat melius. Sed forsitan non sum absolutè impartialis in hâc re. Sine dubio, propriissimum nomen pro pueris Scholæ ad Winchester est "Wincastrensis." Quare "Wykeham," careo noscere? Erat homo appellatus Gulielmus de Wykeham, sum awarus, qui fundavit (nonne?) illam scholam. Sed Johannes Lyon fundavit Harroviam; et non appellamus Harrovienses pueros "Lyonistos."

Terminatio *ite* est quoque bonum Latinum; aliquo modo, id est satis bonum pro me. Vide *Hittite* (antiqua natio pugilistica) *John Bright* (notus Anglicus orator), et alia. Ergo quia non *Wykehamite?* (Vide Bopp, ut ante.)

Considero id potius buccam scribere ad te, Punche, ut "Wykehamistus" scribit. Si esset Etonensis, id esset differens. Sed forte non sum impartialis, ut dixi.

Percipis ut tractavi subjectum in serio lumine. Chumus mei suggerit ut id debet tractari in vano Doctoris Watts—videlicet—

How doth the little Wykehamist
To waste his time delight,
In writing notes of which the gist
Is, "Why called Wykehamite?"

Sed non considero hoc dignum occasionis. Spero ut dedi multam satisfactionem in hoc excursu. Habui swottere ad id, ego possum dicere tibi. Sed unum verbum antequam ego finio. Da mihi aures tuas et ego tibi reddam, ut dicit Shakspearius. Cur non derivatio sic "*Wykamus*" (subaudi "puer") id est, Wykham ("Boy" understood), "*Mitis*" gentle (iterum subaudi "*puer*"), *i.e.*, "gentleboy,"—nam "puer est pater homini," cum Divinus Gulielmus Shakspearius habet (ad minus sic ego puto) unde derivatur "Gentleman,"—et ambo simul, id est, "Wykamus" et "mitis" formant "Wykamite." Majus complimentarium id, est-ne? Hoc me vapulat ut unum genus conundri, sic, meum primum est "Wykamus," meum secundum est "mitis" (subaudi "puer" ut supra) et meum totum est nomen pueri in statu publici pupillari, quod transfero "public schoolboy." Vide? Non malum, est-ne? "Vale et iterum vale," cum cantat poeta, et dixit tuus veritabile

Tommius (*Etonensis.*)

AN ANGEL'S VISIT;

Or, The Artist's First Commission.

An hour ago and the world was gray,—
A thoroughly Bloomsbury kind of day,—
When you think of the bills that you cannot pay,
And turn from beautiful thoughts away,
Like a sulky child from kisses,
And wonder how poets sweet things can say
Of a world so chilly and hard and gray,
Where the wise are gloomy, and fools are gay
With their sorrowful, sordid blisses.

My hopes were low, and my heart was sore,
For a soul's mosaic litter'd the floor,
While vile pot-boilers the easels bore,
And the kettle croon'd of the cheap tea-store,
On smouldering coals that waved of yore
In a graveyard antediluvian,
When there came a tap at the studio-door—
Such golden music ne'er heard before
The treasure-seeker who strikes a crore
Of buried rupees, or the hidden ore
Of Incas in vaults Peruvian.

The rain was lashing the windows high,
As if in spite of the brilliant sky
That lives in my picture of last July,
My holiday record of last July,
My only relic of Summer,
When a wide-eyed welcome of brightest sun
Spread all the room over, and dwelt upon
The hyacinth's clusters of cinnamon
To welcome the sweet new-comer.

Then the veteran chair with a missing limb,
And all that was common and mean and grim,
Grew suddenly seemly, and fine and trim,
Like courtliest old-world lovers;
For a luminous beauty around her flowed,
And her face like the waking of morning glowed,
And her hair like crag in a hollow road
Where a leafy sunlight hovers.

Now I hear but her nightingale melody,
Though her brother, I think, talked more than she,
And they didn't say half as much to me
As they found to say to each other;
But every tone of her crisp, clear notes
Like a water-lily on silence floats,
Though dizzied memory vainly quotes
What she came about with her brother.

She has taken the loneliness all away,
And only the grace and the comfort stay;
And the light that she leaves is so pure and bright
That rain and wretchedness merely make
A beautiful rainbow for her sake,
Who found the room in a doleful plight

And a life hung over with shadows,
And out of her bounty has made it gay,
As the lowliest cottage is brave in May
With the cowslip bell and the hawthorn spray,
And all the spoil of the meadows.

And I settle down to the sober light
When the glory is tidied away for the night,
And shy sweet odours can take the air—
Too delicate for the noonday glare
And the romping games of the burly bee—
And, marring the calmness greatly,
Hard chafers suddenly seize your hair,
And bats zig-zag like a tailless kite,
And solemn owls with their silent flight
Winnow the dimness that soon will flee
As the red moon rises stately.

LANDING OF WILLIAM AT DOVER.

Manners and Customs of ye English as exemplified by G. O. M. and the Revenue Officer.

"My name it is William Ewart Gladstone,
Not baccy, nor brandy, nor Tauchnitz, I own
Not even one bottle of Eau de Cologne."
(*Aside to himself.*)
But just half a bottle, and so 'tis a fact
I haven't *one* bottle, I must be exact.
* * * *
He sang on landing, spick and span,
"England expects the G. O. Man,
This day to *do* his duty."
[*Cheers from everybody, and off by train.*

TESTIMONIAL TO THE SITUATION.

On the opening of Parliament (when the last Term of the Silly Season expires) a crowded Meeting was held to express the thanks of the Silly Season Subjects for the very efficient aid rendered to them during their session by the European Situation.

The Chair was taken by the Sea Serpent, who was supported by the Gigantic Gooseberry, and several members of the great Vegetable Family, Messrs. Mumpsimus and Sumpsimus, the Weather and the Parks, Dr. Odium Medicum, Shacon and Bakespeare, who looked very much worn out, and a number of well-known *habitués* of the Silly Season.

The Chair-Serpent said he was very glad to see so large and so thoroughly representative a gathering of his fellow subjects. They had this season been relieved of a certain amount of hard and thankless work by the noble endurance, the unexampled staying power, of his honoured friend, he was proud to call him a friend (he hoped he *might* call him friend), the European Situation. He was perhaps the *doyen* of the herd, but he saw around him to-night many who had served the Press and the Public well for more years than he cared to remember, and they were all treated like snakes, a thing that you first make use of and then kick. This was not the treatment they deserved. They were all fathers of families. They were all fill-up pars, at any rate. (*Laughter.*) He begged to move a vote of thanks to the Situation—a Situation which it was not too much to say, above all other situations, was the situation—he said, this Situation—well, he might not be much of a speaker, but he hadn't dined yet, and he didn't mean to be laughed at. (*Dead silence, in which the Speaker joined.*)

The Eclipse of the Moon, who spoke rather hazily, said it was his privilege to second the proposal. He was not a very regular member, but from circumstances over which he had no control he had lately come a good deal before the public. The European Situation rather resembled his own; it was cloudy—(*laughter*)—but the clouds had not prevented his going on eclipsing, and he was sure that no clouds however threatening, would prevent the European Situation, from continuing to situate in a good old European way. (*Loud cheers.*)

The Weather and the Parks rose together, and as neither showed any determination to give way, they spoke in unison. They begged the indulgence of their friends, for taking a prominent part, but the fact was that they (the Weather and the Parks) represented a large number of kindred subjects—Primroses in Devonshire, Whirlwinds at Kilburn, Blizzards, and a Remarkable Atmospheric Phenomenon—and had been deputed to support the resolution.

A Bird did not want to interrupt the harmony of the meeting, but he had made a nest in a Cat's cradle, and he thought if they wanted a situation that ought rather to suit them. It wasn't exactly European, but it was precarious.

At this period some disturbance was caused by the appearance of the Irish Question, accompanied by Mr. O'Brien's ——es.

Mr. O'Brien's ——es protested against this toadying to a mere European Situation. They (Mr. O'Brien's ——es) didn't care a button for the Situation. (*Cries of "Question!" during which the* Irish Question *put its thumb to its nose, and extended its fingers towards Messrs.* Shacon *and* Bakespeare, *who hadn't the slightest idea what the disturbance was about.*) On the Chair-Serpent endeavouring to restore order, Mr. O'Brien's ——es called out, "What's that annyway? Did ever ye hear of St. Pathrick now?" (*Loud cries of "Order!"*)

The Sea Serpent said he was in a very painful position, as snakes were not accustomed to chairs in private life. He was reluctantly compelled to name Mr. O'Brien's unmentionables, if they would excuse the paradox. They were not on in this scene at all, and had not a leg to stand upon.

The Speed of the Race Horse, and the Habits of Ants concurred, and the intruders were bundled out.

The Gigantic Gooseberry, who was very warmly received, said it was all very well to talk about the Silly Season, but for his part he considered one paragraph about the wonders of nature, even if they were purely imaginary (he meant no disrespect to the Chair), more interesting than a column of speeches about what the speaker didn't understand, addressed to listeners who didn't want to hear. (*Applause.*) He supported the motion.

The vote of thanks was carried unanimously, and briefly acknowledged by The Situation in a few well-chosen phrases, and the company disappeared into oblivion for the Parliamentary Session—except the guest of the evening, who is understood to be preparing a surprise for the Special Correspondents.

ONE DEGREE BETTER.

"The honorary degree of Mus. Doc. is to be conferred on Herr Joachim by decree of Convocation on Tuesday."—*Times.*

Some difficulty was experienced in fitting the cap on the Herr. Afterwards, instead of simply "Doctor of Music," on the famous violinist ought to have been conferred the degree of

"FIDDLE D.D."

Her Majesty's Omnibus.—Mr. Michael Davitt, in one of his recent harangues, declared that by having "carried the doctrines of Socialism into the heart of Britain," in retaliation of wrongs — "Ireland has put herself in the van of the glorious struggle." Quite so,—the Police Van.

Mrs. Ramsbotham says she never goes to Church on Ash Wednesday, as she objects to the Combination Service.

Moonlighters and Boycotters. — The Erinyes of Erin.

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Mr. Alderman Buggins. "WHAT PRECIOUS BOSH THEY 'RE ALL TORKIN', WITH THEIR OLD MASTERS AND CLASSICAL MUSIC AND STUFF! WHY, I 'D SOONER HAVE PAINTED ONE O' YOUR LITTLE PICTURES OF MODERN LIFE THAN ANY TITIAN OR VELASQUEZ IN THE 'OLE NATIONAL GALLERY."—(*Our Artist smiles, and thinks Mr. B. may not be such a rank Philistine, after all.*)—"AND I 'D SOONER HAVE COMPOSED '*TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES*' THAN ALL 'ANDEL AND 'AYDN'S ORATORIOS PUT TOGETHER!" [*Our Artist smiles no longer.*

THE VOICE OF PEACE.

"I SPEAK of Peace!" Great Prince, and wherefore not?
Not even you escape the common lot,
Of vocal man in these loquacious days,
When MOLTKE, Son of Silence, deigns to praise
A two hours' talk from his grim comrade's mouth!
Watching that towering form, that mighty drouth,
Scarcely assuaged by endless S-and-B's,
Fancy, whose genial current nought can freeze,
Bacchus and Barbarossa somehow blends,
Thor and the god of Thirst.
The oration ends,
And thunders of applause the Thunderer hail.
Like a Thor-hammer-thump on martial mail,
Was every vocal stroke of that strong tongue,
Which never faltered, never lisped or hung,
In weakness or in wandering. Mighty *Vox!*
Strength of the lion, shrewdness of the fox,
Mix in that measured unimpassioned tone.

It speaks of Peace,—and armaments have grown,
Fast at its every utterance year by year,
Whether it lashed to pride or scourged to fear.
Peace! But the "covert enmity" of hosts,
Who counter menaces and bandy boasts,
"Under the smile of safety wound the world."
Those hosts against each other hotly hurled,
Twenty years hence, to-morrow—who shall say?—
Will—fight for Peace as you have fought to-day.
Poor Peace! Her frankest friend must slur and gloss. [foes?
If such her champions, what shall prove her
Fancy with whimsy thoughts such speech will mock,
A mail-clad shepherd piping to a flock,—
Scattered upon the hill-side near and far,
Steel-cased against the wandering wolves of War,—
Pastoral ditties, scarce seems more absurd.
As for the Dove, that emblematic bird,
Spurred like a game-cock with auxiliar steel,
Sharpened and set for fight from beak to heel,
Herds with the eagles, hovers with the hawks,
Or with the ravens croaks, the vultures stalks.
"I speak of Peace!" Yes, as the saw-toothed pike,
With eye keen watchful, jaw prepared to strike,
Might as the carp-pond's guardian blandly pose.
The wanderer in the wilderness may close
His wearied eyes a moment, scarcely more,
When round the watch-fire lions rove and roar. [flame,
The gleaming brands, the quick and crackling
The hungry prowlers scare but cannot tame.
Let the protective gleam a moment die,
And ware the pattering foot, the flaming eye!
They in the shadows will no longer lurk,
Sharp tooth and claw right soon will be at work.
Sweet Shepherd, little boot these pastoral songs; [than true wrongs,"
"They bring smooth comforts false, worse
If taken in a too Arcadian sense.
You do not pipe them for the slow and dense,
"The still discordant wavering multitude."
Alternate dulcet soft and harshly rude,
Your accents variously oracular
The burden bear of Peace, the drift of War.
E'en "the blunt monster with uncounted heads"
May hear the iron clash, the armèd treads
Of "fearful musters and prepared defence"
Between your honeyed words. These hosts immense
Will not for ever chorus "Lovely Peace,"
However fugled. No, they never cease,
These hymnings of the Olive-branch all round.
Curious to hear the voice of War's red hound
Tuned to the friendly house-dog's cheery bark!
But is the foe less near, the night less dark?

RIO TINTO.—If the disturbances in these mines (now, happily for everybody concerned, at an end), had continued, the name would have been changed to the Riot In two Mines.

Shakspeare Re-versed.

"OXFORD for LANCASTER!"
(3. *Henry VI.* 5. 1.)
"Not LANKESTER for Oxford!"
Now the line must run.

APPROPRIATE, JUST NOW.—"G. O. M."—"Good Old Man!"

ENTER BISMARCK.

"I SPEAK OF PEACE, WHILE COVERT ENMITY,
UNDER THE SMILE OF SAFETY, WOUNDS THE WORLD;
AND WHO BUT 'BISMARCK,' WHO BUT ONLY I,
MAKE FEARFUL MUSTERS AND PREPARED DEFENCE."

Henry the Fourth, Part II. (Induction).

ROBERT AND CARL ROSA.

Our "Robert" is an awful temper, that is if we may judge of it by a brief and hurried note in pencil which he left at our office just the last moment before going to press, and then hurried off before any one could inquire of him what he meant by it. We give the note *in extenso:*—

"Just erd of advert. in *Times*, edded 'Karl Rosee Oprer Kumpny,' as sez, kwotin from the *Liverpool Hekker*, '*Robert the D——l*' (wich I blush to menshun) 'at the Kort Theayter.' Then it goes on a praysin hevrythink and hevryboddy, and speshully 'Maddum Burnses fine singing of "*Robert, O my beloved Robert!*"' My better arf 's horful hashytatered about it. She asks me hoo 's Maddum Burns, and what she meens by singing of "Robert, O her beloved Robert." Xkuse aste, wich is the konskence of urry an wurry, as I 'm orf to insult a Solister. More nex week on this subjik. "Robert."

"PLAY TIME."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,"—and some works and some plays I could mention would have the same effect on Jack, for the matter of that,—and so a little play now and then, say an occasional tragedy in four or five Acts, is just the thing to enliven our poor, Jack who found the very thing in the dramatic sensation produced last week at the Opéra Comique—need I say Mrs. Campbell Praed's four-act drama of *Ariane*. The production of the work is a sign of the times, and, whether good or bad, opens up a discussion, on problems of dramatic Art and moral teaching, not easy of solution. But of this anon—or "in our next"—as it may chance.

Ariane! Who gave her that name? Mrs. Campbell Praed. Whence came it? Evolved from her own inner consciousness—*Ariadne* with the little "d" left out. Coming to know who and what *Ariane* is, the name is happily chosen for its suggestion of Greek humanism. For this English play—not yet to be correctly described as "so English, you know"—is but a phase in the gradual development of the Naturalism of the Age,—Naturalism not pure and simple, but impure and complex. It is a powerfully interesting drama, played by a set of characters none of whom are conscious of their responsibility to any power, outside themselves, higher than a legally authorised tribunal.

In this play, not to speak it profanely, "there is none that doeth good, no not one,"—and yet who, that has any "knowledge of the world," as the phrase goes, can doubt but that the authoress has given us very real types of character, and in order to prevent as far as possible the objections of the English *Pecksniffs* and *Podsnaps*, and to suit the dish to Philistine taste, she has spiced it with an artful dash of subtle foreign flavour by calling her worst villain,—the scoundrelly old father,—the *Chevalier de Valence*, and the second blackguard, the would-be co-respondent, *Sir Leopold d'Acosta*. Bolder and worthier of her purpose would it have been, had Mrs. Praed called her heroine's father and lover by plain English names.

Except that no one can help chuckling at the manner of that atrocious old reprobate,—the *Chevalier*—admirably played by M. Marius—there is nothing to relieve the sadness of the piece. Its "Society" characters, who are merely accessories of the picture, talk too like real "Society people" to be amusing, and, indeed, such dialogue in the drama as is not essential to its action is tedious, and this in proportion to the interest aroused in the spectator by the acting of the principal characters. Mr. Leonard Boyne, in spite of a slight Irish brogue,—hardly perhaps in keeping with his somewhat Italian Hebraic title "*D'Acosta*,"—is an intensely earnest "lover"—profanation it is to use such a word for such a character! For Mrs. Bernard Beere as *Ariane*—"not a moral woman, not a religious woman—I would I were!" she says of herself—I have nothing but praise. Absolutely, her impersonation is faultless. I can think of no Actress on the English Stage who could even rival her in this sad, pitiful, miserable part. The Actress awakes our compassion for *Ariane* in her trials, our sincere regret that the life of such a woman, who might have been so good and true, should have been so utterly thrown away. Mrs. Beere's is a realistic performance of the very highest order. And so too is Mr. Henry Neville's impersonation of the sodden sot of a husband. I do not know in which of the four Acts he is best, so excellent, without the slightest exaggeration, is he in all. And the audience from, stalls to gallery were with this poor wretch of a husband, the victim of a cruel plot, when he vowed amendment, implored forgiveness, and then turned fiercely on the man who stood between him and his wife. But Pace the inevitable discussion which must arise, and quite understanding the objections to it, I like the play, though I doubt if it will ever be popular. What I do say, emphatically, is this, that any one who wishes to seriously study the art of acting, should see Mrs. Bernard Beere, M. Marius, and Mr. Henry Neville, in Mrs. Campbell Praed's *Ariane*.

It is difficult, though possible, to have too much of a good thing, but I must return for one evening to *The Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum, because I read that our Mary Anderson is leaving us. All, therefore, who want to see what *Perdita* ought to be—should haste to the Lyceum. Who was it said that "the dancing on the stage at present might be described as ungraceful or disgraceful: the merely graceful has vanished,"—who said this? It has been said; but there are some people who will see nothing and say anything, and most certainly as long as Mary Anderson can dance as *Perdita* at the rustic festival (it is all good every step of it), so long will there be the very model of artless unstudied grace in dancing on the stage. Never was there dancing so unstagey. The moral is, haste to the Lyceum and, before she is off to America, catch our Mary on the hop.

Yours, Jack-in-the-Box.

EX-AUSTIN.

It appears from the *Tablet* that a Correspondent has paid a visit to Canterbury on the "courteous invitation" of Mr. W. J. Austin, Surveyor to the Dean and Chapter (which he accepted with "considerable pleasure,") to inspect "the recent find of bones supposed to be those of St. Thomas of Canterbury." He writes that he was ushered into a drawing-room where he found a complete human skeleton "almost reverently laid out." "Almost,"—not quite,—then the skeleton must have been laid out with something less than reverence! Further, it appears that the "find of bones" ("the find of bones!") was placed in a drawing-room "in old times a hall." It has also transpired that the remains were at first laid in the dining-room, where they must have been a veritable skeleton at the feast. It is to be hoped that, to conceal their suggestiveness, they were not hidden amongst the contents of the cellarette. If this were indeed the case (and there is no limit to "less than reverence"), the house of the Surveyor might be appropriately labelled for the future, "Decanterbury."

OPERA CROP PROSPECTS.

Is it because the West End cannot support two concurrent pantomimes, that *Jack* has cut down his Beanstalk in the Garden and left *Puss-in-Boots* in possession of the Lane? Or is it that the stage of Covent Garden Theatre is required at once for the extensive preparations already occupying the mind of mighty Druriolanus, who, it rejoices *Mr. Punch's* heart to hear, is bent on restoring the good old times, and the good old tunes too, of Italian Opera,—"Good old Operas"—as they used to be, when Pater Augusti Druriolani ruled on the stage and Sir Michael Costa was King of the Winds and Strings in the orchestra. Already first-rate names are announced. "A" stands for Albani, always "A 1." and also for Arnoldson. *Prosit!*

Rhyme for Ratepayers.

Hooray, Mr. Diggle,
No wonder we giggle,
Such good news you 've brought us all round.
For Ratepayers laugh,
To see such fine sport,
As a penny knocked off in the pound!

Enough to Drive One Wild!—These "diplomatic changes," Lord Lansdowne to India, *vice* Lord Dufferin, Lord Stanley to Canada, Baron De Worms to the seat vacated by Lord Stanley; then changes at the Hague, at Athens, Belgrade, and Rio Janeiro, and moving about all round just in the second month of the year, is really enough to make Whitaker tear his hair; and as for Mr. Hazell, who has only just brought out his useful annual Cyclopædia, and whose motto is, "Avaunt, perplexity!" it is enough to give him what Theodore Hook's Mrs. Ram, Grandmother to our "Mrs. R.," called "a fit of perplexity," and she added, "Luckily there was a surgeon present who at once opened his jocular vein." How to get these new matters into his Cyclopædia is a Hazell-nut to crack. These Diplomatists have no compassion for poor compilers. They look on such useful works in the sort of way that Prince Bismarck says he regards the Press, as "so much printers' ink."

On account of having to dance attendance during the Session in the Dublin Law Courts, a certain Irish M.P. will be known in future as "Mr. Toe-and-Healy."

SIR CARDINAL AND THE BIG BIG "G."

MISERY AND ITS MEASURERS.

The Views of Jack Calliper, Operative out of Employ.

"There is no doubt that different opinions are entertained with reference to the extent of want of employment, and of the distress which exists. Some allege that it is excessive, and vast in its extent; others that it is no more than is normal and inevitable in a great town with varying employment."
—*Lord Herschell, in introducing to Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office a Deputation from Earl Compton's Committee on the existing Distress.*

EXCEPTIONAL or normal? Well, you see,
I do not know that it much interests me,
That mighty question;
Tramping long hours through London's frost and mire
An "Unemployed,"—no work, no food, no fire,
I raise my plaint, and these great men—Inquire,
Form deputations, talk, but no suggestion
Yet greets my ear
Of help immediate, practical and clear.

Clear! After reading all they say, I find
That rather more than ever my poor mind
Is in a muddle.
Perhaps 'tis cold and hunger makes me dense.
Words will not warm when chilled in soul and sense
Sheltered by some dark entry, arch, or fence,
Like birds in winter, half-starved creatures huddle,
Or lounge and lurk
About this busy Babylon, "Out of Work."

I 'm out, whoever 's in—*that* fact is clear;
And careful "averages," I greatly fear,
Won't mend my trouble.
What is the "normal" quantum of distress,
That none need fuss about, I cannot guess.
Whether 'tis what now reigns, or more, or less,
The sum of last year's woe, or half, or double,
HERSCHELL may ask,
I have no heart, my Masters, for the task.

It may not be "exceptional," perhaps,
That many thousands of us labouring chaps
Can find no labour.
GOSCHEN may see in arithmetic quest
No end of "intellectual interest;"
I know there 's misery in my own home-nest,
That in that misery I have many a neighbour;
And that 's enough
To make me sick of mere statistic stuff.

When SALISBURY was out he held, I think,
That it was Government's duty not to shrink
From boldly tackling
This demon of Distress. Well, now he 's in,
'Tis time the tackling business should begin.
But I suppose he finds—how "Outs" will grin!—
That ties of office are a trifle shackling—
At least, it seems
He holds his own old promises wild dreams.

Then he "would do his utmost to promote"
Our views about relief works. Worth a vote!—
But is he planning
Practical carrying out of those same views?
Nay, now 'tis quite another pair of shoes.
Countenance to heresy he must refuse,
And with a sneer he's down upon poor MANNING,
Help on whose pattern
Would only do in Jupiter or Saturn.

There 's no such difficult subject, so he says,
The Cardinal's "humanity" 's a craze.
To think of more law
Borrowed from counsellors who can't agree
Upon one single point, save that in Me
They have a "difficulty,"—well, you see
How the sneer fits! Fall back upon the Poor Law,
That blessed thing,
That to distress lends its most dreaded sting!

And Capital? And Caste? To seek the cause
Of misery in cold hearts and callous laws,
Mere Mammon-clutching,
Sweaters and speculators, slaves of sport,
Dives who, lest the banquet-spread run short,
Stints e'en the crumbs,—Cabinet, Church, and Court
Will tell us there be themes that won't bear touching;
The State they 'd fire.
No,—we 'll "consult our colleagues," we'll "inquire."

Inquire," inquire, my Masters! And meanwhile
We in blank Misery 's face must stare, and smile
Till inquest formal
Finds out if the Distress that racks our hearts
Means over-population, failing marts,
Our own unthrift, paupers from foreign parts;
And whether, after all, 'tis more than "normal."
Who'd fear to fall
Crushed by a Curse that's "not exceptional?"

Whether we have a "natural right," or not,
To anything beyond our burial plot—
To life, or labour—
Our masters do not seem at all agreed,
Some hold that the sharp pinch of utmost need,
Gives to the starving valid right to feed,
Some moral claim upon his happier neighbour.
Others again,
Oppose the idea with all their heart—or brain.

"Headless and heartless!" cries the Cardinal;
Then on him tooth and nail the pundits fall;
He's "sentimental,"
A fault that caps all crime, and that must bring
A "cataclysm" down on everything.
So to Society's good our suffering,
Seems something absolutely incidental!
The Poor's impiety,
May one day doubt thy right, divine Society!

Thy right divine to tax our toil and tears,
For some unknown "infinity of years,"
Just to keep stable
Thy precious pyramid whose spreading base,
Is raised by the crushed helots of our race;
Wealth crowns the lofty peak with gold and grace.
Beware my Masters, lest, like a new Babel,
Headlong it fall,
When misery really gets "exceptional!"

UNEMPLOYED!

The Plaint of a Pretty Girl.

[A writer on Fashions says that Bridesmaids are to be abolished.]

Great Hymen! The Bridesmaid abolished?
  Then Civilisation 's played out!
All is up with the pretty and polished;
  Make way for Old Maids and the Gout!
If Cupid's delectable *cultus*
  Is verily thus on the wane,
What use for the saps to insult us
  With talk of the triumphs of Brain?
Out on Art—though from far Yokohama,
  On Dress, though from Paris it come!
If a Pretty Girl's part in the drama
  Of Life is cut out, *they're* all hum!
'Tother day it was weddings were stopping;
  At least so the quill-drivers cried.
As rare as blue roses was "popping,"
  As scarce as the Dodo a Bride.
But oh! if a Girl did not marry,
  A Bridesmaid perchance she *might* be,
A bridal bouquet have to carry,
  Be armed by some bachelor he,
Make one of the beautiful bevy
  Who flocked round the altar in white;
But this last piece of news is so heavy
  It darkens our last gleam of light.
Adieu to the Church and the Minster!
  I must make up my mind, I'm afraid,
To live a disconsolate spinster,
  And finish a dowdy Old Maid.
The Bridesmaid abolished? Then banish
  Bright eye, ruddy lip, slender waist!
Let feminine vanity vanish—
  Love, ten-buttoned gloves, and good taste!
For what is the use of such matters,
  If Hymen is out of the hunt?
If men, who are all mad as hatters,
  The altar refuse to confront?
If the world, in a mood suicidal,
  With honeymoons utterly cloyed,
Resolves to abolish the Bridal,
  And leaves Pretty Girls "Unemployed"?

AN IMPERIAL CATECHISM.

Intended for the use of the Mystified Colonist.

Q. There has been in a recent number of the *Times*, some stir created by a reference to the granting by Her Majesty of a charter to the Organising Committee of the "Imperial Institute." In the article dealing with the subject, it was stated that the outcome of the enterprise was held to be "the knitting more closely the ties which unite the various parts of the Empire, and the promoting its industrial and commercial industry!" Can you tell me what steps the aforesaid Organising Committee have taken to give practical effect to this desirable result?

A. They have collected a good dale of money, held several enterprising meetings, cleared a site at South Kensington on which they are about to erect a red brick building, with a large tower and rooms intended for the reception of raw and other Colonial produce, and passed some general resolutions of a happy and hopeful, if of an airy character.

Q. Quite so. Then you do not think, though the Organising Committee are in process of getting a Charter granted to the "Imperial Institute," that they have any very definite idea of what sort of an undertaking they are endeavouring to set upon its legs.

A. No, I do not. I believe they entertain some vague fancy that now and then an occasional intending emigrant or Colonist happening to be in London, will go down to South Kensington for the purpose of inspecting some specimen of timber, corn, wool, or even furniture, not produced by the home country, and will be much edified by his visit.

Q. And do you think that this vague fancy, if realised, will largely contribute to the "knitting more closely the ties which unite the various parts of the Empire" that the Organising Committee propose to effect.

A. No. Honestly, I cannot say that I think it will.

Q. But there is allusion made to "Special Exhibitions," which will be held at the Institute annually, with a reference to the fact that "they ought to be made to pay for themselves" from the money taken at the doors. As the public will hardly crush in to look at a few second-hand Colonial Maps and products, can you conceive what sort of an entertainment the Committee have in their eye to propose, with a view to drawing a crowded audience?

"RESPONSIBILITY."

Grandmamma (quoting last School Report). "'Idle!—Insubordinate!—Playing Truant!' Oh, Herbert! I was shocked to hear this! And your Papa and Mamma, how distressed they must have been!—and you their only Child too! When you ought, on that account, to be all the more a comfort to them."

Herbert. "Oh yes, Gran'ma', 's all very fine! But it 's rather rough on a Fellow to have to be so jolly Good for a lot of Bro'ers an' Sis'ers he hasn't got!!"

AN EYE FOR PROPORTION.

"Come in and have some Lunch, Professor. My Husband will lend you a Pair of Trousers, if yours are wet."

"My dear Mrs. Poyntz! Why, I'm twice your Husband's size!" "*Two* Pairs then!"

A. No. I own that the problem is one that has fairly puzzled me.

Q. I am not surprised. Do you think, however, they will again have recourse to the Coloured Lights, Military Bands, and general tea-garden attractions of the good old "South Kensington Ring" times, or that, failing the outdoor accommodation for such a programme, they will fall back upon some well-considered scheme, that would at one and the same time maintain to a certain degree the dignity of the Institute and yet tickle the public taste?

A. Yes, now that I come to reflect upon the matter, I should say they would decidedly do this, and probably inaugurate their experiment with at least a series of appropriate dissolving views accompanied possibly by a comic song or two for the purpose of investing the whole with a little lively interest. They might even introduce judiciously a little Nigger Minstrelsy.

Q. That is an excellent suggestion. May I ask what has induced you to make it?

A. Certainly. I noted that the name of the Archbishop of York figured prominently among those of the distinguished but heterogeneous crowd of gentlemen who constitute the Organising Committee. I naturally associated his Grace with that sombre and respectable form of recreation that is characteristic of the dissolving view.

Q. And the introduction of the "comic song or two," and "the little Nigger Minstrelsy," to which you referred?

A. Was inspired solely by seeing the name of the Lord Mayor.

Q. Quite so. You refer, however, to the names of the members of the Organising Committee, and you have doubtless read some of them with astonishment, if not with pleasure. Can you tell me, for instance, why that of the President of the Royal Academy should figure on the list?

A. No; I cannot for the life of me imagine any conceivable reason why it should.

Q. You do not recognise any connection by which the discharge of his functions as the acknowledged head of the artistic world in the country marks him out specially as a fitting representative of a scheme organised for the purpose of "knitting more closely the ties which unite the various parts of the Empire"?

A. No; I most certainly do not.

Q. Then you regard the constitution of the Organising Committee as a little bit "mixed"?

A. Yes, as I do their ideas of the undertaking they are organising as a little bit "muddled."

Q. And you do not look very hopefully on either the near or remote prospects of the "Imperial Institute"?

A. No, I cannot say that I do. I regard it in the present as a big-sounding name, meaning nothing, to conjure with, and nothing more.

Q. And what effect do you think, when fairly started, it is likely to have on the Colonist of the future.

A. I should say that, when fairly started, it would mystify him considerably.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

No, no, *Paul Patoff* won't do after *Marzio's Crucifix*. It may or may not compare favourably with Mr. Marion Crauford's other novels with which I am unacquainted, but it is a novel so distinctly inferior in style and construction to *Marzio's Crucifix*, that it might have been written by a different hand. It begins capitally, and the interest of the story is well sustained up to the discovery of "my long lost brother" without the "strawberry mark on his left arm"; but after this it is, as it were, one long anti-climax. Of *Marzio's Crucifix* you can, indeed you must, read every line, but with *Paul Patoff* the habitual novel-reader may take plenty of exercise in the way of skipping almost all the pages where he does not see any dialogue leading up to a situation. *A propos* of dialogue, *Professor Cutter's* opinion (whether it be the author's or not. I cannot pretend to say) on "puns" might have pleased Dr. Samuel Johnson, but would not have been considered flattering by Shakspeare. A mere punster who is perpetually punning in season and out of season, is, of course, as great a nuisance as the stupid person who has got by heart a considerable portion of Shakspeare's plays, and who interrupts every conversation with inopportune quotations; but such puns as Sheridan, Hook, Hood, and, in our own time H. J. Byron could make, were mirth-moving, and frequently the occasion of their utterance gave the word-play all the condensed force of a neatly-turned satirical epigram. "Those who cry out against the play on words as an unnatural and affected invention," says Schlegel on the *jeux de mots* of Shakspeare, "only betray their own ignorance of original nature." The characters, including this Professor, who is unintentionally a bore, are not drawn with a Marion Crauford-like touch, vigorous and incisive, but are rather ordinary puppets from the stock-in-trade of the professional novelist. They are not Craufordian figures, but common Marionettes.

The Author of *By Virtue of his Office*, writes to say that he did not make his *Miss Verity* claim to be the author of *The Children's Cry* in one of *Mr. Punch's* numbers, but that when this young lady blushingly owns the soft impeachment of having written something, at all events, in the particular issue alluded to in the novel, she didn't mean *The Children's Cry* by one of *Mr. Punch's* dear clever Boys, but the poem in which there was as much soul as in Browning's *Cry of the Children*. I hope this is perfectly clear to somebody.

The second volume of the Henry Irving *Shakspeare*, which is being issued by Messrs. Blackie, is just out. Unfortunately I was "just out" when it arrived, and could only glance at its contents on my return to office. The illustrations by Gordon Browne seem to me excellent compositions, dramatic, but not theatrical. The plentiful annotations, prefaces, histories, and explanations, are by Mr. Frank Marshall, assisted by Mr. P. Z. Round, so that, as Mr. Marion Crauford's *Professor Cutter* might say, "we have the statements and facts duly Marshalled, and the result should be good all Round."

I've read two out of the *Four Ghost Stories*, by Mrs. Molesworth. The first is commonplace; I've known the ghost of that old lady in the lumber-room for years, but Mrs. Molesworth's description of "brushing past a ghost on the stairs," suggests a new sensation; otherwise it did not make my flesh creep, as the immortal "Fat Boy in *Pickwick*" said—(fancy a set of ghost stories by the Fat Boy!)—and as to the second story,—well, I had heard it before. I began the third Ghost Story last night, but the interest it aroused up to the sixteenth page was not sufficient to keep me sitting up to finish the tale. Just wait till I bring out my *Haunted House with ten Ghost Storeys and a Lift!* that will make your hair stand on end like quills—no, like steel pens in the "reversible pen-cleaner," a most useful invention, by the way. More in my next, unless press of business compels me to transfer some odd volumes to another critic who will not sign himself, as I do,

Baron de Book Worms.

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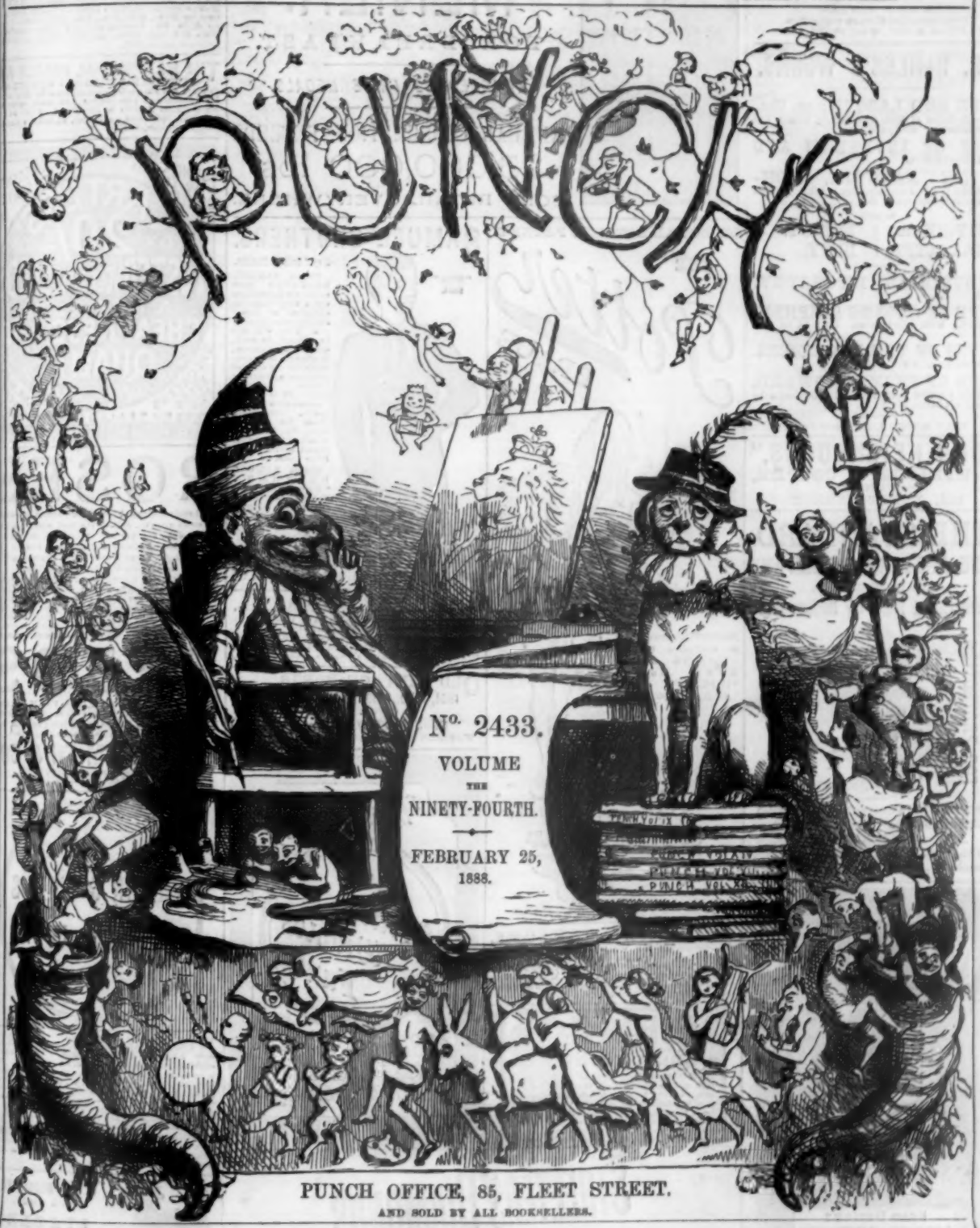

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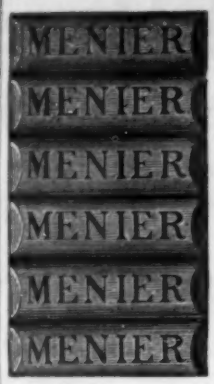

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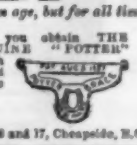

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THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(*Before* Mr. Commissioner Punch.)

A Newspaper Proprietor introduced.

Commissioner. Well, Sir, what can I do for you?

Witness. I would ask you to assist me in amending the libel laws.

C. Certainly, if they are unfair. But first, of what have you to complain?

W. If you will allow me, I will tell you first what we consider just, and then what we feel to be unjust.

C. If you please?

W. We have not the slightest objection to any statute that really protects the public from unwarrantable and unjustifiable attacks in the columns of a newspaper. It is manifestly to the interest of every journalist who has the dignity of his profession at heart, to lend every assistance to the crushing of really scurrilous publications.

C. Yes. And you think that the libel laws go further than this?

W. Unquestionably. Their present condition is such as to offer a direct incitement to unscrupulous and needy adventurers to commence frivolous actions against respectably conducted journals, for the obvious purpose of extorting black mail. Only the other day one of the Judges remarked that this class of actions now formed the most important branch of the work carried on in the Courts.

C. I fancy Mr. Justice Manisty made that observation.

W. I think so, and Mr. Justice Day delivered himself of words to the same effect. But these actions which come into Court form but a fraction of the total number of proceedings either commenced or threatened. In many instances proceedings are initiated by speculative solicitors, who look for their reward in the costs they obtain. It is a known fact that some of these gentlemen actually watch the columns of various newspapers, with a view to ferreting out personal allusions likely to be productive of libel proceedings.

C. Really! This is a most extraordinary statement.

W. But one that can be substantiated. There is a case on record in which an action was actually commenced before any authority to proceed had been given by the person alleged to be libelled.

C. I suppose this affects country papers more than London ones?

W. Possibly; for in the Provinces, where journalism (especially in remote districts) is not so prosperous as in the Metropolis, a mere threat of an action for libel has the most disquieting effect. Many a proprietor, sure of the justice of his cause, pays a sum down to avoid further litigation.

C. But surely if he persevered he would gain his cause, *plus* costs, from the plaintiff who had been so unwise as to sue him?

W. But suppose that plaintiff is a man of straw, without a penny in his pocket, what remedy has the unfortunate defendant then?

C. I see your point. Well, what do you suggest?

W. That matters may be made better by the passing of a Bill, introduced by Sir Algernon Borthwick, and which will come on for its Second Reading on the 28th of the present month.

C. What are the provisions of this measure?

W. 1. The extension of absolute privilege to accurate reports of all meetings or official notices, which it is right and proper should be published. 2. The limiting of the sums to be recovered (when neither malice nor gross negligence can be proved) to such damages as the plaintiff can show that he has really sustained by the publication of the libel. 3. The prevention of repeated actions for the same libel, and 4. The enlargement of the power of Judges to order impecunious plaintiffs to find security for costs.

C. How about Criminal Prosecutions for libel?

W. By this measure this would also be restricted, and a defendant would be allowed to appear as a witness on his own behalf.

C. The proposed Act seems in every way reasonable. I hope it is well supported.

W. It is backed in the Commons by such representative men as Mr. John Morley, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Jennings, Dr. Cameron, and Sir Albert Rollit. I am glad to say that Mr. Dwyer Gray (a distinguished member of the Nationalist party) is also giving the measure a most cordial support.

C. Good! With such persons to back the Bill, it should be passed without any difficulty. What can I do for you?

W. I should be very glad if you would kindly inform the public that Sir Algernon's measure does not in any way lessen the responsibility of proprietors to keep their newspapers free from real libel, but merely protects them from vexatious prosecution and consequent black-mail.

C. I will see that the matter is mentioned in the proper quarter.

[*The Witness, thanking the Commissioner for his courtesy, then withdrew.*

THREE VIEWS OF JUSTICE.

In England.—Prisoner *before a* Police Magistrate.

Prisoner. Please, your Worship, I wish to tell you that——

Magistrate. Stop, I can hear nothing from you without warning you that anything you say may be taken down in writing and used against you at your trial.

Pris. But, I must insist that I really did do——

Mag. No, no, I refuse to hear you! It is contradictory to the best traditions of our law, that you should incriminate yourself.

Pris. But I insist that it was I who——

Mag. Silence! I will not hear you! I tell you that you are doing yourself harm. It is the aim of Justice to give every one in England a chance of getting off, whether guilty or not guilty.

Pris. But it is not a question of guilty or not guilty. I frankly confess——

Mag. Confess! The man must be mad! Let him be removed.

In France.—Prisoner *before a* Juge.

Prisoner. I can assure Monsieur that I am innocent.

Juge. Pig! Scoundrel! Liar!

Pris. But I am not a liar, for I say I did not commit the crime.

Juge. I will not hear you tell such a deliberate untruth! It is a scandal—an infamy!

Pris. But, Monsieur, I protest——

Juge. Did you not say when we dined together that you had done the deed?

Pris. No; Monsieur, a thousand times, no!

Juge. But I say a thousand times, yes! There was a shorthand writer taking down your confession, concealed beneath the table.

Pris. Oh, my mother!

Juge. It is of no service to you to appeal to your mother! Your mother has a scoundrel for her son!

Pris. Oh!

Judge. You need not weep—it will avail you nothing!

Pris. But at least tell me when I made this famous confession?

Judge. After you had taken four bottles of brandy, and were attempting to wind up your watch with a corkscrew. Let him be removed.

In Utopia.—Prisoner *before* a Representative of Common Sense.

Prisoner. To avoid expense and anxiety I wish to confess.

Representative. Certainly I will not stop you, if you are suffering from neither hysteria nor dementia.

Pris. I am perfectly sane, and was never calmer in my life.

Rep. Have you witnesses who can corroborate your statements?

Pris. Assuredly. But not only this, everything I did connected with this sad affair was in the presence of third parties.

Rep. Very well. Let him be removed.

Mr. Punch's Congratulations to Two Rising Young Men.

Mr. Jeune, the well-known ecclesiastical counsel, has "taken silk." His persuasive addresses in Court were always delivered in a taking silky tone. He is now Q.C., and will in future fill the *rôle* of "*Fort Jeune Premier.*"

Mr. Montagu Williams is also a Q.C. His work at Greenwich in relieving the sufferers during a time of exceptional distress, shows of what excellent stuff this new Silk is made. The poor in his district, who may not have so far availed themselves of the School Board's kind offices as to adapt Shakspeare to their purpose and say, "This *is* a Montagu, our *friend*," may yet remember him for some time to come as "The Divine Williams." Everybody is saying that Mr. Montagu Williams "deserves great credit" for his conduct. Quite so: but he himself says, "No Credit, Cash!"

Charm of a Scotch Smoking Concert.—The Pipes.

KIND UNCLE SARUM.

Uncle Sarum. "THERE, MICKY, MY BOY, DON'T TOUCH THAT NASTY JAM, IT'LL MAKE YOU IN SUCH A MESS: AND HERE'S A NICE SLICE OF PUDDING TO STOP YOUR MOUTH WITH!"

OH, what stories they've told of you, MICKY, my boy,
They who wish Tory troops all disbanded!
That in G. O. M. Jam you can take any joy,
That by sugared decoys you are "landed."
That Home (Rule) made Jam, my dear MICK, is a sham,
Its concocter is simply half crazy.
What, you cock an eye at his cupboard? Oh, fie!
Come, MICKY dear, can't you be aisy?

I tell you, dear boy, you are at the wrong jar.
Try *my* Sweets, they're the true Sweets—of Office.
This Cabinet Pudding is nicer by far
Than Dame GLADDY's treacles and toffies.

'Tis merest moonshine to their side to incline,
You *must* be a regular daisy.
They 'll just "wipe your eye," if their stickjaw you try.
Arrah, MICKY, now, can't you be aisy?

With me and brave ARTHUR what times you have spent.
We are making the biggest success, too.
With that sickly stodge *you* can ne'er be content;
It will make you in such a fine mess, too.
Lean to W. G.? That's all fiddle-de-dee.
I know you're not greedy, or lazy.
Try this lovely plum-duff; it is really prime stuff.
Join in, MICKY, and then take it aisy!

Long years, MICKY mine, in the cold Tories passed,
Till they asked Uncle SARUM to lead them.
With brave ARTHUR we've risen to glory at last.
Rads tempt you, dear MICK! Do not heed them!
Turn, turn from their cupboard; Grand Old Mother
Who keeps it, is wicked, and crazy. [Hubbard,
Don't linger, don't look! On the G. O. M.'s hook,
Dear MICKY, you *could* not be aisy!

LENTEN DISCOURSES.

AMONG other valuable works for this penitential season is a treatise on Gout by Dr. ROBSON ROOSE, which has already run through several editions—a feat remarkable in a gouty volume—and soon there will be a new truth in a re-adaptation of the old proverb, "*Chacun a sa Goutte.*" Not the least useful are the foot-notes, as might be expected, and if the rules herein given are rigidly obeyed, any gouty subject of Her Gracious MAJESTY will be cured of the malady *in toe-toe.* Diet is everything, or nearly everything, and in order to keep this well before his patients, Dr. ROOSE might start a set of Chambers for Gouty Persons in the locality where "SCRUBINDA the Fair" once dwelt, namely, "Dyott Street, Bloomsbury Square"—if still existing. One cure, old-fashioned, perhaps, but none the worse for that, the learned Doctor has omitted, which is, in the words of the old song—

Punch cures the gout,
The colic and the phthisic.

In fact so efficacious has the remedy been in the last-mentioned case that the latest dictionary marks the word as "obsolete." When will the gout be obsolete? Suppressed gout, forsooth! suppress it altogether. Dr. ROBSON ROOSE's antigouty (or ain't-I-gouty!) *menus* are becoming the order of the evening, and will supersede all others, as, *par excellence*, "*dîners à la Roose.*"

A CASE TO WHICH A BARRISTER OBJECTS.—A Fee-nominal one.

SUB PUNCH-AND-JUDICE.—We trust he will be found "a Good 'Templer,'" after all.

A FAILURE!

Irish Contributor (at a "check"). "BY THE POWERS—'WISH I HADN'T BOUGHT THIS TYPE-WRITER-R—'T CANN'T SPELL A BIT!"

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

THE Vicar of Sheffield has been trying a new departure. Having interested himself in procuring work for the Unemployed, in order to test its quality he has taken a turn in the Stone-yard himself. He appears not particularly to have relished the experiment, yet, as a contemporary has pointed out, it seems to be one that might be imitated with much advantage in many quarters. Fancy Lord SALISBURY, for instance, practically testing the working of the Coercion Acts by passing twenty-four hours, with a plank-bed thrown in, in an Irish gaol; or Sir CHARLES WARREN, purposely disguised as a Trafalgar Square loafer, summarily run in by one of his own irrepressible underlings; or, for the matter of that, imagine Mr. GLADSTONE boycotted in Ireland by mistake by his National League friends, who, according to his teaching, don't know the meaning of the word "outrage," and never have recourse to it at all. The fact is, most men have a great deal to say upon matters concerning which they have no sort of experience whatever. What does "G.," the confident *Times* Correspondent, know about the prevailing distress? Precious little, at least the smallness of the quantity makes it precious. It is for the teaching and enlightening of such outsiders that the recent conduct of the Vicar of Sheffield calls for special commendation. For his turn at the Stone-yard he deserves the best thanks of all those who are earnestly interested in finding some practical solutions for the many staggering and perplexing questions that are just now occupying public attention.

A NOTE AND A QUERY.

THERE were three first-rate speeches on the occasion of the Theatrical and Musical Sick Fund Dinner at the Métropole last Wednesday, as there could not very well help being, with young Mr. LAWSON, M.P., in the chair, and Mr. SALA and Mr. EDMUND YATES on their legs. We quite agree with the general sentiment there expressed, that all these Theatrical and Musical Funds should be amalgamated in "one great whole." At present it appears there is one very great hole—in the purse of this particular charity, whose funds, according to the Chairman, are at a very low ebb.

We trust that "a meeting like this" will "make amends," and mark the Turn of the Tide. There is only one question, which we ask in no carping spirit, with regard to all charitable banquets, and that is, Is a "big feed" absolutely necessary to insure attendance, donations, and subscriptions? It is, of course, "so English, you know." But would it not be a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance," and would not an afternoon or evening gathering, with popular Chairman and Speakers in their places, cost far less, and then the money which would otherwise have been spent on the eating and drinking should of course go to replenish the coffers of the fund? Is the *argumentum ad stomachum* essential? It ought not to be. Are there no other means by which a still more satisfactory result may be obtained, except by these fare methods?

BAG AND BAGGAGE.

"The Office of Petty Bag, worth eight hundred pounds per annum, is now extinct, and will not be filled up."—*Daily Paper.*

FAREWELL, you antique Puzzle, left
For modern times to guess;
Yours was a post which seemed to bear
The *stamp* of foolishness!

Why "Petty"? To explain it all
Imagination flags;
Was there another, grander one?
In fact, a "pair of bags"?

Oh, did he over Royal jinks
A mystic glamour cast?
Or did he "travel" for his bread,
This bagman of the past?

What was his function? Did he [fill
Daily that Petty Bag?
If so, with what material—
With rock, or stone, or slag?

Or did he argue day and night
With folk who failed to see
That filling Petty Bags was not
A petty larceny?

Perchance a "lucky bag" he bore,
A man to children dear;
Or did he awe a Court of Law
Whene'er he did appear?

Alas! that Bag is empty now,
Its strings are left untied;
One relic more of days of yore
Cast ruthlessly aside!

About the saving of the cash
It will not do to brag;
Eight hundred pounds is 'after all,
Only a petty "bag"!

SOMETHING LIKE "A SPORTING PARSON."—The CHAPLIN of the Jockey Club.

GRANDOLPHIAN RUMOURS.

Culled from the Continental Press.

Lord Randolph Churchill and the Czar.—Still further revelations are now forthcoming which put the nature of the great free-

Grandolph wandering.

handed English politician's negotiations at St. Petersburg beyond a doubt. Russia giving the signal by taking Vienna by a *coup de main*, a combined Anglo-Russian Fleet will bombard Constantinople, and several Mediterranean ports. This will bring Germany into the field, and give France her chance to cross the frontier. She will be assisted in this by England, who throwing 250,000 men into Belgium, and as many more as she can spare into the Baltic provinces, will wheel down on to Berlin from the North. A re-division of Europe will be the result, in which half of Germany and the whole of the Balkan States will disappear altogether. His Lordship has not yet communicated his scheme to Lord Salisbury, but he is confident that, though not exactly on the lines of his traditional policy, he will "talk him into it" in less than ten minutes.

Lord Randolph Churchill and the Grand Llama of Thibet.—The distinguished English statesman, it is now confidently reported, met the great Asiatic potentate, who happened to be paying a visit the other day to Moscow in disguise. An animated conversation is said to have ensued, in which the Irish question, in which the Llama appeared to take a lively interest, the last Report of the London School Board, the overland route to China, and the booking for the Drury Lane Pantomime were exhaustively discussed. On his Lordship promising to secure the Llama a good engagement at the Westminster Aquarium in the event of his ever paying a visit to London, the latter undertook to settle the little difficulty that has recently arisen at Sikkim, and the meeting terminated on both sides with an expression of the most cordial sentiments.

Lord Randolph Churchill, and the King of the Cannibal Islands.—The clever and enterprising British diplomatist was introduced to His Majesty yesterday, and the interview is said to have been in every way satisfactory, the King, on the conclusion of the palaver, insisting on investing the distinguished statesman in question with a collar of human noses. A commercial treaty, granting reciprocal advantages, including the right of natives to have the free run of the southern shores of the Isle of Wight, where they shall be at liberty to devour each other, the local Coastguard, or other inhabitants, was rapidly drawn up, and Lord Randolph warmly expressed his confidence that the Premier would sanction its signature with cordial enthusiasm.

Lord Randolph Churchill and the President of the French Republic.—It is thoroughly understood in well-informed circles that the meeting of the brilliant ex-Cabinet Minister and President Carnot has led to the happiest results. An offensive and defensive alliance, the cession of the Channel Islands, the neutralisation of Malta, and the evacuation of Egypt are said to have been the prominent items of a treaty which Lord Randolph had no hesitation in assuring the French Government he could get Lord Salisbury at any moment to accept. Though speculation on the subject is still rife, the youthful statesman is said to have expressed himself, both publicly and privately in all circles, with such thorough assurance in reference to it, that no surprise is expressed on the Bourse at the continued downward tendency of all foreign securities.

Lord Randolph Churchill and the Pope.—His Holiness yesterday granted an audience to the young English statesman, and after an interview that, report says, lasted five hours and a half, was pleased to express himself as highly gratified with the result. It is understood that a couple of Nuncios will forthwith be appointed to St. James's, and that a British representative will be sent to the Vatican. It appears that His Lordship assured in turn successively thirty-seven Cardinals, on whom he subsequently called, that if Lord Salisbury did not immediately "see" the arrangement, on it being explained to him, he would undertake to make him do so "in two twos."

Lord Randolph Churchill and the Shah.—The interview which was of a most interesting character, came off to-day, His Majesty stipulating partly in bad French and partly through an interpreter, that, in consideration of his undertaking certain obligations in regard to Russian action in Afghanistan, Lord Randolph should open negotiations with the Alhambra Company, Limited, with a view to the despatch of their entire *corps de ballet* to Teheran by an early mail. It was also understood that in the event of the Shah paying a visit to London in the course of next year, and there being some difficulty about putting him up again at Buckingham Palace, his Lordship should arrange to hire the Agricultural Hall or some other suitable building affording the required accommodation for His Majesty and his attendant *suite*. Lord Randolph having received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Blue Hyæna in paste, and assured His Majesty that it would be "all right" with Lord Salisbury, who had given him *carte blanche* to act as he thought best, then withdrew in boisterous spirits, and the interview, that had been characterised throughout by a great deal of good-humoured *badinage*, abruptly terminated.

A subsequent report announces that His Lordship was also about to visit the Chief Archimandrite, the Emperor of Brazil, the King of the Belgians, the Sheik-al-Islam, the Ex-Khedive, Mwanga, the Ameer of Afghanistan, Prince Bismarck, and the Sultan of Morocco; and that, owing to his exuberant intellectual activity, and boundless confidence in his ability to twist the present British Cabinet round his little finger, the liveliest interest was already manifested in the diplomatic outcome of the various projected interviews, the details of which will no doubt be forthcoming in a later edition.

BONNY DUNDEE!

New Version, as sung by Lord S-l-sb-ry.

Before the Election.

To the Dundee Electors our General spoke:
"Ere the Queen's crown goes down I will strike a good stroke;
And let every man who loves Union and me,
Poll for General Daly at Bonny Dundee.
Then up with Coercion, and down with the Plan!
Let every true Voter do all that he can;
Send Firth to the right-about-face, and put me
At the top of the poll, boys, in Bonny Dundee!"

After the Election.

Hurrah! Their majority 's down by a fourth!
There *are* Unionists, Gladdy, you see, in the North,
More than four thousand of them, my Gladdy, you see,
Have followed our Standard at Bonny Dundee.
Then up with the Crimes Act, and down with the Plan!
E'en the Scots are deserting their own Grand Old Man.
Ah! tremble, false Rads, in your premature glee,
You have not seen the last of my Tories and me.

A LIBERAL UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENT.

We see that W. S. Lilly, the Huxley-tackler in the *Fortnightly Review*, has been appointed by the Cambridge Senate one of the "Lightfoot" Examiners. We do not wish to paint the Lilly, but really he must be a most accomplished gentleman, unless we misunderstand the nature of his new duties. "Lightfoot Examiner" must surely be a Terpsichorean Professor, who examines those Undergraduates who are studying for the ballet as a profession. Or, perhaps Lightfoot is a "derangement" of syllables, and it ought to be "Footlight" Examiner, who would have to set the papers for such A.D.C. Cantabs who may be thinking of going on the Stage. Will Girton follow suit, and appoint Madame Kattie Lanner as their Lightfoot Examiner, and "The Jersey Lily" as the Footlight Professor? Clearly, steps in the right direction. But we're progressing by leaps and bounds nowadays.

Appropriate Sign for a new Tavern with a Grill-Room.—"The Tudor Monarchs!—celebrated for Steaks and Chops."

Professor Herkomer's Opinion of English Pictorial Art.—"All 'Walker,'"—that is, it would be all the better if it were.

THE 'SLOGGER."

'Twas the voice of the "Slogger." I heard him exclaim,
"Is there no one in England who 's clever and game?"

As the lion aroused, from his lair stalking forth,
So he threw up his head and snorted with wrath.

"Just one big triumph more; then to rest at my leisure.
How happily living in feasting and pleasure
I'd pass all my time, but I'm now forced to train,
Why tempt me with flattery, weeds, and champagne?"

I journeyed to Windsor, and saw in his *suite*
Every manner of man bowing down at his feet:
Where he goes a triumphal procession is made;
"Though in train, not in training," says I, "I 'm afraid."

I paid him a visit, for I thought, "While I can,
I'll endeavour to see this most marvellous man."
He told me his hopes, his exploits in the ring;
And thought a "pug" far better off than a king.

Then thought I, "Well, from this I a moral can glean.
What that hero 's now, why might I not have been?
If my parents had trained me for combat, not clerking,
I'd be fighting and feasting, not starving and working."

A WORD IN SEASON.

That Charles Dibdin, the British Sailor's Poet Laureate, should lack a suitable Memorial, that his modest and little-known tomb, even, should be in danger of disturbance and desecration, are things shameful in themselves, and doubly disgraceful to a country which professes at least, like the lass in a song, to "love a sailor." Every wind that blows would breathe the shame abroad, did England allow it to be perpetuated. But only "lubbers and swabs" could contentedly contemplate such a scandal.

"Since he died in honour's cause,
'Twas all one to Jack,"

was the characteristic sentiment of one of Dibdin's typical tars, a sentiment which, like enough, Dibdin would have shared. But 'tis *not* all one to John, whether the remains of his favourite Sea Singer are treated with honour or dishonour. On Dibdin's gravestone in the cemetery of St. Martin's, Pratt Street, are the following lines from his own often sung, ever-applauded "*Tom Bowling*":—

"His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he 's gone aloft."

Yes, Charles Dibdin "did his duty," in a fashion that laid sea-girt England under an eternal obligation. Now let England do hers!

SEVEN HUNDRED A YEAR.

A Ballade for the Hesitating Bachelor.

Would you ride in trim Hansoms, and go to the stalls,
Give your nice little dinners, indulge in champagne,
Accept all your invites; show at crushes and balls,
In the *Morning Post's* columns perhaps see your name?
Would you friends with the style of your *ménage* impress,
Keep a good set about you, hear people admit,
That your wife is a woman who knows how to dress,
And conjecture she costs you an average bit?
You may manage this somehow! But this is quite clear,
That you won't do it on *Seven hundred a year!*

But should you to fair Tooting, or Hackney, or Bow,
Steer your course and avoid all Society's rocks;—
The gay omnibus use, and the theatre but know,
As revealed from the gloom of the mild upper box:
Not mind the cold mutton, get your clothes ready made,
Go to Margate in June when you yearn for the sea,
And regale all such friends as your household invade,
In the limits afforded by five o'clock tea:
You may plunge! Take a wife; face the goal without fear!
You'll not fail—if you boast *Seven hundred a year!*

PLAY-TIME.

The axe, the hatchet, and the pruning-knife have been at work at the Haymarket, and *Partners*—our advice, be it remembered, was "Change Partners"—has been improved, as we are informed, almost off the face of the earth. Mr. German-Christmas-Tree has been reduced to a shrub, a rum shrub, and as the other parts gain by his loss, an audience has no longer to accept "the part for the whole," and so may find more variety in the entertainment than there was before. But when all 's said and done—and of course there is even less said and done than at first—*Partners* can never be a good play, and there 's an end of it.

Quite Full.

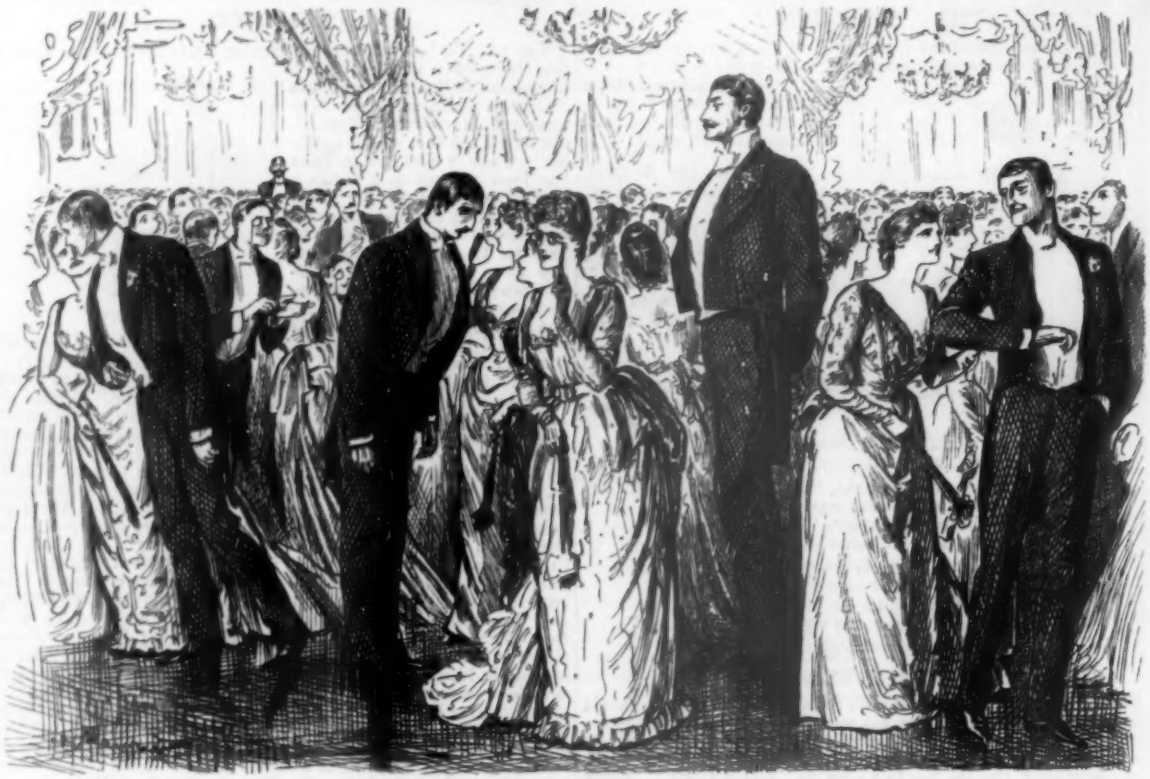
Evidently there are some Managers who are so 'umble as to take critical slashing cheerfully, and profit by the process. Within the last two months *Frankenstein* and *Partners* were slashed—a slashed doublet—and straightway the Managers bowed to superior judgment, made some alterations, and then by judiciously letting the critics know that their invaluable suggestions had been adopted—highly flattering this to the Critical Faculty—the astute Managers obtained, and justly obtained, second notices, in which the same critics, self-constituted for the occasion as a Court of Appeal, upset their first verdict. After this, who shall say that Theatrical Criticism is not beneficial? Only it rather unsettles the faith of the public in their guides, if one day they read that a piece is "intrinsically bad," and that "the sooner it is off the stage the better," and then within the next three weeks they hear of the same piece that "it has now been worked up, and goes capitally," or "considerable alterations have been made, and the piece, as now represented, is likely to have a long run." Why not do away with *premières* altogether, except for the critics, who, each individually, should deliver his written judgment as to whether the piece was a dish to be set before King Public or not, and if not, what alterations would make it so? Then criticism might do some good. The *première* should be heard *in camerâ*, and one week at least should elapse before it was brought before the Supreme Court of Final Appeal, the Public. There are a great many objections to this plan, which I have not time nor space to consider now.

Mr. Toole re-appeared on Saturday. There was joy in King William Street when "Johnnie came marching home,"—although perhaps a trifle halting—"*Dot* and go one"—after his severe attack. Never mind an occasional halt, as long as he stops where he is, and is as droll as ever.

I paid a second visit to *Ariane*, and see no reason for modifying in the slightest degree the favourable opinion I expressed last week. I have seen it stigmatised as an "immoral play." A play is not immoral unless in some way or other it makes vice attractive. Had the dialogue in this piece been as brilliant as that of the *School for Scandal*, and had the death of the husband set *Ariane* free to marry the would-be co-respondent, and live happily ever after, then, indeed, the piece would have been justly styled "immoral." As it is, however, the wretched set of *dramatis personæ* lead a miserable existence, and two of them come to a wretched end. I should like Mrs. Campbell Praed to omit two short speeches, of which one is in questionable taste and absolutely unnecessary. I should also like *Ariane* to "die and make no sign." Her last words are, I admit, consistent with the character of her life, but here, I contend, that silence would indeed have been golden. Let me recommend everyone to see *The Ticket of Leave Man*, at the Olympic, not for the sake of the acting generally, but of Mr. Willard particularly. His disguise and his assumption of character in the Second Act are admirable. Mrs. Stephens is as old and as good as ever—not a day older—and Mr. Smedley Yates makes the most of that highly absurd and old-fashioned comic character *Green Jones*, in fact makes him a very bright *Green Jones*.

Suggestive of a Cell.—Some of the Members who have been entertained at the expense of the country seem to be anxious to appear in the House of Commons in prison costume. The idea was anticipated some time since in the streets, where sandwich men were employed to advertise certain pieces by appearing in the garb of convicts. Thus the notion is not new. Besides this, will they not be suspected of drawing the long-bow when they begin to speak, if they are found wearing marks of the broad-arrow?

Historical.—When was England a real Sporting Country?—When the entire Nation had one great Bet on the throne.



TWO FAMOUS TRYSTING-SPOTS.

Colonel Sir Talbot Ironsides (of the Scotch Blues) and young Reginald Strongi'th'arm (of the Life Guards Grey) are the two Finest Men in London, and as such are visible a long way off; so that, in crowded Ball-rooms, Young People have got into a way of making use of them, saying to each other, as the case may be—"Meet me at Sir Talbot for the Highland Schottische!" or "Be at Reggie Strongi'th'arm at a Quarter past Twelve, and I will come and take you down to Supper." &c., &c.

"SUCH GOOD BOYS!"

Oh, please, Sir! Oh, don't, Sir! You will not want *that*, Sir,
That nasty new birch hung up there on the wall.
Lor! you might as well threaten poor boys with the "Cat," Sir.
We're sure that this half you won't need it at all.
We mean to be good, oh, we do, Sir, indeed!
(*Aside.*)
Keep it up, keep it up, and we're bound to succeed!

So naughty last term? Well, we fear that we were, Sir.
The tasks, Sir, you see, were so *thundering* stiff.
Ah, yes, we did, some of us, Sir, play the bear, Sir.
The naughty pea-shooter, the nasty sly whiff?
Quite true; but this half we shall all be all right.
(*Aside.*)
Now then, you young fool, keep that squirt out of sight!

You see, Sir, last term, Sir, the Masters were new, Sir:
We hadn't got used to 'em, Sir, that's a fact.
Took sights at yourself on the sly, Sir? Too true, Sir.
(No use to deny it when caught in the act.)
But never again, Sir, will I "cut a snook."
(*Aside.*)
Now then, Charlie, put on a pleasanter look!

It wasn't *me*, Sir, as I told you last term, Sir.
'Twas—well, never mind, for a fellow can't sneak;
But, when a chap's wrongfully charged—well, a worm, Sir,
Will turn, Sir, at that. But I *do* feel *so* meek,
So mild, so magnanimous, somehow, *this* half!
(*Aside.*)
Now then, stash that grin, or he'll think it's all chaff!

Me keep them in order, Sir! Well, Sir, I tried, Sir,
But nothing like what I *will* try, Sir, *this* time.
I've got all the best biggest boys on my side, Sir.
There's Morley and Harcourt, Sir! Oh, Sir, it's prime,
Why even Parnell, here, means working like fun.
(*Aside.*)
Back up, or he'll twig you as sure as a gun!

We're all simply *longing* for lessons, Sir, yes, Sir,
Just ain't we, now, Charlie? We'll work, day and night,
And if, Sir, you Masters *should* get in a mess, Sir,
We'll labour like niggers to put the things right,
For oh, Sir! we *do* take such pride in the School!
(*Aside.*)
Don't scowl, or you'll crab the whole thing, you young fool!

The old rod worn out? Oh, now come, don't say that, Sir.
There's *lots* of it left, all you'll wan't, Sir, I'm sure.
A Master so nice in that seat never sat, Sir.
(He grins like a plump Cheshire Cat, the old Cure!)
We'll help you to make it a rare term all round.
(*Aside.*)
He'll say so before we have done, I'll be bound!

Don't take down that birch; it's as big as a broom, Sir;
Disgrace to the School to require such a thing.
Perhaps for improvement there may be some room, Sir;
But all the bad boys, Sir, last half had their fling.
Now, Paddies and all, we mean being *so* good!
(*Aside.*)
But don't holloa, old boy, till you're out of the Wood!

The St. Martinet of Tours.—The "Grand Tour" used to be considered indispensable as the finish of polite education. It is equally valuable nowadays, and raw young lads have only to be handed over to a Cook, and after one good turn they'll be fit for any table.

"SUCH GOOD BOYS!"

Master Gladstone. "O PLEASE, SIR, DON'T, SIR! YOU WON'T WANT TO USE *THAT*, SIR. WE'RE GOING TO BE *SUCH* GOOD BOYS THIS 'HALF'!!"

PUNCH TO JOSEPH.

(*Air—Obvious.*)

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE, Sir,
When first away you went,
Loud croaked the party raven,
With sinister content.
But now the dead-lock 's over—
At least you tell us so—
Rads—well, they hardly bless you *now*,
JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE!

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE, Sir,
We yet may meet rough weather;
The question is, I fear, JOE,
Not settled altogether.
But Canada and JOHN, JOE,
Friends, hand in hand, should go.
Fix that, *I*'ll bless you anyhow,
JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE.

MEM. FOR "THE CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD."—Should a Temple of the Drama be erected in London, the Rev. STEWART HEADLAM, who has always taken so kindly an interest in the Stage, ought to be elected as one of the Minor Canons of Dramatic Art.

APPROPRIATE.—When there's another change, let Mr. SEXTON be member for Bury.

He won't be happy, till he gets it!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Sixth and last volume of Lady BURTON's luxuriously bound edition of her husband's *Arabian Nights*, prepared for household reading by JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., has now appeared. Sir RICHARD's edition is the "Strong Burton" not for household consumption; while the Lady ISABEL's is "Burton drawn mild," pure in

quality and clear as unclouded amber. The "Terminal Essay," which being unadulterated Burton treble, or rather Basso-profondo, must have made My Lady shudder and JUSTIN MCCARTHY clear his glass, is especially interesting, discussing as it does the date and origin of the Tales, and giving a panegyric on Al-Islam which will afford Canon ISAAC-TAYLOR—the ecclesiastical *Sartor Resartus*—orientally inclined, some considerable insight into Mohammedanism, which may be of use to him at the next English Church Congress. H. E. Cardinal MANNING will be pleased to find that MOHAMMED, besides abolishing the use of wine and denouncing gambling, was "the first to establish a poor-rate."

In the Second Volume of the *Henry Irving Shakespeare*, Mr. FRANK MARSHALL has "warbled his foot-notes," not "wild," and certainly not "tame," but carefully considered, and most welcome to the critical student and to the uninstructed casual reader. Of these notes I prefer those on the historical plays in this volume to those on the Comedies, among which latter is to be reckoned, according to Mr. FRANK MARSHALL—who is always most frank—*The Taming of the Shrew*, a work that in the opinion of "F. M. the Duke," is not "an outrageous farce." Isn't it? Read the "business" of the scene, and then imagine all that must be done on the stage besides what is set down. In action it is a rough-and-tumble farce, which no doubt a considerable portion of a sixteenth century audience, accustomed to bear-fights and brutalities, were quite capable of appreciating.

"F. M.", terms the repartee between *Petruchio* and *Kate*, Act ii. Sc. 1, "bright and lively." Well, perhaps it was so considered in Shakspearian and Jonsonian (not Johnsonian) days, when punning was a fashion; but at the present time such word-playing would be as dull to a nineteenth century audience as would be the horse-play, except when introduced in its legitimate place, a pantomime. As a comment on Mr. MARSHALL's opinion, two-thirds of the lines in this scene are marked (in this edition) as to be advantageously omitted in representation. The play is farcical, with the exception of *Katherine's* speech in the last Act; but perhaps it was altogether quite up to the mark of the enlightened audience for whom it was intended, namely, *Sly the Cobbler*, who drops off to sleep during the very first scene, wakes up once, and is then "in the arms of Porpus" till the conclusion of the play, when he is supposed to be taken away and put to bed.

Balancing his book.

Mr. GORDON BROWNE's illustrations have the great merit of being dramatic, and untheatrical. The Dance of Clowns in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is conceived in a truly humorous spirit. F. M.'s notes to *Richard the Second*—a play full of strikingly beautiful passages—are excellent, especially the one on the awfully tragic scene of the death of *Cardinal Beaufort*, who, as a matter of historical fact, made a truly Christian end. But genius is above history, and such stubborn things as facts must be kicked out of the way for genius to have its true course. If SHAKESPEARE had sacrificed a grand dramatic effect to plain unadorned truth, the world would have been deprived of this great scene in *Richard the Second*. Once more our congratulations to the Frankest of FRANK MARSHALLS for Volume Two. "We're a getting on," quoth, still at your service,

THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

PURELY PROFESSIONAL.—After an optical examination by Mr. ANDERSON CRITCHETT, who is *Mr. Punch's* own "Member for Eye," a military patient was encountered in the street by a merry friend, who asked what "the CRITCHETT on the hearth" had said to make him look so cheerful. The Colonel replied, "My boy, he simply said, 'Eyes Right!' *Marchons!*"

A DEFINITION.

(*Virginibus puerisque.*)

"Why, Toby, you look like a Cherub!" "What *is* a Cherub?"
"Oh—a Cherub is a—a—a sort of converted Cupid!"

SOMETHING FISHY!

(*The Story of a Great Success.*)

The Statesman sat in his study pondering over the difficult problem, the solution of which had been the cause of his expatriation.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself. "I cannot disagree with both, and I refuse to agree with neither. What shall I do?"

He looked at his glass, crowded with cards of invitation to banquets. "They are all over," he murmured. "My task is done! Not one left! and here am I alone! Here am I, with my seat in the House vacant, for am I not far away, and unable to fill it?"

Then he touched a bell, and requested that the Representative of the Dominion should be brought before him. The Representative, obedient to his call, appeared.

"My good friend," said the Statesman, clasping the other's hand, "you know how I feel for you, how anxious I am to serve you, how I would, theoretically, sacrifice the last drop of my life's blood to protect your interests."

The Representative wiped away a tear. It was very touching! Painfully touching!

"Best and bravest of men!" exclaimed the Representative, when he had mastered his emotion. "We know your value. We welcomed you as the defender of our liberties. We regard you as the sweet pledge of affection sent to us by the dear Mother Country, which shall bind us to her with bands of steel."

"Nay," said the Statesman, gently, "do not speak of steel—brass is more appropriate. And now let me hear you urge your case once more."

Then the Representative repeated the arguments that had already been produced. He showd conclusively that it was a matter of life and death that the Dominion should not give in—that the future of a mighty people depended upon a firm front and victory.

"Your eloquence unmans me," cried the Statesman. "All you say seems so true, so very true."

"It is indeed," was the rejoinder. "Ah, it was a happy hour for us when you were chosen for our arbitrator. We know that everybody wanted you in England; that all our fellow-subjects beyond the seas parted with you with the greatest reluctance; that every moment of your absence was grudged to us! Oh, it was kind, good, unselfish of the dear Mother Country to spare you—to allow you to come to us!"

"It was indeed," admitted the Statesman, and then he pondered once more, knitting his brows and burying himself in deep thought. Deep thought! The very deepest!

"And you tell me that the fate of your adopted country depends upon my decision?" he asked, at length.

"It does indeed," was the reply.

"You say that the other side will not give in?"

An affirmative was again the answer.

"Eureka!" the Peacemaker cried, after a pause; "I have it! If the Government of the United States will not give in, there is but one way out of the difficulty. If *they* won't give in, *you* must!"

And handing the Representative a faded orchid as a memento of his visit, the Statesman wiped the tears from his eyeglass and started for Europe!

COMING TO THE POINT.

Palmam qui meruit ferat! Of course
That maxim, when read with the caution that's proper,
Applies with exceptional force to the Force.
Punch has often to cry "good as gold is the 'Copper,'"
But when his peculiar metal seems "brass,"
And when he indulges in lies and foul lingo,
And shows he's a bully as well as an ass,
The Public gets doubtful, and *Punch* cries *Distingue!*
An Endacott is not for ever a joy
(Though cooky might deem him a true thing of beauty);
And though Warren swears, "I believe you, my Bloy,"
Unquestioning faith is not *Punch's* sole duty.
His business is into the truth to inquire.
Remember one thing—it will spare much disaster—
That is, your Policeman is rather like fire—
"A very good servant, but very bad master!"

"AGAIN, WE COME TO THEE, SAVOY!"

A bright little Operetta, called *Mrs. Jarramie's Genie*, the music by the Brothers Cellier, has been added to the programme of the Savoy with good results. The plot is not very novel, and strongly suggests one of the best of the German Reed's Entertainments, *The Indian Puzzle*; but for all that the trifle is amusing. Perhaps the best acted character in the Operetta is *Ben-Zoh-Leen*, a part which seems to suit Mr. John Wilkinson down to the ground, or rather under it, as the *Genie* is supposed to have had a rise in station when he became connected with the Jarramie household. His parlour magic was most amusing, and, after a song descriptive of a parliamentary career, his exit, although evidently modelled on "the Teapot Shuffle" of Tea-Cup-and-Sorcerer Grossmith, was decidedly funny.

The Operetta is a trifle light as air, but quite sufficient to raise the wind, and give that extra puff to the sails of H.M.S. *Pinafore*, refitted, and thoroughly seaworthy, that is, well worth seeing, of which Captain D'Oyly Carte evidently thought the good old ship—("Good Old Ship" suggests Brighton, also Bacon and Shakspeare!)—stood in need. Another season will probably elapse before a new vessel is launched from the dockyard of the Gilbert and Sullivan works.

"LEG BEFORE WICKET."

"... Whether any undue advantage rests with the batsman or with the bowler under the existing laws of cricket, and, if so, what steps should be taken to remedy this defect."

Dr. Punch hastens to suggest an obvious "remedy."

["Increased facilities are now provided for Ladies dining, &c., with Members."]

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 13.—Met PARNELL just before House met, crossing Palace Yard, clothed, and in his right name. "TOBY," said he, "I want your advice. We're going, you know, to raise question of Privilege this afternoon. Should be effectively done, or left alone. Mean to get an English Member to open fire. Who shall it be? Want somebody the very sight of whom will strike terror into the breast of the brave BALFOUR and make SMITH shiver in his shoes. Want the kind of man who, if he only stood up, folded his arms, frowned on Ministers, and sat down again, would nearly frighten life out of them. You remember DON DIEGO PERES, how, at the siege of Xeres, he lost his sword, but subsequently made greater havoc with an olive-branch he picked up?

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,
But by God's grace, before his face, there stood a tree full high,
An olive tree with branches strong, close by the wall of Xeres,
'Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow,' quoth DON DIEGO PERES.

Who shall be our DON DIEGO PERES?"

"Try PICTON," I said.

"PICTON of Leicester!" cried PARNELL, a flush of pleasure flaming on his pallid brow. "The very man."

So it was settled. Questions over, PICTON rose and denounced as a breach of Privilege conduct of Police in arresting PETER O'BRIEN on Friday, thinking they had grasped GILHOOLY. Motion seconded by that other fierce Parliamentary Marauder, WALTER MCLAREN; PARNELL and his merry men meanwhile, "lay low and said nuffin." Tactics answered admirably. Ministerialists paralysed. HOME SECRETARY, on behalf of Government, faltered explanation and apology. Old Morality, earlier in sitting, had been grappled with by BRADLAUGH, who pertinaciously wants to know about certain cheques said to have passed between the Markiss and one PETERS. This new attack completed prostration. Couldn't have pounced on a fly if it had settled on his nose.

Everything going on admirably till HENRY JAMES interposed and changed aspect of affairs. So easy not to have said anything!

Might have judiciously stayed away, as HARTINGTON did. But there he was, and must needs come to assistance of his friends, the victims of PARNELL's successful strategy. This brought down upon him a personage more wrathful even than Don DIEGO PICTON. Business before House precisely of that pettifogging character to stir the lowest depths of G. O. M.'s nature. Quite dangerous to sit near him as discussion went on. Leaned excitedly over JOHN MORLEY to talk to CHARLES RUSSELL. Persistently poked massive chest of HARCOURT on other side, as he laid down the law. Once, when his head turned other way, HARCOURT tried to escape under pretence of returning borrowed volume of *Hansard*. G. O. M. not to be done that way. Turned round with lightning speed, seized coat-tails of retreating statesman, pulled him back on bench. Finally rose to pulverise HENRY JAMES. What a glorious ten minutes he had; his eyes flashing fire, his figure trembling with indignation, his voice breaking through the toils of weakness, and his right hand passionately smiting the palm of the left, as if he had literally got his old colleague in Chancery, and was making the most of the opportunity. PARNELL looked on with mingled admiration and disappointment.

Bradlaugh "wants to know."

"PICTON's very well," he said, "but *this* should have been our Don DIEGO." *Business done.*—Privilege Debate.

Tuesday.—PETER O'BRIEN, yesterday a hero, to-day a disregarded nonentity. If Members accidentally catch his eye, they wonder why he is not in prison and out of the way.

"I think," said WILFRID LAWSON to JOSEPH GILLIS, "there was a little too much fuss about it. As BALFOUR says, when an Irish Member is to be arrested what matter whether it happens to be GILHOOLY or O'BRIEN? In these days, when we are hardly rid of the SHAKSPEARE-BACON controversy, it is a little hard to have a GILHOOLY-O'BRIEN debate."

"I don't know much about SHAKSPEARE," said JOEY B., with engaging frankness; "but as to bacon I'm *oh revore*, as they say at Parry. I don't see what it's got to do with the arrest of O'BRIEN."

TREVELYAN resumed debate on Address; brought up SAUNDERSON, who had real good time for space of an hour. Wasn't a head peeped out anywhere from beneath the tents of the enemy opposite, but—Whirroo!—the Colonel's shillelagh came down on it. GLADSTONE dancing mad on Front Opposition Bench. Parnellites worked up to condition that made them capable of something like a howl; faint echo of habitude before days of regeneration, but still encouraging and hopeful for the future. T. W. RUSSELL attempted to give serious aspect to conversation by delivering carefully prepared address, very good of its sort; smote the Parnellites hip and thigh, but occasionally turned round and gave a slight rap at Government.

"RUSSELL," said DAVID PLUNKET, whom every one is glad to see back in renewed health, "reminds one of a phrase they have in the North of England. When a man has had a drop too much and goes rolling home, they say he 'has business on both sides of the road.' RUSSELL, staggering along under the weight of his argument and his advocacy, may be said to have business on both sides of the House."

Business done.—More debate on PARNELL's Amendment to Address.

Ash Wednesday, so didn't meet till Two o'Clock, hours of sitting being thus reduced to four. ELLIS (J. E.) and KING-HARMAN appropriated between them two hours and a half.

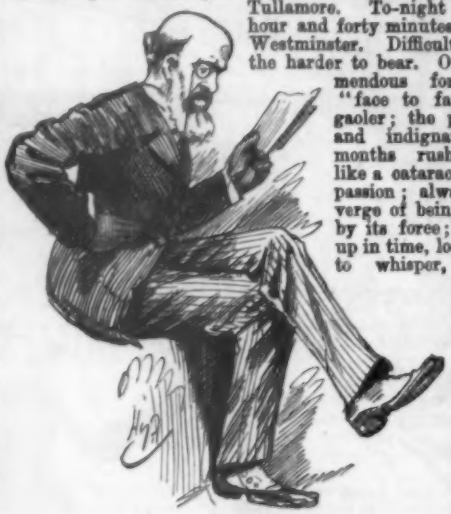
"A little long, weren't you?" AKERS-DOUGLAS hinted.

"Longer than usual, perhaps," said KING-HARMAN. "But now I'm going to have a salary, I shall have to show I earn it."

HERBERT GLADSTONE agreeably astonished House by capital speech, admirably delivered. Been shut up during recent years on Treasury Bench, but has practised in the country, and suddenly blossomed into experienced debater. Something to say, and said it well, with free gestures and fine voice. Young STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, passing out behind Speaker's Chair, paused and stared in amazement. He and HERBERT had started Parliamentary life together. Their maiden speeches delivered on same evening from opposite sides of House, with distinguished and delighted fathers, sponge in hand, ready to give each a knee after the final round.

"And now," said young NORTHCOTE, "he's commanding the listening Senate, and I'm not even a Surveyor-General of the Ordnance." *Business done.*—More debate on Address.

Thursday.—O'BRIEN just finished his three months of BALFOUR at Tullamore. To-night BALFOUR has hour and forty minutes of O'BRIEN at Westminster. Difficult to say which the harder to bear. O'BRIEN in tremendous force. At last "face to face" with his gaoler; the pent-up agony and indignation of three months rushed downward like a cataract; boiling with passion; always seeming on verge of being carried away by its force; always pulled up in time, lowered his voice to whisper, dropped his clenched fist, and turned aside with slow speech to some fresh point. "Acting," the ATTORNEY-GENERAL hinted it was. If so, or anyhow, it was superb. ARTHUR BALFOUR made gallant effort to smile his way through the torrent, but, as JOSEPH GILLIS observed, the smile was rather "gashly." House, with its appetite whetted, wanted the finishing touch given to the drama by BALFOUR rising to reply. But, on the whole, he thought he would wait, and crowded assembly broke up.



Thinking of the Bo'sun.

HARCOURT affected almost to tears. "Come, GORST," he said to the Under-Secretary for India, sitting on the Treasury Bench studying new Rules of Procedure just out, "you must admit that that was a fine touch in the last sentence, where he lifted up his voice, and blessed BALFOUR and his policy."

"Yes," said GORST. "Reminds me of one of MARRYAT's stories — *Peter Simple*, I think; or is it *Percival Kean?* Anyhow, there is an angry but converted Bo'sun in the piece. Used to swear terribly. Seeing the error of his ways, now, when he wants to adjure anyone who has offended him, he always begins with 'Bless your lovely eyes,' and goes on to wish him every happiness. Somehow thought of the Bo'sun when, just now, O'BRIEN, with uplifted hand, and through clenched teeth, blessed our brave BALFOUR."

"G. P. Fuller laughed."

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Friday.—Bubble of peaceful Session burst to-night. Exploded under feet of GOSCHEN; nearly shattered him. A few tendencies in that direction all through the evening. When G. O. M. sat down after speech two hours long, Irish Members, leaping to their feet, stormed around him in jubilant enthusiasm. Seemed enough for one night. But when he came back after dinner, there was another enthusiastic reception. Ten minutes later came the news of Liberal victory at Southwark, and this time the whole Opposition were on their feet, cheering, waving hats, and clapping hands.

G. P. FULLER laughed to see such fun, and GOSCHEN wished he was over the moon.

Business done.—Looks as if the Government's was.

THE BETHELL CASE.—Poor little child of TEE-POO, *alias* BETHELL! Mr. Justice STERLING decided against its claims, which somehow doesn't sound like sterling justice. Had it come before three Judges who had taken the same view, there might have been good ground for appeal on account of ecclesiastical bias on the part of the Judges who had been unanimous against a "Little BETHELL."—*nemine dissentiente, i.e.*, not one of them being a dissenter. As it is, it seems rather hard on the Baralong Bride and baby.

"JEWEL'S APOLOGY."—Paste.

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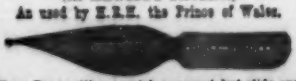

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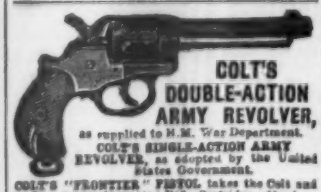

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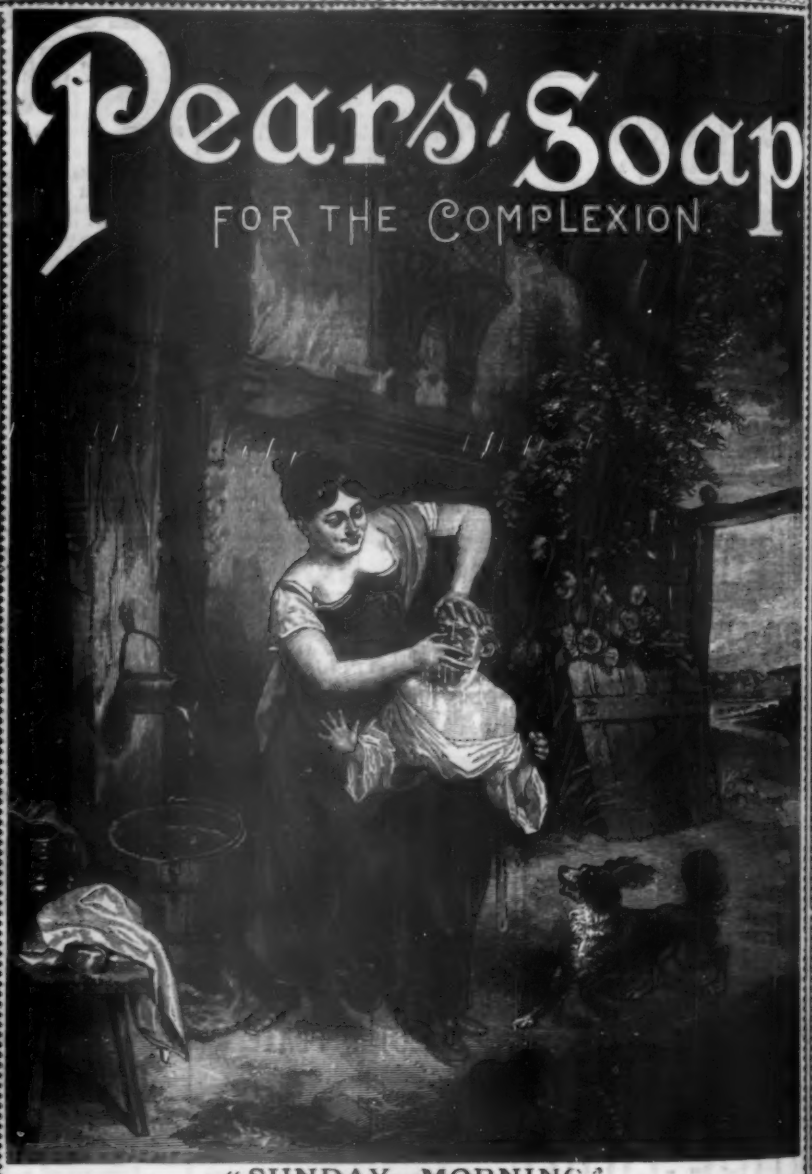

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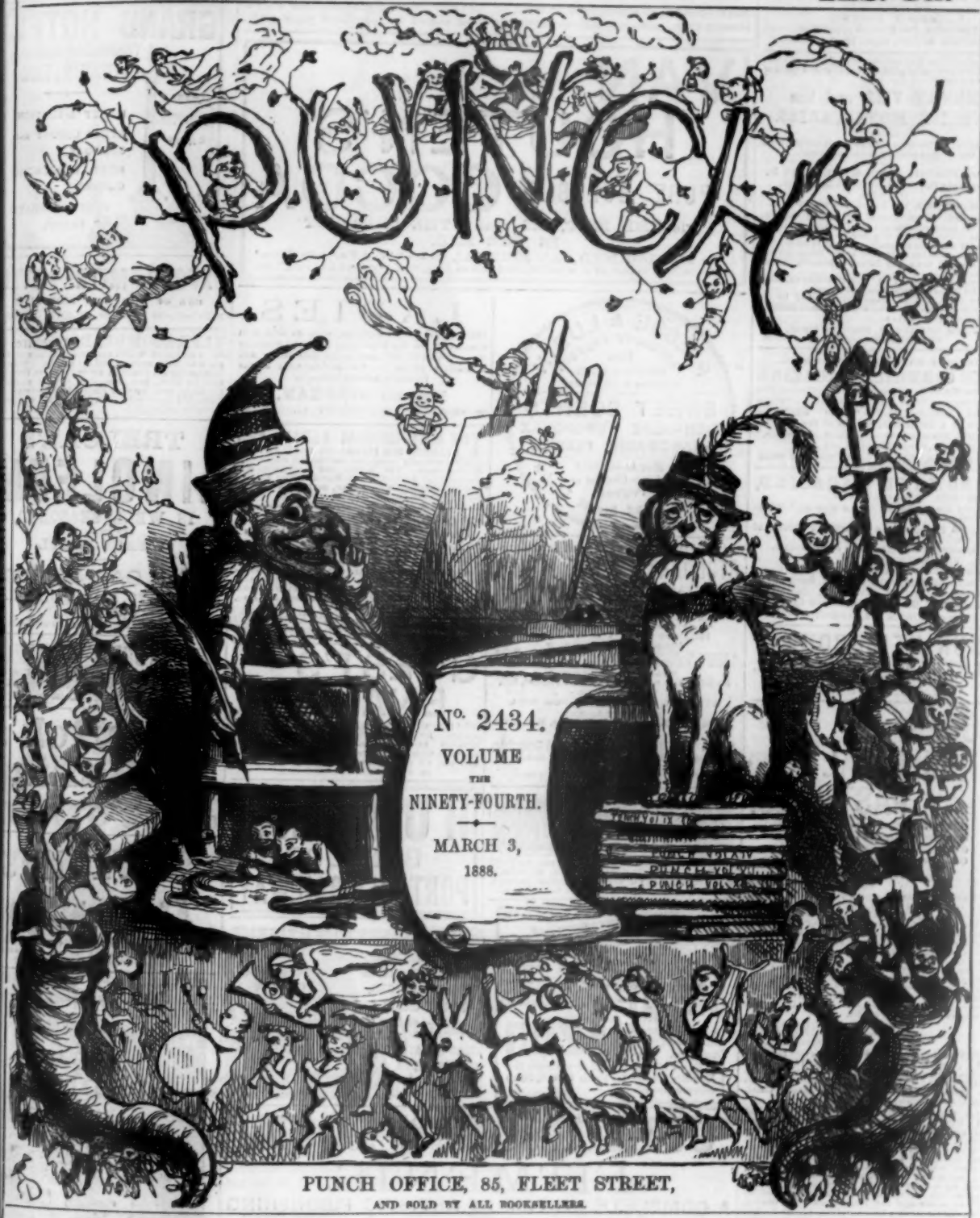

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M. le Vicomte Hector du Graillon. "DO YOU KNOW, SERR JEMS, VEN I 'EARED YOU SPIC FRENCH FOR ZE FIRST TIME, I TAXED YOU, BY YOUR ACCENT, FOR A *FRENCHMAN!*"

Sir James. "KWAW, *VRAYMONG*, VERCONT! OH—AY MWAW, KONG JE VOOS AY VEW POOR LA PREMIAIR FWAW, J'AY PONXAY, PAR VOTER MANNYAIR DE VOOS HABILLYAY, DE MARSHY, AY DE MONTY À SHEVAL, KER VOOS ETTY OON *OSGLAY!*" [*They swear eternal friendship.*

MORE CANTERBURY TALES.

SIR,—Any impartial reader who has followed the controversy that has recently taken place in the columns of the *Times*, between Canon ROUTLEDGE and Father MORRIS on the nature of the blows inflicted on the head of St. Thomas, must admit that in his latest rejoinder the worthy Canon has decidedly the advantage of his ingenious opponent. "Let him," asks the Canon, bringing matters to a practical test, "try the experiment on some one,—not with a sword," he considerately adds, "but with a stick." That this is what the Canon has been doing, and has probably had a Verger, or perhaps even the Dean himself, down "on the flat of his stomach," as the Saint was said to have been, and has been whacking vigorously at his head, there can be no sort of doubt. For he relates his experience under the circumstances, adding that anybody who makes a similar attack, "will find that a blow aimed vertically at the crown of the head would glance down either the right or the left side."

This appeal to practical experiment for verifying antiquarian theory has struck me as most happy, and, taking quite a morbid interest in the late controversy, I have already acted several times on the Canon's spirited suggestion, and have felled in turns my grandmother, the butler, two uncles, and a tax-collector with an umbrella, with varying results; yet though I have always aimed the blow "vertically," to the best of my ability, at the crowns of their respective heads, I cannot say that in all cases I have succeeded in hitting them. Hence my experience has been hitherto somewhat inconclusive, but I am hoping that a few more chance trials will afford me an opportunity of perfecting it.

Meantime, I shall be interested in noting whether Father MORRIS acts upon the Canon's hint. I have no doubt, could he persuade his superior, or even a lay brother or two, to let him "go for" their heads with a hockey stick, he might throw so much light upon the matter as to considerably modify the rather limited view to which he has as yet, as far as I have interpreted his letters, confined himself in relation to it. Trusting we shall hear still something further from him,—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, A PRACTICAL ANTIQUARIAN.

"THE GREAT 'TWINGE' BRETHREN."—Gout and Rheumatism.

PLAY-TIME.

I SUGGESTED last week a course (to which I admitted there were many objections) for ameliorating the generally unhappy conditions of theatrical *premières*. By presenting plays first to an audience of experts, many of the otherwise inevitable disadvantages of First Nights might be avoided. An excellent critical *confrère*, who is one of those whom MATT ARNOLD styles, "the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*," roars with laughter at this notion of mine as being "curious and comical."

Perhaps so: yet what, in their original intention, were "private views," in artists' studios, of the pictures before they left the easel, but appeals to critical judgment, professional and amateur, so that any defects might be remedied, previous to their appearance on the walls of the Academy, Grosvenor, or elsewhere? Mind, I don't say that this was the only private view that occurred to the artists who initiated the idea. Have I not been present at genuine "private views" (not one of those idiotic fashionable Sunday gatherings which are the abuse of the original purpose) when a thoughtful suggestion has been made, and has been subsequently adopted by the artist to the manifest improvement of the picture? Certainly I have.

Has not my excellent friend, as a professional critic, any experience of being asked to read a play, and advise upon it? Well, this is one step towards the production of a piece *in camerâ*. And the next step? has it not been frequently adopted? Are there not Operas to which musical and dramatic critics are admitted before the work is made public? What are they there for? If merely to write a notice, or for other journalistic purposes, no criticism is in question; but if it is to assist themselves in writing a more thoughtful criticism than usual, then I contend that this preliminary hearing is an aid towards an honest discharge of the critic's duty. But if the critics, among whom I include a variety of experts, are there for the purpose of presenting their notes on what they consider errors and defects to those responsible for the production, then in many cases the public, and all concerned in bringing out the work, would be the gainers.

TOM TAYLOR'S *Hidden Hand* was heard *in camerâ*, and so have been, I dare say, many other pieces; but this case I happen to remember, having witnessed it, and having heard many suggestions made to the author, though, if I remember rightly, as next night's performance was the public one, this interval did not give sufficient time for rectification. All sorts of possible faults in scenery and costume might be set right if the piece were given one week before production in the presence of an audience composed not only of dramatic critics, but of other artistic experts. There is nothing very "curious or comical" in such a proceeding; but there is something both "curious and comical" in the supposition of public opinion being in any way influenced by a criticism written in "hot haste" for the mere sake of being among the first in the field with "an item of news." JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—In *Longman's Magazine* for March, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD gives us *A Suggested Prologue to a Dramatised Version of "She."* His stage-directions are delightfully fresh. In the set of the scene is to be a "*Statue of Truth looming up in background.*" There are only two characters in it, *Ayesha* and *Amenastas*, of whom the former has five speeches of nine, seven, eight, nine, and nineteen lines respectively; and the latter has three speeches of thirteen, twelve, and nine lines. All this talkee-talkee is of the gloomiest description, and the action takes place by moonlight. At the finish of *Ayesha's* fifth and longest speech, the stage-direction is, "*Curtain falls for an interval of two thousand years.*" Ominous this! Farewell, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, for two thousand years. Two thousand years! *O ma mère!* O my poor dear Mummy! BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

THE POINT OF "THE LANCET."—*Mr. Punch* says that in this case (referring to a gentle touch from it last week) he doesn't see the point, nor feel it. But, on second thoughts, the point of a Lancet in a case would not be visible, even through the magnifying glass of Mr.——"Oh, no, we mustn't mention him"—or to the acute perception of Doctor ——hush!—no—"his name is never heard," and if *Mr. Punch* breathed it, no matter how gentle the breath, it might be felt in some quarters as "a puff." Well, "approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY is praise indeed!"

"CORPORAL"!

Schoolmaster (at the conclusion of the interview). "I think, Sir, you will have no reason to repent placing your Sons under my care. I may mention that in our time we have turned out two Senior Wranglers, neither of whom have looked back with regret upon the Curriculum——"

Parent (self-made man and strong-minded). "The—a—eh!—oh, certainly—if you ketch 'em Wranglin', or any o' that nonsense, turn 'em out, Mister! Neck and Crop! and don't spare the—a—the Curric—or whatever yer call it."—(*With a warning look to the Young Gentlemen.*)—"Let 'em 'ave it!!"

IN VINO VERITAS!

The following curious document, which has fallen into *Mr. Punch's* hands, and has been "done into English" by one of his Young Men who "knows the language," is evidently an extract from the notes of the Clerk of a French *Juge d'Instruction.* It would seem that the Magistrate, with the subtle and insidious design of eliciting some damaging admissions from the accused person, had invited him to dinner during the interrogation. Then, when he conceived that the moment was ripe, he suddenly brought to bear upon his unhappy guest the full power of a trained legal intellect—a device which can only be excused by remembering that a French official is apt to take somewhat wide views of his duties in the course of a criminal investigation.

We may suppose that the Clerk was previously concealed and instructed to make a faithful record of the transactions, in which it is abundantly clear that the parties were by no means on an equal footing.

Whether the precedent is worthy of being followed or not, will be sufficiently gathered from the official account of its working which begins thus:—

[*Here* M. le Juge *signifies in the agreed-upon manner that I was to make attention, and commence my transcript, after which he maintained an impressive silence during several moments, and then——*

M. le Juge (as if taken by an access of somnolence). Accushed! itsh far from deshign er . . . Jushtish . . . ta' any unfair 'vantage . . . young man your educash'n an' allurement—but boun' tell you behold in me no longer Hosht,—but (*hic*) Interrogator! Ash you exshpeck clemenshy, I adjure you, I implore you, I counshel you, to—to pash the bol'!

The Accused (who shows himself of an extreme phlegm). But, with all my heart, Monsieur!

M. le J. Prepare, then, inshanly er be shubj'cted to tremendoush powersh of formirable legal mashine, known ash—(*with an effort of memory*) Juridishical—no, that ishn't qui' ri'—bah, what imports! Jur-dish-idical 'Terrogationsh!

The A. (after a silence a little prolonged). I am awaiting your good pleasure, Monsieur le Juge.

M. le J. (who has removed himself in the interval to a position below the Bench). On shecond thoughts, I blieve I shall be able crosh-egshamin' more comforably on er floor!

The A. As Monsieur pleases. Will he have the condescension to put his question?

M. le J. (absently). Call me at ah-pah sheight!

[*Second pause. As Officer of the Court, I endeavoured with all respect to recall* M. le Juge's *attention to the actual position of affairs. For some time he occupied himself in contemplating with an eye full of severity the* Accused's *legs, which were visible beneath the table, and to which he addressed himself at length, with a moving adjuration, characterised by touching sensibility.*

M. le J. Young Men, deplorable ash is your preshent poshition, you have, all four of you, eash onsh had a Mussher . . . a Mussher who—well, I don' r'member wha' all y'r Musshers did . . . Itsh equal! . . . By that shacred name, I warn you not to 'tempt any kickelandeshtin' communicash'n by shigns or otherwishe while unner—(*hic*) unner that table!

The A. I protest, M. le Juge, that I am but one here—I am all incapable of combining myself alone!

M. le J. (with an inflexion of irony). Usheless, M'shieu. Sheek not to'shcape piershing eye—eror—Law . . Come unnerer table, Shir!

The A. (submitting himself with a shrug). Wherever Monsieur prefers it.

M. le J. (with sudden choler). Who are *you*, M'shieu? Depart—leave sher Court!

OUR GRANDOLPH, AS DIOGENES, SEARCHING FOR AN HONEST MAN IN SPRING GARDENS.

The A. (*in visible surprise*). Pardon, I present myself for examination as desired. Have I then permission to retire?

M. Le J. No, M'shieu the Accushed, you (*hic*) have not. (*With a penetrating dignity.*) Misherable young man . . you have fallen into the shnare sho cunningly prepared for you! . . You have taken too mush wine—you are inebriated—losht! . . Yesh, tremble, then, when I tell you you can no longer 'pend upon your nashural shelf-posseshion—your brainsh ish clouded with al—(*hic*)—alcoroll . . . you are at my mershy, Shir! (*Here* M. le Juge *puffed with laughter.*) 'Low me er refill your glash! I—I don' know *what* I wash goin' shay nexsht! . But yesh—itsh that! (*With a paternal benevolence.*) Young man, I might profit by your dishgrashful condishun . . . extort admishuns of a culpability exceshive—but I'm 'fraid . . . (*Here* M. le Juge *expanded into a smile of a charming sweetness.*) I'm 'fraid I'm lil too shleepy thish evening . . . Enshanted to 've sheen you. To the pleashur of meetin' you 'gain s'mother 'cashion. Thish inquiry ish (*hic*) adjourned. Usher—pash bol'!

[*Here* M. le Juge *refuged himself in an immobility almost statuesque, and the* Accused *was removed, smiling with gratitude of the most profound.*

Confessions of a Publisher.—These confessions, not being full, are unsatisfactory. For once, John Strange Winter has nipped a good idea in the bud, which would not be strange for an ordinary Winter; but this Winter is a very uncommon one.

COSTUMES, AS THEY OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN, FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM LAST FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

"Now is the Winter of our discontent."—*Shakspeare.*

IN RE "WYKEHAMIST" AND "WYKEHAMITE."

Littera ad Punch de excursu cujusdam parvi Etonensis.

Littera, quam legi hodie es jam gravis in meâ animâ est respondeo id.

"Quid est in nomen?" ut "Shakspearius" (aut is qui "Shakspearius" scripsit) dixit.

Quid refert ut "Wykehamite" est nomen validus (mighty) et "Wykehamist" est nomen nebulosus ("misty" vides-ne? Haha!) Wykehamite est similis "Midshipmite" (parvus puer!) "Cheese mite" (parvus pulex) "Mite" (parvulus puer ut hic Etonensis), sed "Wykehamist" est similis "scientist" (vir qui magnus in scientiâ est) "Socialist" (homo qui est Socialis Leo) et "Fist" (si non intelligis quod hoc est, roga "Sullivanum").

Si Etonensis ridet ad nomina nostra, volo dicere "Ille qui vivit in domo vitreo debet non jacere lapides." Nam puta! Cur sunt una sors Etonensum vocati "Tugmuttonious"? Et etiam est-ne ("ne aut num" illa est interrogatio) nomen "Oppidans" ridiculum?

Nunc claudo hanc epistolam et peto subscribere me ipsum, Tuus Vere,

"Wykehamist" ad Mors, Sed Nunquam "Wykehamite."

The Art of Warre.

No apology was needed from the Head Master of Eton for lecturing before the Aldershot Military Society on "Tactics." Why, if ever there were a man for the work, it is evidently Dr. Warre. The Reverend Doctor's name is suggestive of the Church Militant. He said he "felt timorous before such an audience." Of course "Warre's alarms." Ah! how many a lower boy could give an account of what the "sinews of Warre" are like! He will next lecture on "the Block System," and on the attitude of boys in the Head Master's presence. Success to Dr. Warre, *Pax Doctori Bello!* He has made some of them "bellow!" and, when his next birthday arrives, here's swishing him many happy returns of the day.

À propos of Overworking Young Hofmann.—"What's the odds as long as you're Abbey?"

"WHAT A (DRAWING-ROOM) DAY WE ARE HAVING!"

The following letter, which has been received at 85, Fleet Street, is published for identification:—

My dearest Flora, *Saturday, February* 25.

I am sure that you must be dying to hear how the function went off yesterday. Oh, my dear, we had such a dreadful time of it! It was so bitterly cold that we nearly didn't go at all, and Papa, who accompanied us, you know, in his Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform, looking such a—well, you know, not looking *quite* his best—was in such a temper, and used such awful language, that it was perfectly dreadful! The night before we didn't go to a "first night" at the theatre because we didn't like to take the horses out into the cold, and yet on Friday we kept the poor creatures waiting in the Mall for hours—literally hours! Of course it is awfully nice going to a Drawing-room and being presented, and all that; but in February, my dear, this kind of thing has its drawbacks.

Now, knowing you, I feel that you would like to hear everything from the beginning—now wouldn't you? Well, I think I told you that it was decided that I should go to Buckingham Palace this year because Mamma thought that the Queen might be annoyed if I stayed away any longer, especially as Plantagenetia Smithiks was presented in time for the Jubilee. Papa was rather against it, and said it was "nonsense" (he is dreadfully vexing sometimes!) but of course Mamma had her way, as she always does. Mamma and I had to choose our dresses. It didn't take me long, as a *débutante*, you know, dear, always wears white, but Mamma was *ages* over it! I really think we went to a dozen places to get the stuff for Mamma's train. Mamma got at last some velvet, embroidered with pomegranates and tinsel. Then we had such a fuss about whether it should be from the shoulder *à la Watteau* or not. It was settled that it had better spring from the waist, which was only putting it a few inches lower, after all. Then we had such a lot of visits from and to Madame Pellord, trying on and altering, and all that sort of thing, that I was quite weary of the affair, and should have liked to have backed out of it. But Mamma wouldn't let me, as she said that the dear Princess would be so annoyed if I didn't come, and it would be in such bad taste, considering the sad news from San Remo. So I persevered, and I have been. It is all over! But I must say, thank Goodness!

Well, dear, it was *awfully* cold on Friday morning when I came down to breakfast. It had been snowing a little in the night, and the pavements were quite white. Papa was very cross, because he said it was "such (something very naughty) nonsense!" And that my mother was old enough to know better. I couldn't help saying that I thought it would be useful to me if I went afterwards to any foreign Court. Papa in an aggravating tone asked "Why?"

"Because," I explained, "our Ambassador would have to ask us to all the Embassy dinners and parties if we had been presented." "Oh, would he!" replied Papa, in a most aggravating way. Well, I did not stay long, but rushed upstairs to dress. Passing Mamma's room I found her standing on a sheet with the whole strength of the establishment putting her together. I was rather vexed at this, as I thought it a shame to take Lucy, my maid, from me to dress Mamma. However, I was quite ready by the time the carriage came round for us—a little after twelve. It was such a business getting in! Both Mamma and I were lost in a perfect sea of velvet and satin surmounted by two bouquets, and were just riding off when John touched his hat, and asked if Papa wasn't going to accompany us? Fancy, darling! We had entirely forgotten him! However, the oversight was repaired, and we were soon packed up together in the carriage as close as that dreadful Medical Student, Cousin Peter, calls "Sardines in a box."

We got down to Buckingham Palace before one o'clock, and would you believe it?—even then the Mall was full of carriages! We took up our position on the ranks, and then, my dear, our martyrdom began! On the whole, I thought it rather fun, but Mamma was *dreadfully* angry. A number of rude boys would stand looking through the carriage-window making personal remarks. They would insist upon giving Mamma advice about her nose (which certainly was very red), suggesting that we had better rub it with snow as a way of getting it back to its original colour. Then they would laugh at Papa's spectacles. He got outside and walked about to

keep himself warm, but was driven back into the carriage by their criticism. Oh, it made him so angry! Well, we put down the blinds, but that didn't do much good, as they "talked at" us from the outside. For nearly two hours, my dear, we had to wait before a move was made, and then by fits and starts we found ourselves in the courtyard of the Palace, having run the gauntlet of crowds of rude, grinning, sneering nobodies! Speaking of nobodies, we saw the Tempersons (to whom we scarcely nod in our place in the country), and were so glad to find anyone we knew that we were quite cordial to them. And, oh, dear, the cold was dreadful! When we opened the window for a second we were nearly frozen!

Well, of course Papa caught his sword in our gowns, and then we took off our wraps in the cloak-room, and one of the servants gathered up my train for me, and showed me how to hold it over my arm. Then we hurried up the staircase, and, after giving up one set of our cards, passed into the first room. My dear, it was quite full, and we saw lots of people in a saloon beyond! Well, I won't weary you by telling you how we had to fight and push our way from apartment to apartment (sometimes getting a chair near the fire, when we were roasted, and sometimes a place on a settee under a window, when we were frozen), but will come to my presentation. I was thoroughly tired and wretchedly cold, when I saw all the ladies who were with us (I kept close to Mamma, but Papa had disappeared, as he was only "accompanying the ladies of his family," and wasn't going to pass before Her Majesty) getting into single file. Suddenly I found myself alone with two persons in Court costume spreading out my train behind me. I walked along, had my card taken from me, heard my name called out, curtseyed several times, walked sideways, backed, and found someone was going through exactly the same performance in my place! It was all over!

Well, no, not quite: for Mamma and I had to wait two hours while Papa found the carriage, as that stupid John, instead of coming up and looking for us, had remained on the box.

With best love, ever your affectionate Cousin, Millie.

P.S.—Papa is laid up with bronchitis, and Mamma is in bed today speechless from influenza. I am just sending off for the Doctor.

OXFORD MEMORANDA.

(*Picked up on the floor of the Union, on Wednesday evening last.*)

1. To make a good impression somehow.
2. To enter the room a little bit late, and so, screwing 'em up to the tiptoe of expectancy, secure an ovation.
3. Allude, with modest jocularity, to it being my first appearance as a speaker in that assembly.
4. By the way, to take care to refer to it as "This House."
5. Pat the youngsters who precede me encouragingly and good-humouredly on the back.
6. For form's sake, pull their Motion amiably to pieces, to show them what amateur debating comes to in "real Parliamentary hands."
7. Spring on them an entirely new and original definition of the "Irish Question," that will give them something to talk about.
8. Try and hit the mean level of debate as agreeable to Undergraduates' ears, by striking a balance between the style suitable to Codgers' Hall and one of my liveliest performances in the House of Commons.
9. Spice it with allusions to *The Quarterly*, Pitt, Loyal Ulster, &c., and finish up with a fetching peroration.
10. Make sure that the *Times'* reporter is there, and that they mean to give me at least four columns the next morning.

"An Inveterate Playgoer" (his scribble is a bit indistinct, and it may be "An Inverterrate Playgoer") writes to ask, why our young man praised *Mrs. Jarramie's Genie* at the Savoy, because this induced him to go to see it, and, being disappointed, he says there's no "*Genie*" in it at all, and as an attraction it is "*Jarramie Diddler*." Did "Inverterrate Playgoer" ask for his money back again? Does he wish our young man to refund? Ask him. We sincerely wish he may get it.

OUR ADVERTISERS. THEATRICAL. NEW DEPARTURE.

(*If Mr. Wyndham's lead is to be followed.*)

DRURY LANE.—Closed suddenly, till further Notice.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Augustus Harris having arranged by direct Telegraphic communication with the Emperor of China to give a series of Representations of the grand and highly successful Pantomime, *Puss in Boots*, at the Summer Palace, Pekin, respectfully begs to inform his Patrons, the Public, that, as he has reason to believe that the takings of the newly-projected enterprise will be simply enormous, he feels that they will instantly understand that no apology is needed from him for withdrawing it in the full tide of its present gigantic success.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.—No Performance this Evening, or till further Notice.

THE BUTLER.—Postponed Representation.

MR. J. L. TOOLE, having just received the august commands of His Majesty the Emperor of Fiji to give a performance of the highly successful farcical comedy of the *Butler* in those remote Islands, he feels that, in order to perfect himself in the language, which he is now endeavouring to do with his entire company, by devoting the whole of his leisure time to its study with the aid of an *Ollendorff*, he is bound to withdraw the representation of the piece till further notice. As, if Mr. Toole finds his Fiji experiment, as he has every reason to believe it will be, a success, he intends, if he can acquire a sufficient mastery over the local dialects, to give several representations in the Solomon and other groups of Cannibal Islands in the neighbouring Archipelago, he begs to state that all fees for places already booked will be returned, unless the latter be changed for some date at which Mr. Toole devoutly hopes to see himself back again, and which will be announced by cable as soon as circumstances will possibly admit of its being done.

THE BUTLER.—Mr. Toole would be glad to hear from any retired Missionary or experienced adapter who would be competent to furnish him with a free translation of the above popular farcical comedy into the language of the man-eating *Karawejees*.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Closed for the Season.

MR. WILSON BARRETT at Yokohama this evening in the *Golden Ladder*.

MR. WILSON BARRETT having received the commands of His Majesty the Mikado to repeat his powerful representation of the part of the *Reverend Frank Thornhill*, in the *Golden Ladder*, which he gives in English, supported by a Japanese Company in their native tongue, will not be able in consequence to appear in London till further notice.

MR. WILSON BARRETT.—Further arrangements. March 9, Imperial Opera House, Timbuctoo. March 15, The Grand Llama's Court Theatre, Thibet. April 1, Theatre Royal, Cape Horn. Subsequent dates will be published in a later advertisement.

THE CRITERION.—Special Notice.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will appear this evening, by command of the Queen Regent, in a Spanish version of the above at Madrid.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will appear on the 20th inst., by command of the King of Holland, in a Dutch version of the above at Amsterdam.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will appear on the 29th inst., by command of the King, in a Roumanian version of the above at Bucharest.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will appear on the 1st of April, by command of the Sultan, in a Turkish version of the above at Constantinople.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will appear on the 9th of April, by the command of the Shah, in a Persian version of the above at Teheran.

DAVID GARRICK.—As Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, having now perfected themselves in all the European and most of the Oriental languages, will not be returning to town for some considerable time yet, owing to the fulfilment of their Continental and Asiatic engagements, the Management beg to announce that if the seats booked for the performance of Saturday next be not deferred to an indefinite day, the money paid for them will be returned on application to the Box Office.

THE MYSTERIES OF HEREDITY.

Dr. Lambertson. "Yes—fine Girl; but look at her *Mother*, Danny! If you want to know exactly what Young Girls will be like when they're Middle-aged, always look at their *Mothers*, my Boy,—and *beware!*"

His Son. "Oh *Lor*, Governor! I *say!* . . . Does the same rule apply to Young Fellows and their *Fathers!*"

"THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

(Some Fragments from Dickens, adapted to the Situation.)

Mrs. Gamp—Mr. W. H. Sm-th. *Mrs. Prig*—Mr. W. E. Gl-d-st-ne.

* * * * * *

The temper of both parties was improved for the time being. When Mrs. Gamp, having cleared away, produced the tea-pot from the top shelf, simultaneously with a couple of wine-glasses, they were quite amiable.

"Betsey," said Mrs. Gamp, filling her own glass, and passing the tea-pot, "I will now propoge a toast. My present pardner, The Opposition!"

"Which, altering the name to The Government! I drink," said Mrs. Prig, "with love and tenderness."

Mrs. Prig, whose remarkable voice was not wholly incapable (as was well known both to her friends and her foes) of the more strident inflections of anger and scorn, absolutely "cooed" out this sentiment, with a seductive softness that would have done no discredit to "the Dove and very blessed Spirit of Peace" itself.

"Now, Sairah," said Mrs. Prig, after a due interval, "joining business with pleasure, wot *is* this case in which yer wants my assistance?" Mrs. Gamp betraying in her face some intention of returning an evasive answer, Betsey added, "*Is* it that Irish case of yours?"

"No, Betsey Prig, it ain't," was Mrs. Gamp's reply.

"Well," said Mrs. Prig, with a short laugh, "I'm glad of that, at any rate."

"Why should you be glad of that, Betsey?" Mrs. Gamp retorted, warmly. "The case is unbeknown to you, except by hearsay; why should you be glad? That is a case, Betsey, in which I should not think of seekin' *your* assistance, seeing as our notion of treatment thereof is as opposite as yaller and green."

"Percisely so, Sairah," responded Mrs. Prig, with portentous emphasis.

The best among us have their feelings, and it must be conceded of Mrs. Prig, that if there was a blemish in her disposition it was an aggravating habit she had of subtly suggesting, whether by oracular word or significant expression, a great deal more than she actually said. This subtle trick of hers, whilst it made her many covert enemies amongst her ostensible friends, prevented her oftentimes from securing temporary friends amongst her normal enemies. It is certain that her countenance became about this time quite Sphinx-like in its significancy, and that she sat with her arms folded and one eye open, in a somewhat offensive, because obtrusively intelligent manner, as who should say, "Mild I may look, and mother's milk I may speak, but I am a very Old Monthly Hand, and you don't get over *me*."

"You think aperiently, Betsey Prig," said Mrs. Gamp, "that my treatment of that same Irish case is bound to be weak. Excuge me if I makes remark, that it may neither be so weak as people thinks, nor people may not think it so weak as they pretends; and what I knows, I knows; and what you don't, you don't; so do not ask me, Betsey."

"Who's a asking of you, Sairey?" Mrs. Prig inquired.

Mrs. Gamp returned no answer.

"Who's a asking of you, Sairey?" Mrs. Prig inquired again. Then Mrs. Prig, by reversing the question, imparted a deeper and more awful character of solemnity to the same. "Sairey, who's a asking of you?"

It seemed the nearest possible approach to a very decided difference of opinion between these two ladies; but Mrs. Prig's impatience to know more of the contents of that tea-pot being greater at the moment than her impatience of contradiction, she did not push the question too pertinaciously, and when Mrs. Gamp replied rather evasively, "Nobody, if you don't, Betsey," she sombrely but silently acquiesced in that peace-making process known as "dropping the subject." For a quarrel can be taken up at any time, but a limited and uncertain quantity of, let us say refreshment, in a tea-pot cannot.

As to the particular ingredients which constituted the mixture in that tea-pot, Mrs. Prig felt and displayed a devouring curiosity. So much so that she presently counterfeited that abstraction of mind

"THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

Mrs. Gamp (*the Right Hon. W. H. Sm-th*). "I WILL NOW PROPOGE A TOAST. MY PRESENT PARDNER, THE OPPOSITION!"

Mrs. Prig (*the Right Hon. W. E. Gl-dst-ne*). "WHICH ALTERING THE NAME TO THE GOVERNMENT, I DRINK WITH LOVE AND TENDERNESS."

(Mr. W. H. Smith "trusted that he would have the assistance of the Hon. and Right Hon. Gentlemen opposite." Mr. Gladstone "hoped that Her Majesty's Government would meet what he had said in a corresponding and reciprocal spirit."—*Parliamentary Report*, Feb. 25.)

which has its origin in excessive attention to one topic, and stretched out her hand in the direction of the tea-pot. It was more than Mrs. Gamp could bear. She stopped the hand of Mrs. Prig with her own, and said, with great feeling—

"No, Betsey! Play fair, wotever you do!"

Mrs. Prig, thus baffled, threw herself back in her chair, and, closing the same eye more emphatically, and folding her arms tighter, suffered her head to roll slowly from side to side, while she surveyed her friend with a peculiar smile.

She said nothing. But (as husbands and Members of Parliament well know) there are ways of saying nothing which are more suggestive, and more provocative, than the most exuberant verbosity can possibly be.

In this attitude, and with this demeanour, did Mrs. Prig await results. Whether those results were destined to be as amicable and mutually satisfactory as certain more or less friendly passages between the two ladies had seemed to promise,—well that, of course, remains to be seen. But it is proverbial that "The best of friends—must part."

* * * * * *

A FIRST NIGHT AT THE PLAY.

(*By Our Own Impressionist.*)

Before the First Act of the new piece commenced, I found the theatre crowded in every part. Certainly there were gaps in the stalls (subsequently filled to the considerable inconvenience of the earlier theatre-goers) and also a box or at most two unoccupied, but these again received their allotted tenants before the opening scene was over. I may safely say that the house was full, and now I will, as requested, give my impression of the audience. For once let the play stand over as the Judges have it, "for further consideration," and let me confine my attention to those who had come to pass judgment, and who remained to be inspected.

To begin with the Gallery. Perhaps it contained the most genuine portion of the public in the whole building. By genuine public I mean persons who go to the play to enjoy themselves, and have no objection to paying for the privilege. The Gallery cheered and laughed and did just what they pleased. When they detected what they may have thought was favouritism—when there was an unnecessary cheer for the Manageress for instance—they hissed. But on the whole they were pleased and not ungenerous. In a like manner the Upper Boxes were equally fair and appreciative. But when I come to the Stalls, Private Boxes, and Pit, I have a very different story to tell. They shall have a new paragraph.

The "better parts" of the house were full of what are technically known as "dead heads." They were very nice and intelligent and proper "dead heads," but still "dead heads," and it is the rule of "dead heads" never to applaud anything; so the dramatic critic of this organ of public opinion, and the dramatic critic of that, preserved a discreet silence, only broken when they whispered a professional jest to a neighbouring colleague. Of course, they had a perfect right to be there, as it was their business to notice the piece before them. But I question whether this and that lady of mature charms had an equal right, and whether it would not have been better for the piece had they been conspicuous by their absence. However, the denizens of the Stalls and Private Boxes behaved themselves, and, if apathetic, were at any rate not uncourteous. But the Pit! I really must give a fresh paragraph to the Pit!

In years gone by, when Stalls were unknown, the Pit was *the* place for critics. Even now it retains some of its old *prestige*, thanks to the attendance of the average middle-class playgoer; but on a First Night it is intolerable. The Pit is leavened by a dozen unpleasant-looking persons, who generally contrive to secure places in the front row, and whose object it is to create a disturbance. No doubt these dozen unpleasant-looking persons during the day have been engaged in the congenial employment of measuring flannel or weighing cheese under the superintendence of a head shopman, but at night they are the masters of the situation. It is customary to permit them to interrupt the performances with foolish remarks and unprovoked hootings. If anything goes wrong in the excitement of a first night's performance, these illiterate individuals strive to make it go "wronger." If an actor stumbles over an unexpected chair, they jeer; if an actress finds a door fastened when it should be open, they howl; if a scene sticks for a moment in the hands of a carpenter, they hoot. During the day, no doubt, they have been subject to the wholesome discipline of the shop or the clerk's office, but at night they throw off all restraint, and require a policeman to keep them in order. They are, after all, only a small minority, and it seems a pity that the majority of pit-goers, who presumedly have paid their money to enjoy rationally an evening's entertainment, do not turn upon these critics of the counter, and insist upon their silence or expulsion.

And now, having had my say, I turn to the piece for a moment. It was called *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. I certainly saw the Hansom Cab, and in the First Act noticed that it drove off deliberately with a lamp-post. What it did with that lamp-post appeared to be the mystery. But then I frankly admit I gave more attention to the audience than to the performance.

"ANY ANSWER?"

Dear Mr. Punch,—Accidentally taking up a quarterly, not *The Quarterly*, which is rather too heavy to be taken up without an effort, I found the following passage among its "Notices of Books":—

"We read also of a people which, in spite of foreign occupation, and in spite of systematic Governmental efforts to stifle the national life, clung with dogged tenacity to its nationality; and at last after centuries of oppression, won for itself its legislative and executive independence. The wrongs from which —— suffered under the —— rule appear to have been the confiscation of land for —— settlers, an absentee aristocracy, an impoverished peasantry, a close official class ruling the country according to —— notions and in —— interests, &c., &c., &c."

Is this about Ireland and England? Anyone who should think so would be very much abroad, seeing that the above is only a comprehensive summary of Professor Arminius Vambéry's book, entitled *Hungary*. Only about Hungary, you see, and the blanks I have left in the quotation, where the words "Hungary," "Austrian," "German," "German," "German," occurred, may be filled up according to the taste and fancy of the reader. Some theorists assert that Hungary has not been benefited by its National Parliament, but, they have the Professor's opinion and experience of actual fact against them. Once the late Mr. Kingsley wrote a memorable book entitled *What then d s Dr. Newman mean?* which had the one invaluable effect of drawing from the eminent person to whom the inquiry was addressed that marvellous specimen of plain English under the Latin title *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, which effectually silenced the unfortunate interrogator! Now wouldn't it be a boon to a majority of puzzled Englishmen, if someone would publish a pamphlet entitled *What then does Mr. Gladstone mean?* if this would have the effect of eliciting such a lucid reply as was given in the instance above quoted. What an opportunity for an *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, by "Mr. G." with a preface succinctly, and without any sort of ambiguity, explaining what he does mean and what he does not mean, and what he does not intend to mean by *Home Rule*. I should suggest this sort of friendly arrangement viz., that Mr. Chaplin should put the question—a game not unlike "putting the stone,"—which "Mr. G." should at once proceed to answer. "*Magna est veritas*," as Mr. Labouchere says when the circulation of *Truth* goes up half-a-dozen or so.

Yours meditatively, En Revenant de la Revue.

"To be Baron Knutsford"

"Voilà ce que l'on dit de moi—
Dans 'la Gazette,'—de Hollande."
La Grande Duchesse.

SUGGESTION FOR RE-ARRANGING A SCENE IN COURT.

From a report of the Walden-Borrowes assault case we extract this:—

"*Mr. Partridge.* You said I prejudged the case. You took me to task, implying that there was favouritism.
Mr. Besley. No, Sir. I beg your pardon.
Mr. Partridge. If you are ever on this Bench, &c., &c."

And then the worthy Partridge-beak went on pecking at Mr. Besley, giving him a lecture. Now, if the wounded Partridge had been quite alive to the situation, the dialogue should have run thus:

Mr. Partridge. You took me to task, implying that there was favouritism.

Mr. Besley (*quoting the refrain of a topical duet popular in Druriolanus's Pantomime of* '87). "No, Sir, I beg your pardon."

Mr. Partridge (*equal to the occasion*). I accept your apology. (*To officials of the Court.*) "For he 's a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us." (*Chorus by everyone heartily.*) And now, Gentlemen, let us resume the case.

And there would have been an end of the matter for ever. *O, si sic omnia!*

OUR FISHERY-COMMISSIONERY YOUNG MAN.

J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n (gaily). "Sport! Why certainly! Enjoyed myself amazingly, you bet. If I 'm asked 'What 's the net result? Is it barren?' I shall reply, 'Sir, the result is Barren-net-ser!' Guess that 's not bad for Joseph. O reservoir! as we Fishery-Commissioners say."

ON THE CARDS.

Sir,—That is certainly a curious fact recorded the other day in the papers, of the thirteen trumps all being contained in one hand at Whist, but is scarcely less strange than the experience of having dealt thirteen successive hands, not one of which contained a single trump. Yet this very thing happened to me quite lately. Travelling the other day from Portsmouth to London, three perfect gentlemen got into the train at Winchester, and, pulling down the window-blinds, proposed that I should join them at a rubber of Whist. I consented, and we had a most enjoyable game for guinea points. But by some curious chance neither I nor my partner held a single trump the whole time, and, as our opponents marked four by honours, and seven by cards every single deal, I found myself, on arriving at Waterloo, indebted to a Captain Deucrack to the amount of £147 3*s.*, for which, not having, of course, so much cash about me, I gave him, at his suggestion, an uncrossed cheque. This, however, by the way. I only mention it in connection with the curious run of ill luck to which I have referred, and which, as it is a complete puzzle to me, I must leave to your readers, if they can, to explain.

I am, Sir, yours, obediently, Peter Simple.

Sir,—The chances of the thirteen trumps falling to one hand at Whist, are nothing like 1,308,902,716 to 1 as somebody says. Why 5 to 1 is nearer it, or for the matter of that, you may call it evens, and make it a certainty. You have only to prepare a pack and keep it under the table, and there you are. Take my case. I am in the habit of playing three-handed whist every evening with a couple of short-sighted invalid uncles for half-a-crown a rubber. Whenever I have the deal I whip the pack off the table and produce the one I have prepared. The result is I score all the honours and all the tricks. My uncles were at first astonished at the phenomenon, but they are now quite accustomed to it, and taking it as a matter of course, frankly admit that I have "remarkable luck." I should rather think I had.

Yours, quite wide-awake, Tommy Sharpe.

Sir,—Your Correspondents have furnished you with some interesting experiences in connection with Whist, to which, if you will permit me, I will add one of my own. Being invited the other evening to join a party at a well-known West-End Card Club, I found myself, after passing in through a back entrance, soon seated playing in turn Nap, Unlimited Loo, and Poker, and drinking Champagne in tumblers in a room secured against the sudden irruption of the Police by locked double doors. After three hours at this I fancy I must have settled down to Whist at ten guinea points, and only rose from the table on finding I held apparently a double set of everything in my hand. Protesting against this extraordinary phenomenon and knocking over a lamp, my partner, and several chairs and tables to emphasise my objection, a *mêlée* ensued, the details of which I cannot distinctly call to mind, but at the end of which I found myself in a back street near the Haymarket, with my pockets turned inside out, my watch gone, my dress coat slit up my back to the collar, and a portion of an umbrella-stand in my right hand. I managed to reach my home in Bayswater owing to the timely assistance of a friendly policeman, but I have not yet solved the mystery of the "double hand." It was certainly remarkably curious. Yours enigmatically, Double Dumby.

Sir,—That thirteen-trump deal can be managed, and I've had recourse to it myself—on occasions, very successfully; but it's too flashy for good steady advantage play. For this I have always found marked backs with, of course, a little attention to the turn-up, the safest and most useful method of procedure in thoroughly respectable and unsuspecting circles. Of course, there's Hanky-Panky suitable for all games; but, speaking for myself, I never feel quite so at home as I do at *écarté*. Give me my New York coat with manipulating sleeves, and a couple of kings up each cuff, and there's no one—not even Major Smooth himself—who'll prove a match for Yours, very truly, Von Trump.

TWO STRIKING TESTIMONIALS.

Upwards of three hundred persons presented Mr. Pollitzer, the eminent violinist with a testimonial in the shape of a gold repeater. Was the gift a delicate reminder to him to be as correct in his time as in his tune? If so, it was scarcely complimentary. Or was it to intimate that Mr. Pollitzer should follow the example set by his new repeater, and always take an encore when pressed? "Brother" Parkinson, Grand All-sorts-of-dignities of the North, South, East and West, also received a splendid repeater in recognition of his valuable services rendered to the Drury Lane Masonic Lodge. Every act the Band of Brothers perform is, or ought to be, symbolical, and so the presentation of a valuable gold repeater, should mean that a Brother in distress must never forget that he has an Uncle ever ready to assist him: that, if in trade, one Mason should be always willing to "tick" another Mason: that "good works" are absolutely necessary; that "Hands" must never strike,—that not being their department; and finally that by constantly wearing the repeater, the richest, the strongest, of us will be perpetually reminded that he ought always to keep a good watch on himself. Such are the words of wisdom from the mouth of The Universal G. M. *Punch*. *So mote it be!* Now from Labour to Refreshment!

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 20.—CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM back to-night. Gallery crowded, in expectation of spectacle. GRAHAM had half promised *tableau vivant* representing the Prisoner of Pentonville. Was to have entered in gaol clothes, clanking chain at heel, with bowl of skilly under left arm, and munching chunk of bread. Nothing of the kind. Put on his best clothes, and looked very fit. Much disappointment in Strangers' Gallery. Wanted to have their money returned. GORST called up to explain that, in present state of finances of India, demand could not be entertained.

FIRTH and CAUSTON, some of the earliest "fruit" of the famous Mitchelstown telegram that GOSCHEN was asking about on Friday night, garnered amid loud cheers. CHAPLIN resumed Debate on Address, calling attention to Agricultural Depression in England, a welcome change from the twanging of Erin's everlasting harp.

HOWARD VINCENT took opportunity of recommending Protection. But these he explained only preliminary remarks. Will at later stage submit the question in formal manner. Agitation on Treasury Bench; observing which, HOWARD VINCENT good enough to say that he "did not intend to imperil existence of the present patriotic Government." Old Morality reassured. GOSCHEN gratified.

After this, debate naturally lapsed into discussion on Indian financial affairs. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, meaning to make speech on this subject, strategically occupied earlier hours of sitting in gymnastic exercise on Bench behind Ministers. Proceedings peculiar. Closes his eyes and opens his mouth; drops his massive head backward till it seems as if it must break off; then pulls it up, stares wildly around, closes his eyes, opens his mouth, and so on *da capo*. Colonel PAGET, who sits just behind, tells me he has practised a little manœuvre with his compressed opera-hat.

"Can at a moment's notice," he says, "use it as a charger on which to receive TEMPLE's head, should it break off, as it is sure to do some night."

TIM HEALY, who is with us for a few days, and has his legal mind filled with points bearing on the question of arrest within the precincts of the House, misunderstood the demonstration. Thought

the Knight of the Star of India was trying to go to sleep. Tim had placed on paper notice to ask Mr. Speaker whether he regarded this as a case of "a rest within the precincts of the House." Saw his error in time.

Temple tells me that this phenomenon, which sometimes paralyses crowded House, is an exercise something of the *massage* kind, only much more efficacious. Wonderfully refreshing, he says, and wants R. N. Fowler to try it. But, as Fowler says, it's a matter of neck or nothing, and Nature has given the Alderman more nothing than neck. *Business done.*—More debate on Address.

Tuesday.—Arthur Balfour really in low spirits to-night. Keeps up appearances before the House. But in private intercourse with a congenial soul discloses despair. Tells me he never quite got over the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate's announcement of himself as a disciple, a convert to that great work entitled *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt*. Always thought pretty well of the book till then. Now views it with secret horror. Furtively buys up stray copies, and burns them at midnight. Heavier still the blow fallen upon him to-night. The Sage having hailed him as a Master, the Sage's colleague at Northampton now claims him as a disciple. By some fatality, as if he had not enough to contend with in Ireland, Arthur got himself entangled to-night in debate on condition of the Crofters. Delivered luminous speech, tracing the cause finally to over-population; whereupon Bradlaugh gets up, recalls his own life-long crusade against over-population, rapturously welcomes his new and unexpected colleague, and holds out across floor of House a more or less "'orny 'and."

The Cameron Pibroch.

"It's too much, Toby," said Balfour, in a weary voice, and placing his feet among the other ornaments on the chimney-piece in the Chief Secretary's private room. "Labby gave me a sore stab with his approval of my pamphlet. But Bradlaugh has given me a death-blow. I shall give up politics, retire from Parliament, and take to writing articles in *The Nineteenth Century*." Said what I could to cheer him, and hope he'll reconsider his determination. But is evidently hard hit.

House busy to-night discussing sad condition of Crofters. Cameron moved an Amendment in a carefully-prepared speech, which told a melancholy story of hopeless destitution. It was this that led Arthur Balfour into the pitfall. It was all, he said, due to overpopulation, and the only remedy is emigration.

"Same policy in destitute Scotland as in distressed Ireland," says Tim Healy, who hasn't left us yet. "'Register! Register! Register!' used to be a political shibboleth. Now it's 'Emigrate! Emigrate! Emigrate!'"

Business done.—Crofters' Amendment to Address rejected by 194 votes to 133.

Thursday.—In the Lords, Strathedden-and-Campbell turns up quite fresh after long silence of Recess. It is, as usual, Europe that concerns him. Can't sleep o' nights thinking of Bulgaria. Suggests a Conference. Hints that now the Markiss is too much engaged in home affairs to undertake the duty, perhaps he (S.-and-C.) might find time to attend Conference as British Commissioner. Usual thing, when Strathedden-and-Campbell succeeds in rising, for Markiss to have special engagement elsewhere. To-night stayed on. Appeared to be listening. Thus encouraged S.-and-C. enlarged upon subject. Brought in loose passages of speeches prepared any time since Berlin Conference. Tacked them together anyhow. Shovelled them out, and really enjoyed himself.

Herschell standing at doorway watched Markiss with amazement.

"What *is* he up to?"

"What *is* he up to?"

Up to the mark, that was quite certain when he rose, and to amazement of few Members present, and supreme satisfaction of S.-and-C., gravely discussed the matter. Talked epigrammatically about Conferences and their probable results; flouted "what is called the Concert of Europe;" jibed at the Institutions of Bulgaria "working in a sort of way," and airily disposed of apprehensions of war about so small a matter.

"What *is* he at?" Herschell, having left his post of observation and dropped in on Front Bench, asked Granville.

"Don't you see the substantial Czar standing behind the shadow of Strathedden? Czar promulgated this morning his views about Bulgaria, and the Markiss finds S.-and-C. useful for once in his life. Talks to him and at the Czar. Really very pretty."

"All very well, my Lord," said Rosebery to Markiss, when they met in the cloak-room. "But you'll have to suffer hereafter. You've wound up Strathedden-and-Campbell, and you'll have him going every night for months to come."

"Just arrived!"

"That's true," said the Markiss, gloomily. "I wish we could get Strathedden to pair with Campbell for the rest of the Session."

In Commons that arch agitator, Shaw-Lefevre, tells of his hair-breadth 'scapes in Ireland; how he defied the Government; and how an Executive, backed by an innumerable force of mailed men, quailed before his calm but searching glance, and furtively put some one else in prison. "Autobiographical," was Arthur Balfour's sneering criticism on this latest contribution to debate on Irish affairs. Thereafter took his own turn for something over an hour in reply. To speak for less than an hour on Irish affairs has come to be a mark of mean-spiritedness. The other night Gladstone so angry with Arthur Balfour for speaking an hour and forty minutes that he took two hours and five minutes to rebuke him.

Business done.—Report of Address agreed to.

Friday, Midnight.—Donald Currie just arrived from Cape, where, Wilfrid Lawson tells me, he has been engaged in missionary enterprise. "Glad I caught the boat," he said, in his breathless manner. "Wouldn't have missed this for anything."

Something, indeed, to see. Since House met at half-past four, it has achieved complete somersault, turned itself inside out, or done anything else that looks or sounds earthquaking. Under Conservative Government bloodless revolution brought about. Everything changed. Going to begin sittings where sometimes in old days left them off. Speaker to be put to bed at midnight, or one o'clock, at very latest.

"*Nunc dimittis!*" says Joseph Gillis, dropping into French, as is his wont when deeply affected. "No more larks. No more All-night Sittings. No more nothing. House was getting so respectable, thought of applying for Chiltern Hundreds. Shall now ask for the Chiltern Thousands." *Business done.*—House determined to meet at Three in the Afternoon, and shut up at Midnight.

THE JEUNE PREMIER.

Mr. Punch (Critic). "Bravo, Herbert! You gave your speech uncommonly well the other night. Didn't think you had it in you."

Young Mr. G. (playing under the name of Herbert). "Glad you were pleased with it; everybody seemed to like it. You see I can get a chance now and then, when the Governor's not on in the same scene."

"Mr. Labouchere's Amendment."—We are glad of his amendment, and hope he will go on amending until he is perfectly well.

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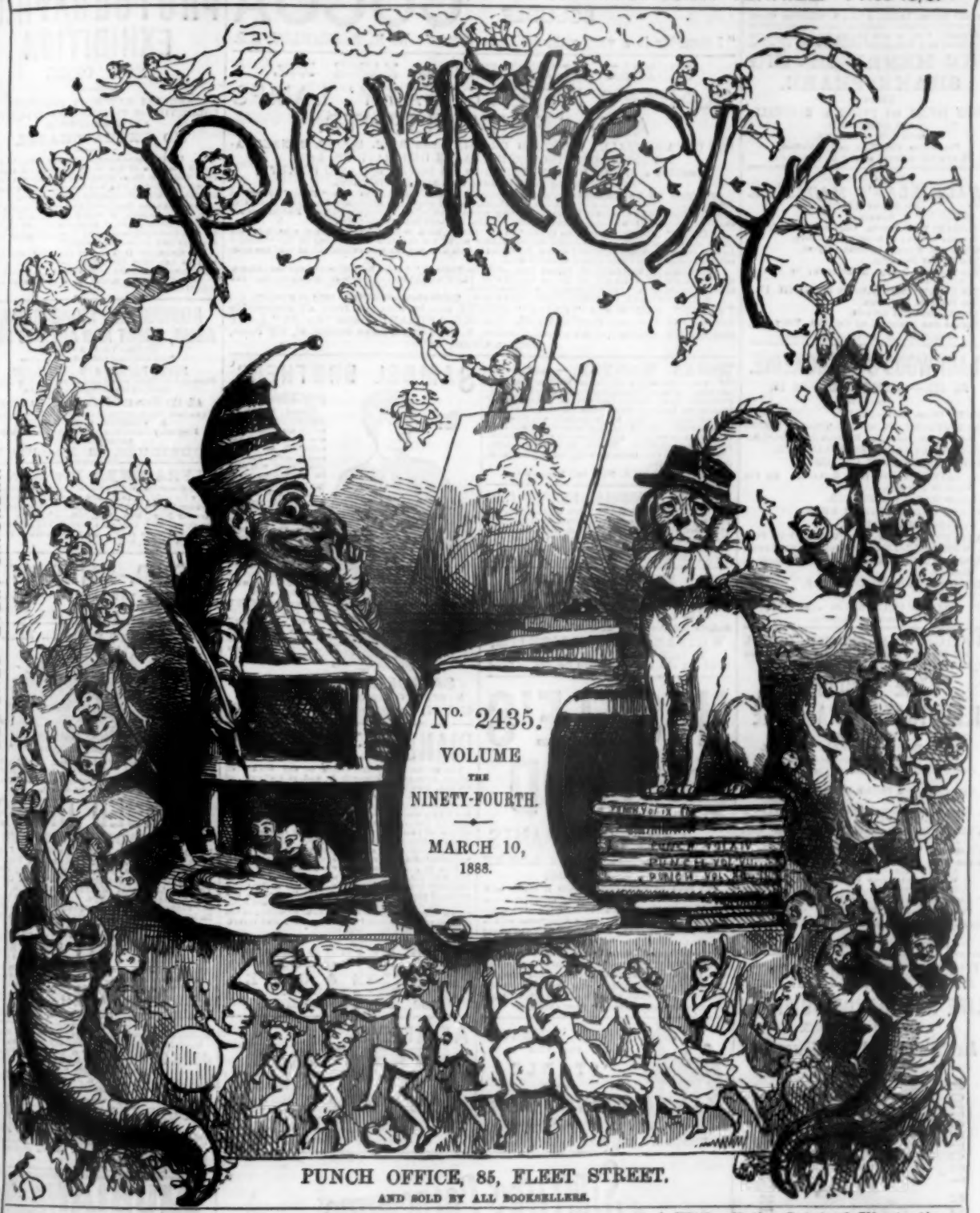

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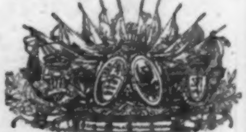

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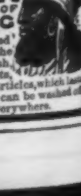

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[*Assumes a jaunty smile.*

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Chorus of Starving Guests (*in undertone*). Too bad, you know—*can't* understand it! . . . No one has any right to do this sort of thing—don't care *who* he is! . . . Generally so punctual here . . . . I make it a rule—never wait over five minutes past the hour for anyone . . . Quite right too, &c., &c.

Butler. Mr. ST. JOHN BRENTWING.

[*Enter last* Guest *under concentrated glare from surrounding eyes, which he seems rather to enjoy than otherwise.*

Hostess (*with implied reproach*). I began to be quite afraid something had happened to you.

[Mr. B. *thinks that she is not far wrong, and mumbles apologies.*

Butler (*re-appearing after a moment's pause outside the door*). Dinner is served.

Hostess (*to* Mr. B.). Let me see—do you know Miss FLAMBOWE?

Mr. B. (*who has been rejected by the young lady in question that very afternoon*). I—ah—*do* know Miss FLAMBOWE.

[*Adds—"at last!" to himself bitterly and feels better.*

Hostess. Then I want you to take her in, please. You won't mind being close to the fire?

[Mr. B. *thinks he has been very close to the fire already.*

A Paternal Old Gentleman. A most charming young lady—I congratulate you, Sir,—char-ming!

Mr. B. (*advancing to* Miss FLAMBOWE *with elaborate indifference*). I believe I'm to take you in.

Miss F. (*looking down, and hoping he doesn't mean to be "silly."*) I believe you are.

ON THE STAIRS.

Mr. B. (*thinking he'd better say something*). Have you been out at all to-day?

Miss F. Only in the morning—such a wretched day, hasn't it been?

[*Wishes she'd said something else.*

Mr. B. Has it? Well, it *was* rather a dismal afternoon, now I come to think of it.

Miss F. (*deciding to take this literally*). Oh, very—but, after all, one must expect a little unpleasantness just at this time of the year, mustn't one?

Mr. B. Oh, yes—you can get used to anything if you only make up your mind to it?

[*Thinks he is carrying it off rather well.*

AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

Miss F. How prettily the table's arranged, isn't it?—though I never *quite* like to see flowers strewn carelessly about, do you? I mean, it seems such a *pity*, you know.

Mr. B. (*with a feeble attempt to be cynical*). Oh, I don't suppose *they* mind much, after they're once plucked—sooner they get the end over, the better for them, I should think. (*Is afraid he has gone too far.*) Aren't you taking turbot? you should—it's capital!

[*Swallows some mouthfuls with an effort.*

Miss F. I'm glad you're enjoying it. [*She crumbles her bread.*

Mr. B. I had no luncheon this morning, you see—and so—(*lays down his knife and fork*) that gives a fellow an *appetite*, you know. (*To Footman, who says, "Sherry or 'Ock, Sir?"*) Rock.

Miss F. (*to herself*). I don't believe he minds a *bit*—and yet, he hasn't finished his fish, after all!

Mr. B. (*in answer to his other neighbour*). Well, no, there isn't much doing just now. I've been meaning to get away for a long time—go abroad and rough it a bit, don't you know. (*He has raised his voice unconsciously for benefit of Miss F.*) Start next week at the latest, I hope.

Miss F. (*absently, to her other neighbour, who is telling her a funny story about Sydney Smith.*) How *very* interesting—and you saw that yourself!

[*The neighbour puts her down mentally as a pretty idiot.*

Miss F. (*to* Mr. B.) Did I hear you say you were going abroad just now—where did you think of going?

Mr. B. (*who has only just thought of it*). Well, I shall run over to the Rockies and shoot grizzlies.

Miss F. Do you think you could lower that candle-shade a little? Thanks. Shoot grizzlies? You will *like* that, won't you?

Mr. B. Immensely. (*To Footman.*) Champagne, please.

Miss F. I suppose you have friends out there?

Mr. B. I had a friend who went out some time ago.

Miss F. And you are going to join him?

Mr. B. (*carelessly*). Shouldn't be surprised if I did—sooner or later.

Miss F. Is he settled out there, then?

Mr. B. Settled? oh, yes—*he's* settled.

Miss F. And he likes the country?

Mr. B. He wasn't there long enough to tell—fell down a cliff, or something, and was killed, out shooting, poor chap!

Miss F. (*after playing with an entrée*). I hope you 'll be careful.

Mr. B. I? oh, *I* shall be careful enough—one takes one's chance, you know. By the way, will you let me send you home a skin, if I have any luck with the grizzlies? . . . you'd rather I didn't? I suppose I oughtn't to have offered—I never know about these things—I must wait, then—till—till I hear news of you . . . were you looking for something?

Miss F. Only a little water, please.

OVER THE CIGARETTES.

Host (*to* Mr. B.) And how did you get on with that Miss FLAMBOWE, eh, BRENTWING? Nice girl, isn't she?

Mr. B. Very.

[*Helps himself to salted almonds—which he doesn't like.*

Host (*confidentially*). Now *that's* a girl now—a young fellow like you . . . chance for you . . . might do worse, eh?

Mr. B. (*taking a cigarette and wishing his hand wouldn't shake so confoundedly*). Well, you see, Sir—as to that—(*laughs awkwardly*) well, there are two sides to every question, aren't there?

Host. I tell you what, BRENTWING, you young men are too selfish nowadays—you don't like to give up your clubs, and your chambers, and all your bachelor enjoyments,—not if it's to marry the nicest girl in the world—that's what it is!

Mr. B. (*laughing again unsteadily*). That's about the truth of it, Sir,—we're a poor lot!

UPSTAIRS.

The Hostess (*to Miss F.*) And so you have met your neighbour before? He's quite a favourite of mine—only he shouldn't come so late to dinner. I hope you found him amusing?

Miss F. Oh, extremely—he's going out to America, he says, to—to shoot bears, or something.

Hostess. He never said a word about it to me. What can he want to rush off like that for?

Miss F. He didn't tell me that.

[*She watches the door under her eyelashes, as the men enter; Mr.* BRENTWING *engages in an animated conversation with a lively young lady at the other end of the room.* The Paternal Old Gentleman *comes up and entertains* Miss FLAMBOWE *with elderly attentions for the rest of the evening, which she appears to appreciate highly.*

IN THE HALL.

Mr. B. (*who by the merest accident has taken his leave the moment after* Miss F.) Are they getting you a cab?

[*Coldly, to* Miss F. *whom he finds below.*

Miss F. It's outside—I'm only waiting for my maid. Good-night—or I suppose I ought to say—Good-bye?

Mr. B. (*stiffly*). After this afternoon, I should imagine good-bye was the only thing *to* say.

Miss F. And you couldn't manage to come and see me just once—before you go away to your bears?

[*Turns aside to arrange her hood.*

Mr. B. I *could*, of course,—only I don't exactly see what the *good* of it would be!

Miss F. Of course you are the best judge of that—I only thought you might find it worth while perhaps.

Mr. B. LUCELLA! Do you mean . . .?

Miss F. (*as she gets into cab*). I mean that I don't always quite know what I *do* mean. Good-night.

Mr. B. (*soliloquising on pavement*). If I *do* go, she'll only make a fool of me again. . . . I won't give her the chance. . . . At least, I'll think over it.

[*Walks home, and thinks over it.*

PLAYING WITH MONEY.—Not gambling, but acting. The A.D.C. of Cambridge must be in flourishing circumstances. They gave *Money* last week. The costumier let the Club have his best dresses for *Money*. Everything was done for *Money* that money could do, and so money came in, and *Money* "went" uncommonly well. After Saturday afternoon there was no more *Money*, but it may be hoped by an Old Stager that the Club re-couped itself.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING IN THE CITY.—Will the City Fathers give "the Brush system" a fair chance? The name is too suggestive of a sweeping measure to find favour with the doughty champions of fine old vested interests.

A SILVER WREATH FOR A SILVER WEDDING.

March 10, 1888.

"Welcome, fair Bride! may thy life be as sweet
As the spring-flowers o'er thee flung!*
So sounded forth in the Street of Fleet,
From *Punch's* loyal tongue,

* See "*Punch* at the Procession," p. 116, vol. xliv., 1863.

His Bridal Ode, prepared to greet
The fair, the bright, the young.
Twenty-five years ago! And now
Perennial *Punch* steps forth,
With bent head, ever prompt to bow
To Beauty and to Worth,
Once more with flowers to wreathe thy brow,
Dear Lady from the North!

"*Rose-en-Soleil*,"* he called her then,
Our Maid of Denmark fair,
A silver Rose-in-Sun! Again
Loud shoutings rend the air
From ready lips of loyal men—
Again the trumpets blare!

* See "The Rose in Sun" (Edward the Fourth's favourite cognisance), p. 123, vol. xliv.

"SHIVER OUR TIMBERS!"

A quivering, shivering aspen, and a weeping willow, are no marvels, but a Groaning Oak is something new. Strange, if true. According, however, to some correspondence in a Hampshire paper, there is, or lately was, a Groaning Tree at Lymington, which astonished the natives of the New Forest. A similar prodigy, within the memory of man, for eighteen or twenty months together, at the village of Baddesley, created amazement and consternation in the country round. This portent is recorded to have been a large elm, which grew in the garden of a poor cottager. Apparently it was young and vigorous, but at intervals emitted a strange noise, like that of a person in extreme agony. Its owner at length bored a hole in the trunk of it, and after that it never groaned again. He finally rooted it up, but found nothing more to account for its doleful utterances than the philosopher discovered when he cut his bellows open to see where the wind came from. We've all heard of the Mahogany groaning on the most festive occasions. Considering that the oaks of Dodona gave out oracles, and that trees of classical antiquity were tenanted by Hamadryads, the Psychical Research Society may perhaps consider it worth while to investigate the weird, eerie, and uncanny manifestations exhibited by these groaning trees, unless they class them with the Hoax of Dodona.

A Plucky Pair and a Golden Wedding.—A short time ago what was described as "A Romantic Marriage" took place. When the Dutch Emigrant Ship, *W. A. Scholten*, was lost, a Miss Gold showed immense pluck, and begged all the English aboard to join hands and sink together. One T. Mitchell of Van Buren, U.S., had advertised in England for a wife. Miss Gold was among those who had replied. Real pluck again. As she couldn't go out to "join hands" with him, the advertiser travelled to England and "joined hands" here. Which was the pluckier of the two? Can any husband be wished better luck than that his bride may be as good as Gold?

"For Ever and for Ever," at Toole's Theatre.—If names signify anything, there is a young Actress likely to remain on the stage for a very long time,—Miss Eva Moore. "Quoth the Raven, Eva Moore!"

OCCASIONAL.

Blue Ribbon Curate. "Tut-t-t, dear me, James, this is the Third Time I've seen you coming out of that Public-house!"

Thirsty Artisan. "Thash all, Sir. You don't think 'shect'ble Bri'sh Workman can shpen' all 'sh Time in 'Grog-shop!"

BACILLUS OUR BANE.

O bogie-like baleful Bacillus,
Untouched by our potions and pills,
You enter to conquer and kill us,
The taint that brings terrible ills.
You lurk in the air and the water,
The presage of peril and pain,
You stride on serene to our slaughter,
Bacillus our bane.

You must have existed for ages,
But ne'er in the past you appear
In mystical medical pages;
When suddenly, lo! you are here.
Though climates be Arctic or Tropic,
You come with disease in your train;
Seen surely on slide microscopic,
Bacillus our bane.

"*De minimis non curat lex*" is
A motto we've all heard before;
The tiny Bacillus that vexes,
No medical man can ignore.
The smallest of things in creation
An eminence high may attain;
You pull down the head of a nation,
Bacillus our bane.

Though some folks deny your existence,
Though fierce physiologists fight,
With painful unpleasing persistence,
Professors bring new ones to light.
Each boasts of the one he detected,
Its beauties will gladly explain;
Is our admiration expected?—
Bacillus our bane.

While knowledge is power, recognition
Of such horrid atoms as these,
Each like a malefic magician,
Can scarce be expected to please.
Although we've endeavoured to quiz it,
It smiles vibrionic disdain;
But don't bother us with a visit,
Bacillus our bane.

OLD RHYME.

(*Legally reset.*)

Ax your pardon, Grantham grace,
Put the Cat back in its place.*

* Where is "its place" when once let out of the bag?—Ed.

A Memento, My Masters.—The Tercentenary of the Spanish Armada is to be commemorated by an elaborate sculpture erected on Plymouth Hoe, representing Britannia with banners and other accessories; medallions also of Drake, Raleigh, Frobisher, and Hawkins, and a bronze tablet illustrating the destruction of the enemy's fleet, coupled with an inscription attributing its dispersion to the winds. Certainly, the winds did blow, and the invaders were scattered; but that was a contingency by no means likely in the time of need to occur again, and the only complete commemoration of the Spanish Armada remains to be effected by the formation of such a Navy, as, with adequate coast defence, will suffice to blow any future Fleets of combined foreigners out of the water.

A PICKWICKIAN DIALOGUE.

Scene—*Outside the Globe Theatre.*

"That's my card, Sir. Barrett, you will perceive, Sir,—Barrett is my name. It's rather a good name, I think, Sir?"

"A very good name indeed," said *Mr. Punch*, wholly unable to repress a smile.

"Yes, I think it is," resumed Mr. Barrett. "There's a good name before it, too, you will observe . . . There—'Wilson Barrett' sounds well, I think, Sir?"

"Very," said *Mr. Punch*.

"*Melnotte*'s a good name, too—*Claude Melnotte*—and 'Wilson Barrett as *Claude Melnotte*' is an attractive advertisement, I think, Sir?"

"Certainly," said *Mr. Punch*.

"I appear now and then as *Claude Melnotte*, and it pleases my friends very much."

"It is calculated to afford them the highest gratification, I should conceive," said *Mr. Punch*, rather envying the ease with which Mr. Wilson Barrett's friends were entertained.

"Now, Gentlemen," said the Acting-Manager, approaching them. "All in to begin!"

Gracefully Mr. Wilson Barrett bowed to *Mr. Punch*, as the latter stepped into his hansom and was driven off in the direction of Fleet Street.

Appropriate.—In any re-adjustment of Parliamentary seats, Mr. Sexton ought to be the Member for Bury.

REAL FREE TRADE;

Or, the "Service of Men."

[The "Halfpenny Letter Post Company" is promising to give the public, by means of "a novel system of advertising," an envelope, a sheet of note-paper, and a penny stamp, for one halfpenny, "without any loss to the revenue."]

R. V. Winkle, Esq., a member of that eminent City Firm known as Messrs. Schneider, Schwapps, & Co., rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and said, in a curiously husky voice, which he hardly recognised as his own:—"How long have I been asleep? It must be time to go to the Office."

He put on his coat and set off for the Railway Station. He was startled when he arrived there to find everything seemed to be changed. Instead of a grimy, draughty, little room, with a floor of wet planks, where he had always been accustomed to take his ticket for Town, he beheld a Gothic building, with marble pillars, and a portico ornamented with priceless statues of all the Directors of the Company. Stepping inside, he could hardly believe that that Hall of Dazzling Light was in very truth the Booking-office. From the hand of a bronze Naiad in the centre of the building, a flashing stream poured into a porcelain fountain, illuminated by hundreds of electric lights.

He looked for the pigeon-hole where an over-worked clerk had been in the habit of angrily dispensing tickets to travellers.

The pigeon-hole had disappeared! There was a handsomely dressed man walking about the hall, and R. V. Winkle, utterly dazed at the changes which had taken place, thought he would inquire where the ticket-office might be. The handsomely dressed man was, as he discovered to his intense astonishment, a porter! R. V. Winkle could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the well-known buttons on his best Melton coat, and the embroidered gold-band round his plush cap, denoting his status.

"There is no ticket-office, Sir," he replied, in apparent surprise; "there was one here, I believe, twenty years ago. But that was before my time."

"Then how *am* I to get my ticket for London?" exclaimed Mr. R. V. Winkle, hopelessly bewildered.

The Porter pointed politely to one out of a number of curiously shaped machines standing in a row along one wall.

"Put the amount of your fare in the slit," he continued, "and pull out the drawer."

In increasing astonishment, the Merchant did as he was told. The old fare used to be half-a-crown, "return, second-class." He was just about to hunt for that coin in his purse, when he saw the words "One half-penny," inscribed on the apparatus.

"It must be a mistake," he murmured to himself. "Still—this is a morning of wonders—I will try a halfpenny." So saying he dropped that modest coin into the slit. Pulling out the drawer, he was surprised to find a packet of railway-tickets presented to him, elegantly tied round with red silk; they were first-class return tickets to London, enough to last for a fortnight; but they were much larger than he had known before—and on every side they were covered with advertisements of cheap soaps, patent braces, furniture, sewing-machines, feeding-bottles, sensation novels, and a host of other articles.

Mr. R. V. Winkle turned to the Porter for an explanation.

"I see, Sir," remarked that official, "that you are not acquainted with the system which is now in vogue in all departments of social and domestic life. Everything is provided gratis, or almost gratis; trade is revolutionised; advertisements pay for everything—they have paid for this Station, which although decent in point of architecture, is nothing to the Cannon Street Terminus, the *façade* of which is said utterly to eclipse that of the Cathedral at Milan, and which is solely composed of alabaster inlaid with precious stones."

"You surprise me," said R. V. Winkle. "I must really go to the Post Office to get a stamp in order to write an account of these marvels to my friends elsewhere."

"You need hardly take the trouble to do that, Sir," replied the Porter. "Touch that button—no, you need not put in any coin—and you will have enough letter-paper and stamps to last you for the rest of your life-time."

It was quite true. Staggering under the weight of the stationery which had been jerked out at him from the mouth of the machine, Mr. R. V. Winkle exclaimed:—"Why, then, the cost of living must be materially reduced by these arrangements."

"Cost of living!" the Porter responded. "Then you are *not* aware that the butcher now presents us with prime joints without asking for any payment, because the paper in which he wraps his meat is covered with tasteful advertisements, which return him an ample profit without the necessity of charging his customers anything. The baker and greengrocer proceed on the same principle, happy if they are merely enabled to introduce into a sufficient number of private houses the advertising paper-bags in which their goods are enveloped."

"Dear me!" said the staggered Londoner; "this must be very gratifying to the poor!"

"The Poor! We have none, Sir. I believe there were some poor in London when I was a lad—but, bless me, poverty and discontent are unknown. Automatic delivery and an extension of the advertising system have converted England into a terestrial Paradise."

"Dear me!" said R. V. Winkle, again. "This really surprises me. My sleep must have been much longer than I thought."

SETTLING THEIR SUNDAY.

At a recent sitting of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, according to a contemporary it appears that—

"Sunday Out."

"The Bishop of Exeter laid on the table a petition, said to be signed by one hundred and four persons, including Members of both Houses of Parliament, clergymen, and others, setting forth that there had been of late a marked increase in the employment of the afternoon and evening of Sunday in amusements of various kinds by the upper and fashionable classes of Society."

It adds, moreover, that the "pastimes of recent date" are said "to comprise formal dinner-parties, smoking concerts, theatrical and semi-theatrical performances, comic recitations and amusing programmes of fun and frolic, exhibitions of jugglery," and other highly reprehensible and wicked forms of dissipation, including "boxing at the Pelican Club," lawn tennis, and even the enormities of visiting the studios of artists perpetrated annually under the appalling title of "Show Sunday." Why these hundred and four persons should take upon themselves to meddle with the nature of the "amusements of various kinds" to which the fashionable classes of Society choose to devote their Sunday afternoons, or what good on earth they hope to get by handing in a petition to the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury on the subject, is not very clear. They might, however, throw some light on the matter by a little further and fuller definition of some of the "pastimes of recent date" to which they more particularly object. It would be interesting no less to know precisely what sort of an entertainment would fall under the category of a "semi-theatrical performance," as to be informed at what particular point of humour a recitation might become too "comic" for a Sunday rendering. Much mystery is again suggested in the prohibition put on an "amusing programme of fun and frolic."

What, too, is meant by the dead set made at exhibitions of jugglery? Is this aimed at a little innocent *leger-de-main*, or is it destined only to crush the professional wizard and his stock apparatus? Of the "boxing at the Pelican Club" with which the hundred and four petitioners appear to be familiar, it is more difficult to speak; but the attempt to abolish "Show Sunday" may fairly be characterised as rather impertinent. Our English Sunday is none too lovely or lively an institution, but as yet neither the upper nor the lower classes of English Society have shown any tendency, publicly, to desecrate it. When they do, it will be time enough, if not for the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, at least for the Public Opinion of the country to express itself upon the matter. Meantime, grandmotherly interference had better let it alone.

EXTRACT FROM "EVELYN'S DIARY."

Feb. 12.—This day paid off all my Deptford. Made up my mind. Bade farewell to Coercion. O blessed day!

Feb. 13.—Heard it whispered that a little Darling and a Wilful Blunt are to fight for my place. May the better man win. Will this be the Wilful one? It ought not to be the other, as he is not the Grand "Old Man's Darling."

Feb. 17.—Came the glad and unexpected news of a great victory over the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists at Southwark.

Feb. 18.—Came the news from Hampstead, not unexpected, that this seat had been won without opposition. Ought we not to be thankful for even the smallest mercies?

Feb. 18.—Came grievous news of a great victory at Doncaster.

Feb. 25.—Wrote to my agent to inquire into matters concerning contumacious tenants.

Feb. 29.—Comes the news of the confus'd, debauch'd, riotous manner of anti-Darlingites at Deptford. Some short while ago I too might have been a Darling! Late at night came tidings by private wire of the victory of the Darlingers, and the defeat of the supporters of The Wilful One. These are sad and troublous times! I know not how it will all end.

ROBERT ON SPELLING.

WELL I must say as the respect as I receeves from my Cozens in Amerrykey is sumthink as is most agreeable to my feelinx, more partikler as I haven't the plessure of knowing not none of 'em. Fust they sends over reel gennelmen of the Press to interwiew me, as they calls it, and then to tell all the natrally inquisitive Amerrycan people all about the sillybrated City Waiter as he called me. Then I has a inwitation from all the ten thousand Waiters in New York to go over there and read my intresting and emusin letters, as they called 'em, which I shood most suttenly have accepted if they wood have garranteed me a nice smooth passage all the way there and back, but that they wouldn't do, and as my one trial, when I went to the Ague, proved the fact, that a rolling, and a gambolling, and a pitchin, and a tossin Sea don't agree with the stummack of an

Hed Waiter, I felt compeled to decline the inwitation tho' it might have gained me lots of money.

But both of these honorable distinktions was as nothink when compared to the great honor as has jist bin conferd on me by the Spelling Reform Assosiation of Amerrykey. I have just receeved from Boston, free gratis for nothink, post paid, a nice little gray book, which I am told is their ofishal horgan tho' it don't look like one, and the receet of which intemates to me that in consequence of my long long efforts in the grand cause of reely good Spelling I am unannymousely elected one of their Counsel! When I menshuns as the rest of us includes 3 professers of Hinglish, and Frensh and Germen, and four Edditers of warious Noose Papers, and a late Chanceseller of New York—who I shoud think must have done a good stroke of bissiness there in that partickler line—peeple of powerful emadgination may try in wane to guess what my feelinx of pride and gratyficashun must be. As I has before obserwed, everything sums to the man who can Wait, but I suttenly did not include such a staggerer as this here. I have dewoted a good many spare hours, in this rayther slack season, a trying to understand my free gratis trezure, but I am bound in honor to confess that my honorable colleags has gone such a jolly long ways ahed of me in their eger attemps to himitate me, that I finds it considerable difficult to read their book, much less to hunderstand it.

For instance, when I finds an House spelt Houz, and "to snatch a glimpse above at my Beloved," as the poet sings, spelt "to snach a glimps abuv at my Beluvd," and such orful looking words as these here, "I skecht two men on the river one sculd and one rowd," I feels jist a leetle bit ashamed of my brother Professers and Edditers for their werry hugly spelling.

However, I'm quite reddy to make all nessessary allowanses for yung beginners, and daresay they'll do better when they've had as much xperience as I have, but I must protest with all my art and with all my strengh against hinsulting a butiful Rose by spelling it with a z, Roze! (which I heer as they've just givvun the fair Songkstress a testermonel before her dipartcher, which I dipploar); praps one of the Counsel scracht his fingers with a rose (nun without thorns noweres) and this was the rewenge as he took, and Apl for a poor happle ain't much better. I can't too quite agree with Perfessor WALTER SKEAT when he spells wittels, *vittels*, I declines to give up my dubbleyou tho he is a Perfesser. And sum on them does cum it rayther strong. Perfesser OWEN, for instance, says, without a blush, that he can spell "Face" in 952 different ways! one of 'em being "Gheighsch"!

I don't feel at all sure that its quite right for my "Spelling Reform Association," as we calls ourselves, to try to make eweryboddy spell xactly alike. As a trueborn Inglishman I claims my right to spell my own native Langwidge xactly as I likes. And that same freedum as I clames for myself I am ginerous enuff to grant to hothers. There's a noble sense of true British freedom when we orthers sets down to write with the fine free feeling that we ain't never obleeged to stop in the middel of a fine flow of langwidge jist to wunder how sum long wurd is spelt. Why I werrily bleeves as sum of my werry grandest thorts, such as my discription of the nature of Winks, for instance, beginning, "Winks is rum things, Winks is," and my grand deaffinition of Eddicashun, ending thus: "Propper Eddicashun don't mean Schoolin, but shoud teach us all, Waiters and all, to learn and labour trewly to get a good Living, as the poor Curit said to his Bishop," wood ha been hutterly lost to the world for ewer and ewer if I had stopt in the middle on 'em to wunder how sumthink was spelt, and then where shood we all ha bin?

No, as at present adwized, I gos in for freedom in everythink, Spelling and all, and tho I'm werry prowd and werry much flatterd at being helected a Counseller of that "Spelling Reform Leag," in Culumbia Collige, New York, Amerrykey, yet I must at present declyne to take the pledge that I will well and trewly try to spell as they spells, accordin to their ewidence, and as I have bin so good a frend to their great caws, praps they may be injuised to make a xample of me, and let me go on as usuel, free as the hair and without no tyes.

ROBERT.

Po Scrip.—I incloses a copy of werses as I sent to my fare Neece, all ritten as the Spelling Leag demands of them as sines their rules, and a preshus long time it has took me to find 'em all out in their little Dickshunary.

I past by the hous of her I luv,
To snach a glimps of her who sat abuv;
Ev'ry lim was aking so
That I hugd the sadi bow, [luv.
Yet I pluckt a roze and throwd it to my

I cut a noch upon a apl tree,
I spurd my horse to let my luvd one see,
That, dispite the wulger tatl,
I was ready to do batl [free.
To prove my turtl-duv was pure as

ST.-JUSTIFICATION.

MASTER JOHNNY MORLEY says he doesn't like being called "the St.-Just of our Revolution." He complains of Master GEORGIE JOACHIM GOSCHEN's having so nicknamed him, and he won't stand it. At least, so he protests, lucidly and logically enough, through the medium of this month's *Nineteenth Century*. *Mr. Punch* thinks Master GEORGIE's phrase ought to have been "the St.-Just of the Gladstonian Party," because, thus expressed, "St.-Just" is so craftily qualified as to suggest a certain resemblance without any attempt to establish a complete parallel. Master JOHNNY calls attention to M. TAINE's highly charged and laboriously finished portrait of St.-Just, and says, "Look here! am I like this?" No, replies *Mr. P.*, certainly not; but having looked on that picture, look at this sketch by CARLYLE—"More like a Student than a Senator." So, JOHNNY, there you are! You who "have written books," as CARLYLE says of St.-Just, cannot complain of the comparison, so far. CARLYLE indeed calls him "Young St.-Just," "A youth of slight stature, with mild mellow voice, enthusiastic olive complexion, and long black hair." If this portrait, with the heading of a "Hundred Pounds Reward," were posted by the Police all over the country, we readily admit that Master JOHNNY MORLEY would never be arrested as the missing lad answering in every respect to this description. No one appreciates Master JOHNNY at his St.-Just value more than does *Mr. Punch*, who perceives, and he has already put on record pictorially, this striking resemblance at the present time.

LATEST TELEPHONIC INTELLIGENCE.

Voice. Mr. Punch, are you there?

Mr. Punch. Yes. Who is it?

V. Mr. GOSCHEN.

Mr. P. Oh, to be sure—the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

V. Yes, I am that, but something far better. I am a joke-maker.

Mr. P. Don't believe it.

V. But I am! I was *so* funny the other evening, when Mr. WYNDHAM returned to the Criterion from the Continent. Didn't you see my jokes?

Mr. P. No—and don't want to.

V. Then you *must* listen. I said that Mr. WYNDHAM—ha! ha!—when he was at Berlin, had been on the Spree! Ha! ha! I had never heard that anecdote of DAVID GARRICK before. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. P. Did any one laugh?

V. Yes—I did.

Mr. P. But what *was* the joke?

V. Don't you see, Berlin is on the Spree—the name of a river; so when Mr. WYNDHAM was at Berlin, he was on the Spree too. Ha! ha! ha! Wasn't it good?

Mr. P. Good was *not* the word!

V. I am so glad you are pleased. I will tell you another of my jokes.

Mr. P. No, thank you! [*Electric current broken.*

AN EARLY BIRD.—That *rara avis*, a Goldfinch, was hopping about on the shore near Herne Bay—(why didn't the Goldfinch take a fly?)—and suddenly found an elephant, or rather all that remained of one, which was only a tusk. The Goldfinch, a very learned bird, was sure that the tusk was that of a hairy elephant on a visit to this part of Kent a few thousand years ago, more or less. We have not yet heard the opinion of those experts Messrs. SANGER, who can give some particulars as to elephants having been seen at Margate within the last few years.

The Story of Creation has been recently advertised. Of course it states the merely earthy side of the story, as its author is "only a CLODD."

NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

The Duchess of Beljambe. "That's my Costume for the Dance in the Third Act—rather Cold in this Weather—but it's for the poor Crossing-Sweepers' Widows' Home, you know! Are you coming to see us, Captain de Boots?"

Gallant Hussar. "Haw! Haw! I should *think* so, Duchess—*rather!* Wouldn't miss it for the World! Bring the whole Regiment! Fetch 'em awfully, that Third Act will! Haw! Haw! Haw!"

OUR REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

Before Mr. Commissioner Punch.

A Child Performer introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, my little man, and what can I do for you?

Complainant. Nothing. I was sent in here by some people who said they wanted to be kind to me. I am very tired.

Com. You look it. Take a seat. Now, what is your employment?

Compl. Oh, I am taken about from place to place to perform, you know. It is very tiring.

Com. How many times a week?

Compl. Oh, generally twice a day—morning and night. And then there is the practising, and the travelling—and I am very tired!

Com. We will see if we can help you. You seem well fed and clothed, and fairly educated?

Compl. Oh, yes; but I'm so tired.

Com. What do the doctors say?

Compl. Oh, that I am well enough at present, but I shall break down sooner or later. I rather hope sooner.

Com. It pays, I suppose?

Compl. Oh, yes, it pays somebody.

Com. Who is somebody?

Compl. I don't quite know.

Com. And how about your parents?

Compl. Oh, they don't mind. They say it's all for my good in the future.

Com. I see, my good little fellow, how it is. Well, tell the kind people who sent you before me, that I will look carefully into the matter, and consider whether anything can be done on your behalf. My first impression is, that there should be some power given to some official—say the Official Solicitor—to make children such as you Wards of Court. Were you a Ward of Court, Chancery would protect you, and see that any money paid on your behalf was properly applied, and would generally look after you. But Chancery is an expensive matter, and until you were realising a considerable income, it would be difficult to put the machinery of the law in motion. However, I will give the matter my best consideration, and——

Compl. Please, Sir, I can't stop to hear any more, I've got to go and play.

Com. Ah! that 'll do you good.

Compl. It will do somebody good.

Com. But playing a good game——

Compl. No, not a game—the violoncello. Good-bye. I'm so tired. [*Exit wearily.*

A Momentary Shock.—In the published Report of the Meeting of the National Freehold Land Society, the concluding paragraph notified the retirement of their Directors, Messrs. Cash, Pryce, and Whittingham. The Public generally would not be much concerned with the last of the three names; but the disappearance of Cash Pryce would have been ominous. Ready-money dealings are essential to the existence of a Society like the old-established N. F. L. S., and so we are glad to see, at the end of the Meeting, Cash Pryce again on the Direction Board. This is quite the right direction.

"Crushed again!"—*The Chairman of the National Rifle Association (to the Duke of Cambridge, who has refused to sell a hundred and twenty acres of his Wimbledon property to the N.R.A.).* "'Wantage to you." *Reply of H.R.H. the Duke.* "Quite so, and I mean to keep it."

"Soho! Soho!"—Six weeks of Coquelin at the Royalty Theatre. On one night, for a benefit, March 23, three Coquelins are to appear together. *A qui le gâteau?* Whichever one of the three "takes the cake" will be "*Le plus heureux des trois.*"

Song and Chorus for Deptford.—"*Darling Mine!*"

WAKING HIM UP!

Mr. Bull (*roused by Masters Randolph and Charlie*). "HULLO! HULLO!—WHY, BLESS MY SOUL!—I MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP!!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I own with compunction to not having read *Little Lord Fauntleroy* until last week, and it "made me sit up;" that is, it kept me up late, and caused me to snivel joyfully (I believe my cold next day

was entirely due to my tearful emotion overnight), over the pure love of goodness,—not "goody-goodiness," nothing of the kind,—without cant or affectation, therein displayed. It is a book that takes you a long way out of yourself, so that you return to the world and wonder where you've been. From a real emotional point of view I liked Dickens best in his *Christmas Carol;* but I envy Mrs. Burnett the pure inspiration that has given us *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. And to one thing I have made up my mind, and that is, I will *not* go to see *Little Lord Fauntleroy* on the stage. Even the illustrations, good as they are for the most part, endanger the story. Let me imagine *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and the *Earl*, and *Dearest*, and *Mr. Hobbs*, and *Dick*, but don't show them to me on wood, or steel, or canvass, much less impersonated (how impossible!) by comedians and low comedians, and by a precocious child—little girl to represent boy, of course, as is the invariable stage-custom—with the inevitable cockney twang.

I gather from the notices in the papers, of a piece recently produced called *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, that the adapter repudiates nearly all his obligation to Mrs. Burnett's book, and protests that *his* Little Lord is not Mrs. Burnett's Little Lord. Most probable; but at all events he doesn't sign himself Burnett, and attempt to pass off the sham for the real,—a proceeding for which the unfortunate name of *Fauntleroy* might afford a precedent. Also I see that this adapter, for the sake of keeping the Little Lord's mother before the public, has made her accompany her son to the Earl's Castle, where she passes herself off as the boy's nurse. If this be so, then such an expedient utterly destroys the simple, straightforward, independent character of both mother and child, who become a pair of humbugs, with a sordid purpose in view. However, this is not the place to discuss dramatic matters, except quite incidentally; all I say is that, whether successful or not, the adapter's or Mrs. Burnett's own child on the stage must be vulgarised, and the whole romance of the charming work destroyed. If Mrs. Burnett has not already dramatised it, I am sure *Mr. Punch's* immortal advice might be once more advisedly repeated, and that is, "Don't!"

But for a certain paragraph in the *Lancet*, I should have muchly liked to review a few books on Gout and Rheumatism; for, as Mr. Labouchere recently observed in *Truth*, "they are really cheerful reading," or words to that effect. If the *Lancet* objects to *Mr. Punch*, or *Mr. Punch's* Prime Minister, noticing any professionally medical works, who am I that I should offer an opinion on a lecture delivered by Dr. Burney Yeo, recently published, and placed by a friend in my hands? The only thing interesting to me in such works is the opinion of every doctor on what to eat, drink, and avoid,—the second being the most important. I agree with Dr. B. Yeo—Yeo ho, my boys! yeo ho!—that real good wine is *the* thing for . . . well, for *me*. This treatment, of course, in the case of those who can only afford to have poor man's gout (such is my modest lot), necessitates dining out, as frequently as possible, with all those who possess first-rate cellars, and who are willing to assist in your cure. This treatment takes a long time, but it is, I believe, in most instances successful. I do not, as yet, speak from experience, but I hope to do so. Adopting B. Yeo's idea I shall become a regular Yeoman, and perhaps a Centenarian!

I've just seen second number of the Barraud-Bentley series of *Men and Women of the Day*. Not quite so interesting as No. 1. A friendly reader will ask, "Can anything interest the Baron so much as No. 1?" He may pause for a reply: I wish he may receive it. *Passons!* Ruskin's portrait comes first. The chief Ruskinite is seated, pen in hand, ready for some one to bring him the ink. Then follow Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, in character,—which is a mistake,—as *Lord* and *Lady Clancarty*. *Lord Clankendal* is staring at something or somebody out of the picture, and is evidently asking his wife, *sotto voce*, "Who's that just come into the third box there?" and she, with her head resting on *Lord Clankendal's* manly breast, her half-closed eyes turned in the same direction as his, gently purrs the answer, "I don't recollect his face, but it's a very good house to-night." Then comes, all alone in his glory, John Bright, looking very truculent, evidently muttering to himself, "Idiot! fool!"—of course speaking of somebody else at a distance, to whom he has just written one of his straight-from-the-shoulder epistles. Another Grand Old Man, says

Baron de Book Worms.

SOMETHING NEW FOR ALEXANDER!

(*If he had been discovered in England.*)

"Dear me, this is most interesting," said the Canon; "very interesting indeed. Just give me his skull."

"Better let me look them over again, Sir," interposed the Sexton; "perhaps I may find something more valuable than human bones."

"Well, I am not sure," continued the ecclesiastic. "You see, I do not fancy that much treasure is usually discovered in a sarcophagus."

"Right you are, Sir," returned the Gravedigger, who had completed his work. "Only bones—and terribly dirty ones, too!"

"They must be washed," observed the Canon, decisively, after closely inspecting the skull of the great conqueror through his eye-glasses. "In their present state they are scarcely fit to be seen. But where shall we put them?"

"I shall be very glad to give them shelter in my drawing-room," suggested a Surveyor.

"Now, that is very good indeed of you," put in another Church Dignitary. "Very good of you, indeed; but are you sure that you don't mind? They may be inconvenient?"

"Not in the least, if they are nice and clean. I could put them on a board resting on a sofa and two chairs. How would that do?"

"Admirably!" said the Dean and Chapter in chorus.

"But we must have them photographed!" cried one.

"And get Professor Huxley to examine them!" exclaimed another.

"With pleasure," acquiesced the Surveyor.

So the bones of Alexander the Great were washed.

And the bones of Alexander the Great were photographed.

And then they were placed on a shutter resting on a sofa and two chairs in the drawing-room of a dwelling-house.

And then Professor Huxley examined them.

And then some one wrote to the *Times* to say that they only belonged to a common soldier, and had nothing whatever to do with the mighty son of Philip.

And then some one else contradicted some one, and re-affirmed that the bones were genuine.

And then there was a mild remonstrance from two or three of the Public, who were not quite certain that it was either legal or advisable to take a hero, or his cousins, or his aunts, from consecrated ground into the drawing-room of a dwelling-house, however stately.

But nobody seemed to care a brass button about it! So the matter dropped, as dead as Alexander himself, or the late Queen Anne, or even the once-venerated remains of St. Thomas à Becket!

Prophetic.—Poet Tom Campbell foresaw "*She*" when he commenced his Speech of the Chorus with,

"O Haggard Queen!"

And, in another instance, there must have been a beam in his eye when he wrote "O'Connor's Child," clearly indicating the rise of Tay Pay's *Star*.

"Niagara—and After?"—For reply, ask Mr. John Hollingshead, who, aided by M. Philipoteaux—has accomplished the unprecedented feat of bringing Niagara to London. The Aquarium will be naturally jealous; and the Water Companies won't quite like it. Rather a fall for the Falls to come down to the slightly dull locality known as York Street, St. James's Park, which requires a "fillip-or-two" to start some amusement.

We wish the Clerk of the Weather, following the excellent example of Lord Wolseley and his military friends in condemning "the march past," would just make a salutary change in the March present and future.

CULTCHAH!

("*A little knowledge is a dangerous thing*"!)

Tommy. "Wasn't it Phidias who made the Eljin Marbles, Aunt Hippolyta?"

Aunt Hippolyta. "Pheidias, dear, not Phidias; and you must say *Elgin*, not Eljin. The Greek G, or *Gamma*, is always pronounced *hard*, you know."

HIBERNIA.

Fragments of a Lay sung on the day when the Patriot Singer (and Lord Mayor) S-ll-v-n was released from durance vile, to "The Harp that once in Tullamore the soul of music shed," in strains of mingled patriotism and parody (some way, apparently, after Macaulay's "Virginia."

Ye good Men of the Commons, with loyal hearts and true,
Who stand by us bold Irish, who now will stand by you,
Come, light your weeds around me, and mark my tale with care,
Of what poor Ireland oft hath borne, and yet may have to bear.

* * * * * *

Of all the wicked Tories still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Tories black B-lf-r was the worst.
He stalked about the Chamber like a Bunthorne in his pride,
Or sprawled with lank and languid legs entangled or spread wide.
The Irish eyed with anger, not all unmixed with fear,
His lifted chin, his curling mouth that always seemed to sneer:
That brow of brass, that mouth of scorn, mark all the species still,
For never was there Tory yet but wished the Irish ill.
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for ever at his heels
That most notorious renegade, his Sub., K-ng-H-rm-n, steals,
His written answer ready, be the question what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek for aught his Chief may say.

* * * * * *

Just then, as in a cloudless gap in a long stormy sky,
Shining with hope in her blue eyes a fair young girl came by;
A four-leaved shamrock in her hand, and, as she danced along,
She warbled gaily to herself snatches of Irish song,
With reference to *Rory*, and allusion to *Kathleen*,
And now and then a stanza of "*The Wearing of the Green*:"
A bit from Samuel Lover, and a stave from Tommy Moore
(Not forgetting Lord Mayor S-ll-v-n, who as a bard can score).

The maiden sang as Irish maids alone such songs can sing,
When Hope is in its budding-time and Love is in its Spring.
Black B-lf-r heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,
And hated her with the black hate of his old Tory race;
And watching close to see where she would go, and whom she'd meet,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those bare glancing feet.

* * * * * *

So blithely young Hibernia came smiling from her home.
Ah! woe for young Hibernia, the best beloved of Rome!
She mused of that great Forum for which all patriots pray,
And just had reached the very spot where it shall stand one day,
When up the varlet B-lf-r came; not such as when erewhile
He lounged in far St. Stephen's with cock'd heels and simpering smile;
He came with lowering forehead, fierce features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Hibernia's path, and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frighted maiden, and screamed with look aghast,
And at her scream from left and right the folk came running fast;
The old money-changer, Gl-dst-ne, with his thin silver hairs,
And H-rc-rt of the stately form and glittering "Rhodian" wares,
And the strong smiter, M-rl-y, grasping a half-forged brand,
And L-bby, the unruffled, with cigarette in hand,
All came in wrath and wonder; for all knew that fair child.
And as she passed them by—of late—had kissed their hands and smiled.
And the strong Old Man Gl-dst-ne, gave B-lf-r such a blow;
The long one reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and hissed in snaky tone,
"Law's law, and Order's order; I claim her for mine own.
I wait on swart-browed S-l-sb-ry—he's almost like my sire.
Let him who thwarts the nephew's will beware the uncle's ire!"

So spake the varlet, B-lf-r; and dread and silence came
On all the people at the sound of the Cecilian name;
For now there was no tribune—no eloquent J-hn Br-ght,
To make the rich man tremble and guard the poor man's right;
There was no sturdy H-rt-ngt-n—no honest Ch-mb-rl-n;
For most of the old champions flocked in the Tory train.
Yet ere the varlet B-lf-r again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to stern M-rl-y's skirt, and sobbed and shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the Grand Old Gl-dst-ne pressed,
And stamped his foot, and thumped his palm, and smote upon his breast,
And sprang unto that rostrum by many a poet sung,
And where, aforetime, many a year had pealed his silvery tongue,
And beckoned to the People, and in bold voice and clear, [hear.
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to

"Now, by your children's cradles, now, by your father's graves,
Be men to-day, ye Liberals, or be for ever slaves!
For this did Cromwell give us laws? For this did Hampden bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought, upon the Stuart's seed?
Shall a cat's snarl alarm the race who braved the lion's roar?
Shall we, who beat great B-c-nsf-ld, crouch to the bland B-lf-r?
Oh, for that ancient spirit that curbed the nobles' will!
Oh, for the men of Thirty-two, who passed the famous Bill!
In those brave days our Liberals stood firmly side by side,
They faced the Tory fury, they tamed the Tory pride:
Shall what their care bequeathed to us, our madness fling away?
Is the ripe fruit of three-score years all blighted in a day?
O crier, to the polling summon the eager throng!
O tribunes, breathe the word of might that guards the weak from wrong!
No, by the earth beneath us, and by the sky above,
We will not yield to B-lf-r's hate, Hibernia, whom we love.
A little late we show it, but oh! 'tis true and hot;
And if the Tories doubt that truth, we'll show them what is what.
Leave, leave, to poor Hibernia, her dearest tie to life,
The hope that springs midst all her woe, and after all her strife;
One gentle speech—O'Br-n's—a century's hatred cures;
The yoke of love Hibernia courts—she *will* not brook B-lf-r's!
No, let the Maiden's Home be free, its Rule be hers; with pride
She who now loathes ye—as a slave—will love ye—as a bride.
Spare her the inexpiable wrongs, the unutterable shame
Of being shackled and coerced to suit your Party game:
Lest, when her latest hope is fled, her friends are in despair,
Ye learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare!"

* * * * * *

So far the Old Man eloquent! What further?—well, I find
The harp that once at Tullamore wailed forth on every wind
Is just a thrifle out of tune, my throat a little dhry;
Not Tullamore could tame my Muse; the tyrant I defy!
But how they dealt with black B-lf-r, and how, after the fray,
Hibernia—the darlint!—fared, I'll sing another day.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February, 27.—First day of early closing movement. Up to verge of midnight everything went admirably. Ordinary votes fairly discussed. Irish vote talked about at large. Everyone satisfied. Old Morality popped out to see that the shutters were all right for closing promptly at midnight. Division taken on Irish vote. Ten minutes left for unconsidered trifles. COURTNEY began running through votes. Reached that for National Gallery, when from below Gangway on Ministerial side, there flashed a luminous breadth of crumpled shirt-front. A head of rumpled and now, alas! shortening hair, presented itself; a familiar voice sounded through Chamber, and Committee became sensible of fact that CAVENDISH BENTINCK was on his legs wanting to know about most recent purchases for National Gallery.

Deep groan went up from Conservative side. Opposition ironically cheered and joyously laughed. Hadn't seen CAVENDISH for weeks. Certainly was not in his place through sitting. Evening dress showed he had been to meeting at Exeter Hall or Jerusalem Chamber. Now dropped in ten minutes to twelve wanting to know about "the Murder of the Innocents, two panel pictures by MOCETTO," of which the nation had become possessed.

"Does the Right Honourable Gentleman," he asked, liberally promoting JACKSON to the Privy Council, "know who MOCETTO was?"

From angry way in which name was pronounced, JOSEPH GILLIS thought it must be that of a Resident Magistrate, and called out "Yah, yah!" Thus encouraged, CAVENDISH went on with his indictment. There was another picture, a Dutch portrait, painter unknown, price £50.

"As representative of British taxpayer, I object to portraits by painter unknown," said CAVENDISH, his words tripping each other up as they tumbled out in hot haste.

Loud cheers greeted this declaration. CAVENDISH next proposed to read extracts from gilt-edged book borrowed from Library. But volume always turning up wrong end first, he finally tucked it under his armpit. To this day no one knows what it was about, or what it ought to have proved. Excitement growing. Opposition increasingly

hilarious. Treasury Bench taking on fresh dolour. Completion of Supplementary Estimates, apparently within reach of hand, and all arrangements to be upset in this way. If it had been Irish Member bad enough. But Cavendish Bentinck, of whom no one was thinking, suddenly to pop up with his gilt-edged volume (author unknown) and his anonymous Dutch portrait, was hard to bear. Presently it turned out by his own admission, that Cavendish hadn't seen the pictures he was condemning, and as gilt-edged volume continued to be obstreperous, he suddenly sat down, leaving three minutes for Financial Secretary to explain and Committee to pass four Votes. Couldn't be done. At midnight progress reported and Committee's work left uncompleted.

"Who was Mokette?"

Business done.—Eruption of Cavendish Bentinck.

Tuesday Night.—Resumed Debate on Procedure. Things still going on wonderfully well. Rule upon rule, precept upon precept agreed to, after conversation really designed to improve the suggestion under consideration. Seems all a dream to Old Morality. Can't believe things could possibly go forward so smoothly. Has formed habit of gently pinching himself, to see that he is really awake. This led to momentary unpleasantness. Just after Rule 6 agreed to without division, one of Arthur Balfour's legs straying about Bench, O. M., getting rather mixed, pinched it in mistake. Explained the error, and profusely apologised. All very well, Arthur Balfour says; but can't see how by any possibility his leg could have been mistaken for Smith's.

Nearest approach to animated debate arose on Rule 3, which makes things unpleasant for Member guilty of grossly disorderly conduct. Old Morality moving it, observed that "Rule must recommend itself to good feeling of all Members of House"—which it didn't. Tay Pay, appropriately assuming the character of champion of dignity of the House, protested against such a penal code.

Debate brought to a conclusion by Joseph Gillis. Been very quiet since Session opened, but subject under discussion infallibly drew him. Remembered how, in days of sin, when he used to be suspended, was accustomed to mount to topmost Bench in Strangers' Gallery, and frighten New Members by staring them out of countenance, or making faces. New Rules proposed that Members suspended should not be permitted to enter precincts of House.

Whilst Joseph Gillis passes.

"Sir," said Joseph, waving a friendly hand towards the Chair; "It seems to me that the moral influence of the Speaker is quite enough to keep order without these 'ere Rules."

Hardly a dry eye in the assembly as these tremulous notes fall on its listening ear.

"Beautiful!" cried Plunkett; "Since *Mr. Peckniff* appeared in light attire on the landing at *Mrs. Todgers's*, and besought the assembled boarders to join him in being moral, nothing so touching as this."

Not a word said after J. B. had spoken. House at once divided. Pretty in the lobby afterwards as Joey B. strolled along, his head bent in thought, like the bowed head of the ripened grain, to see James Watson, Magistrate for Staffordshire, Salop, and Worcestershire, and patron of the living of Berwick, involuntarily, as it seemed, remove his hat and follow the retreating figure with reverential glance. *Business done.*—Further debate on New Rules.

Thursday. Great case of Right of Public Meeting argued before Speaker, and Jury composed of some 500 Members. Russell, Q.C., for Plaintiff; Matthews, Q.C., for Defendant. Waddy, Q.C., tucked brief under arm, and awaited his opportunity. Other Counsel appearing were Bradlaugh (C.) and Coutts-Burdett—or is it Burdett-Coutts? Whichever it be, he succeeded in eliciting murmur of approval from Jury-box by delicate reference to Westminster Abbey. When, he said, he contemplated the possibility of lawlessness running riot in the streets of London, he thought of Westminster Abbey. "Like *Mrs. Gummidge*, thinking of the Old 'un," said Lockwood, just back from Circuit. "Suppose he has a vested interest in the place. But his concern for it certainly seems a little premature."

Also Charles Hall, Q.C., Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, of whom Harcourt says, "He has the gravity of a judge with the figure of a light comedian." His speech bright, lucid, convincing, and commendably short—that's Hall, and quite enough to make a House of Commons reputation.

Wilfrid Lawson so pleased with speech that he knocked off little pome to tune of song familiar in his hot youth called "*Sam Hall*." Here's the first verse:—

My name it is "Charles" Hall,
Joy evinces! (*Bis.*)
My name it is Charles Hall,
Q.C., and what they call
At-tor-ney Ge-ne-*ral*
To my Prince! (*Bis.*)

Bradlaugh wound up night's proceedings in vigorous speech, listened to with attention by crowded House. Strange how whirligig of time (whatever sort of conveyance that may be) brings its revenges. Not many years ago Members crowded the Lobby to see Bradlaugh kicked downstairs. Now they throng the Benches to hear him reply to "his learned friend," the Home Secretary.

Before this came on, Sage of Queen Anne's Gate raised question of Chamberlain's expenses in his Mission to United States. £3000 asked for. Sage, bringing out slate and pencil, works little sum to show that this comes to £30 a day, which, considering, as he says, hotel expenses in the States are at price fixed is staggering. Joseph Gillis, who, as Paymaster-General of the Parnellite forces, knows something about expenses, quite depressed.

"Look at that now," he says. "Thirty pounds a day! Why, there isn't one of the bhoys who wouldn't contract to take as much a month, and think himself well off."

No bounds to Gladstone's quite appalling generosity. Comes forward to defend Chamberlain's Mission. Isn't quite sure of the £30 pound a day, but has nothing save honeyed words for the errant Joseph. In contrast with this speech comes Tay Pay, frothing and vapouring, bellowing abuse of Chamberlain, as if the Speaker were stone deaf.

"Always seems to me," said Randolph, reflectively twirling his moustache, "that Tay Pay's oratorical accessories are incomplete. Never see him stand up and shout, but miss something."

"What's that?" said Brodrick, anxious to learn from the Master.

"His barrer, dear boy—his barrer, with its enticing load, whether of the shy retiring winkle, the rose-tipped carrot, or the coyly curled green." *Business done.*—Debate on Sir Charles Russell's Motion.

Friday.—Russell's Motion on again. More legal lore. Nearly every Member now speaks of his neighbour as "my learned friend." Henry James openly calls Speaker "me lud." Sergeant-at-Arms, the spirit of the Usher strong upon him, has greatest difficulty to prevent himself calling out "Silence!" At five minutes to twelve brother Pickersgill rose, spread out his brief, and proposed to answer the Attorney-General, who had just sat down. Only five minutes before division must be taken, if at all, to-night. Such a roar filled the Court, shook the leaves of brother Pickersgill's brief, and set his wig awry. Brother Smith came to the rescue. Pounced with extraordinary agility. "Me lud" then submitted the case to jury, who by considerable majority returned verdict of Not Guilty. Home Secretary promptly left dock; was met at gates by company of friends, who took him off to supper.

Business done.—Russell's Resolution rejected by 316 votes against 224.

A Matter of Course.—The Committee for the Waterloo Cup consists of one noble and seven distinguished sportsmen; the Judge Mr. Hedley, and the Slipper Mr. T. Wilkinson. When weather doesn't permit the ordinary coursing to come off, the Committee have healthy exercise within their reach by staying at home and playing at hunt the Slipper,—*Wilkinsonio non obstante.*

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To Grandolph.—The Fourth Party at first were strongly opposed to Closure. "Where is dat Barty now?" In the fourth dimension of space?

What the Government requires of an Architect.—"Good Offices."

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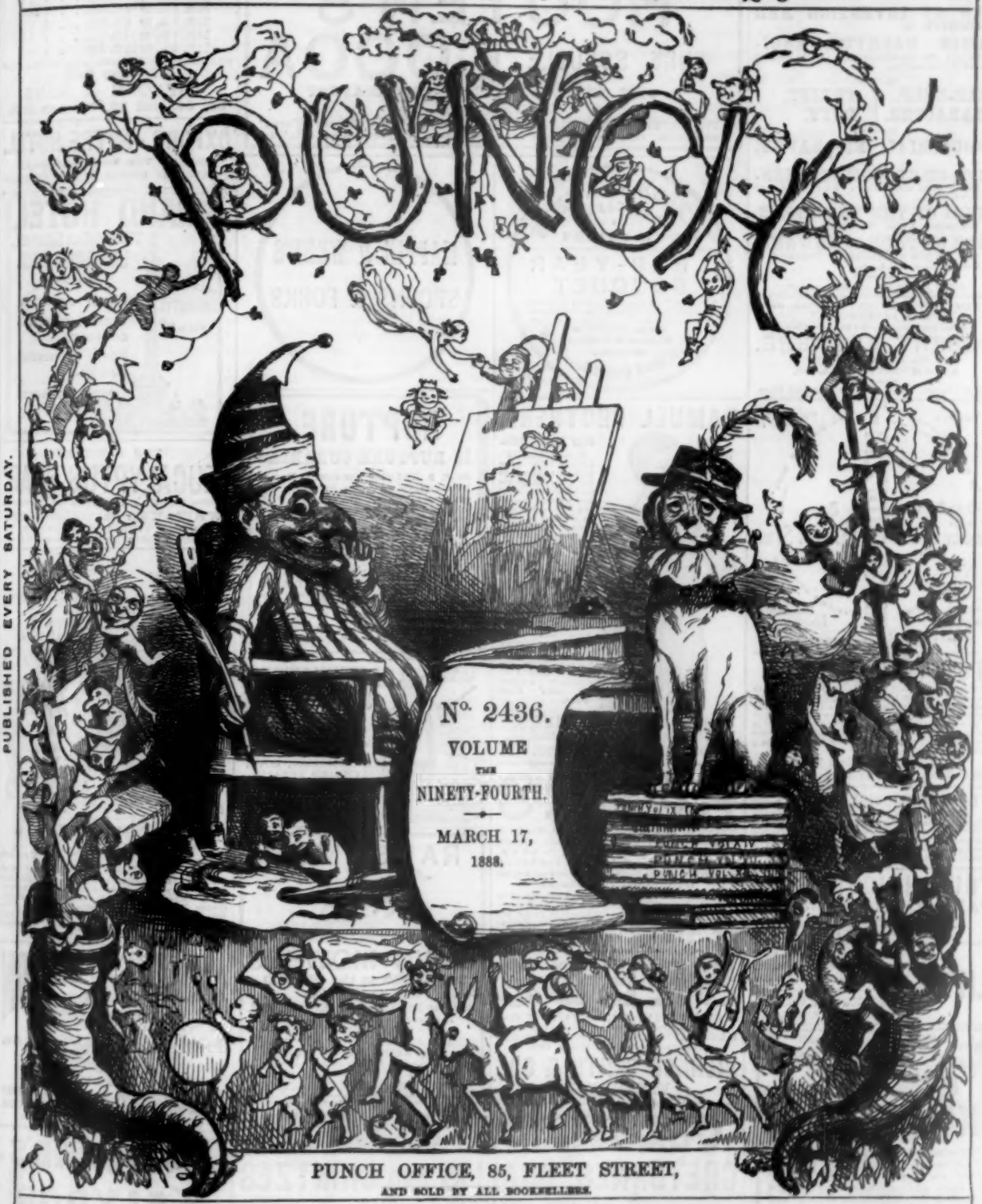

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Yes, Sir, "The days when we went Gipsying, a long time ago," were revived last Thursday at the Avenue. Scenes of my childhood, once more I behold ye! *The Bohemian Girl* is indeed "the Girl I left behind me." The occasion of the revival was described as Mr. Samuel Haye's *Matinée*, which suggests rather a Hazy morning; and so it was, but I went to meet the good old Girl.

Having his Fling.

The good old Girl was, I was delighted to find, as good as ever! There was *Devilshoof* the Gipsy, played and sung by Mr. Snazelle, who is up to all the gags and business, without which I fancy nowadays *The Bohemian Girl*—bless her!—would be a trifle slow. But her musical charms were as bright as of yore. With her again I wandered in Marble Halls, and "when other lips" sang her songs, then "I remembered her," and every note of them: and my heart was not "bowed down by weight of woe," but, on the contrary, was beating time to the ballad tunes with all the fervour of youth, as the fresh strawberry mark on her arm was discovered, and *Arline* fell into the arms of the Count, in whom she recognised her long-lost parent, when *Devilshoof* sang out boldly, "Be not deceived, 'tis thy father before thee!" And it was my father before me, who took me to see *The Bohemian Girl*, when she and I were girl and boy together, though I was not, I wish to state, a Bohemian Boy, but a very respectably brought-up one—coming of as "dacent people" as were *Arline's* own relations. Bless her dear eyes! Ah, those were happy nights! No *Matinées* then! And to hear Balfe's Opera we went in the dress circle—quite a family circle—and with oranges and cakes in our hands—cakes in our hands and Bunn on the stage—we heard first of all *The Bohemian Girl*, and then after that, the Pantomime. And here she is again,—or was, last Thursday, and "I love her still the same," although I am

The Good Old Strawberry Mark.

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COLERIDGE ON "GENERAL GORDON'S LETTERS TO HIS SISTER."

"I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching."
Wallenstein, Act V., Sc. 2.

Gordon (*loq.*). "O Time
Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour! *Your* heart may change its purpose.
His heart may change its purpose,—some new tidings
May come: some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue me. O what
May not an hour achieve!"
Wallenstein, Act V. Sc. 4,—*only one word changed.*

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A Journalistic Specialist introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, Sir, you look pale and ill. What can I do for you?

Witness. I am a Dramatic Critic on a morning paper, and my pallor is caused by incessant labour.

Com. Really I was under the impression that your post was a light and pleasant one.

Wit. Ah, that was many years ago. In the Sixties a new piece came out about once a month, and there was plenty of time to see it and think it over before sitting down to write a criticism.

Com. And now, I suppose, a greater demand is made upon the critic?

Wit. Certainly. There is a great deal of competition amongst the dailies, and little important as a Dramatic Critic is considered, his notice must be published as soon after the performance as possible.

Com. Is this your only complaint?

Wit. Certainly not. After all, Art suffers rather than the writer, when a notice has to be done at express rate speed. So, as a professional journalist, I should find little fault with the exigencies of the machine-room and the publishing office. But our great grievance is that whereas a morning performance was in the olden times nearly as scarce as a blue moon, nowadays they are as numerous as blackberries in the Autumn.

Com. Do you object to morning performances?

Wit. Most strongly. Occasionally they give us a sort of dress rehearsal for the piece intended later on to form a part of the evening programme, and on these occasions they are defensible but not welcome. But when they are merely vehicles for the exhibition of "vaulting ambition over-reaching itself," and crass conceit enjoying a field-day, it is time to remonstrate!

Com. You speak warmly!

Wit. Have I not reason so to do? Will you believe it, Sir, but last week I went to the theatre eleven times!

Com. Really! Well then, perhaps you can tell me what you thought of *The Power of Love* of Miss Lindley?

Wit. I would rather not say. The name is not new; it served as a second title of Balfe's Opera *Satanella*.

Com. Was *The Power of Love* funny?

Wit. Some of it was very funny. For instance, there was a dram-taking Doctor, who, after poisoning his "best patient," went about crying for someone to buy him a practice. We screamed at him!

Com. Was the heroine funny too?

Wit. Well, no, she was good, but her part was absolutely ridiculous. It speaks well for her that the audience did not hiss her. Because she is bored with her home, she attempts the life of her father—believes she has killed him—enjoys balls and suppers without the least remorse, and ultimately "takes up" with a gentleman who looks like a country fair giant with a turn for dentistry!

Com. And is she hanged in the last Act?

Wit. Oh, no! Because the poisoned draught, by an accident, does not reach her father's lips, she is hailed as an innocent woman by all the *dramatis personæ* with every sign of rejoicing.

Com. Dear me, this sort of thing seems rather trying?

Wit. I should think so! But the *Power of Love* was rather above the average. It must be remembered that Miss Lindley dramatised a novel—nearly always an unsatisfactory labour. Sometimes "the new and original pieces" produced at *Matinées* are simply intolerable.

Com. And I suppose they are usually "slated."

Wit. Of course. That is one comfort, they are crushed and never appear again.

Com. I can quite understand the feeling of annoyance their performance must create; still it seems to me a little unjust that there should be no appeal.

Wit. There would be, were they played in the ordinary way—in the evening—and removed from the bills if they failed to please.

Com. What is your remedy?

Wit. I would abolish morning performances, except for charities.

Com. I am obliged to you, I will make a note of your suggestion.

[*The Witness thanked the Commissioner, and withdrew.*

The Odds in our Favour.—We have come to be a large and liberal generation. Our noble selves are not as were our narrow progenitors. They used to boast that every Englishman could beat any three Frenchmen—that was to say, foreigners. We have ceased to be so insular. We don't say that. No, but haven't we been acting as if we thought so still? Don't our preparations and precautions for national defence against possible hosts of allied enemies appear to have been calculated on the presumption asserted in the above sometime popular saying, as to the proportion of three to one?

THE SWEATER'S FURNACE: OR, THE REAL "CURSE" OF LABOUR.

"All the circumstances of the trade, the hours of labour, the rate of remuneration, and the sanitary conditions under which the work is done are disgraceful . . . In the 'dens' of the Sweaters, as they are called, there is not the slightest attempt at decency. . . . In the vast majority of cases work is carried on under conditions in the highest degree filthy and unsanitary. In small rooms, not more than nine or ten feet square, heated by a coke fire for the presser's irons, and at night lighted by flaring gas-jets, six, eight, ten, and even a dozen workers may be crowded . . . The stench and foul vapours about the place are very bad . . . As regards hours of labour, earnings, and sanitary surroundings, the condition of these people is more deplorable than that of any body of working men in any portion of the civilised or uncivilised world."—*See Lord Dunraven's Speech on the Sweating System.*

"*In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread!*"
What hideous echo from mocking lips
Rings through this den of despair and dread,
Where the hot fume mounts and the dank steam drips?
What devilish echo of words divine?
Oh, gold hath glitter and gauds are fine,
And Mammon swaggers and Mode sits high,
And their thrones are based on *this* human stye!

"That hole of sorrow," the last dark deep
Of Dante's dream, may no longer keep
Its horrible eminence. Singers sweet
Of buds that burgeon and brooks that fleet [Spring;
Beneath the touch of the coming
Come here, cast eyes on this scene —and sing!
Sing, if the horror that grips your throat
Will leave you breath for one golden note;
Rave of March in a rhythmic rapture;
Rhapsodise of the coming of May,
Seek from the carolling lark to capture [lay
A lilt of joy that shall fire your
With a rural jubilance strong to drown
The maddened moan of these thralls of Town.

"Could I command rough rhymes and hoarse!"
The Florentine cried. What keen fierce flow
Of lyric fervour hath fire or force
To search this scene of woe?
The long hours dull and slow
Beat heavily here, like the pulse of pain
In a famished wanderer's failing brain.
Corpse-like gleameth each pallid cheek
Through the lurid flare and the loathsome reek.
'Tis a fight for life, but each laboured breath
Is one step more on the road to death.
Pity the slave in the pathless swamp,
The clutch of pestilence, cold and damp,
Closing, closing, closing still
On panting bosom and palsied will!
But these poor thralls of merciless Trade?—
Sentiment may not contend with law.
Here is a plague that cannot be stayed,
Iron doctrine and learned saw
Bar the way
To a better day.
These slaves *must* sweat for their pitiful pay,
And the Sweater is heaven-born—so they say!

Heaven-born! Yes; who shall dare decline
To yield to Economy's right divine,—
That latest incarnation
Of Cæsarism in sordid flesh?
For souls once tangled in Mammon's mesh
There's no emancipation.
Sew on, sew on, in the glare and reek,
Ye men unmanned, and ye women meek,
With back low-crouching, and bloodless cheek!
Sew on, sew on, whilst the gaslights flare
Through the stifling steam and the tainted air!
The jungle-scourge's loathsome lair
Is scarcely fouler. What doth he care.
The Sweater smug—so the good round gold
From his human furnace is hourly rolled?
For him ye toil, for his gain ye tire.
Your lives are fuel to feed his fire.
His the new Alchemy—Mammon's own,
Trade's trick is transmutation.
Commerce hath found the Philosopher's Stone;
The poor man's need
Is the source and seed
Of Wealth's accumulation.
Fate hath its formula, life its plan:
The many *must*, 'tis the few that *can;*
Man's cheapest tool is a helpless man.
Can Justice contend with Supply and Demand?
So the Sweater heateth throughout the land
His furnace fierce.
Yet a cry will pierce
Now and anon through the tainted air
From the tortured creatures in torment there;
A moan of sorrow, a piteous prayer;
Questioning faint if the bloated purse
May claim to alter the primal curse
At its own sweet will and pleasure;
To shift its weight by an artful gloss
Till Poverty's share is the pain and loss,
And Wealth's the ease and leisure:
Till, in Sweater's fashion, the text is read,
"In the sweat of *their* brow shall they earn *my* bread!"

Mrs. R. on the Scene Again.—Mrs. Ram knows nothing of whist, and therefore it is quite intelligible why she fails to see the force of a proverbial expression which involves some acquaintance with the game. She remarked the other day, "I never could understand the sense of the saying, 'When in doubt, play a trumpet!' Why 'a trumpet?' No, my dear, there are some proverbs I think foolish, and that is one of them." On another recent occasion she observed, alluding to some of the pleasures of a country life, "Ah, I love fowls. I remember when we lived in the country, and used to keep a lot of Bantings."

THE PREVAILING TOPIC!

Stumpson (*in answer to Talboys' greeting*). "Oh, all right, 'e 'twasn't for these East Winds——"

Talboys (*who's a little hard of hearing*). "Twins! My dear Fellow, I congratulate you, I'm sure. I'd really no idea you were——And how are they—all There!—I hope——"

Stumpson (*testily—large family already*). "I didn't say these Twins"—(*shouting*)—'I said the EAST WINDS!!"

A Rise in Waterfalls.—"Niagara in London" is unquestionably the best panorama that has yet been seen. The deception is perfect, and it is difficult in the extreme to decide where the real ends and the canvas commences. The scene is quite a "*rus in urbe*," with its woods and flowers, and particularly its poles, although the last are telegraphic and not human. Attached to the view of the great waste (if anything can be called a waste where a shilling is charged for admission), of waters is a restaurant *à la carte* or otherwise. So that diners or lunchers have no difficulty in discovering what *should* come after the deluge, and, as they pleasantly discuss the good things provided for them, they can murmur (with Shakespeare), "What a fall was there!"

Scotch Mixture.—The Scotch *Becky Sharp* seems to have taken in even the astute Professor Blackie, who has written to say that this was no wonder, as (we quote from memory, intending to quote from Blackie) "she would have taken in the Deil himself." And yet the latter personage is not so Blackie as he is painted. So which ought to have the best or worst of it, Auld Clootie or Auld Blackie?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 5.—Grand attack to-night upon Government in respect of system of National Defences. Opposition almost exclusively conducted by warriors seated on Ministerial side, and usually regarded as Friendlies. Mixed forces drawn from Army and Navy; appeared to be acting on individual account; conducted attack in guerilla fashion. But the whole force under secret command of General Lord Grandolph, V.C., who occupied a safe position on an eminence above Gangway, and cultivated the expression of Napoleon crossing the Alps.

Captain Colomb led off. Was in fact, as Brodrick said, "the advance Colomb." His tactics extraordinary, but not new. Very old story, especially in Asiatic warfare, for attacking party to advance with loud cries. Colomb adopted this strategy with unqualified success. Began his speech at topmost note of powerful voice, and kept it up for nearly an hour. "If the Monument could speak," said Arthur Balfour, putting his hands to his ears, "suppose its conversational tone would be something like Colomb's when addressing House of Commons."

Effect remarkable. Completely cleared space immediately round him. At early hour of engagement shouted Childers clean off Front Opposition Bench. A volley of sentences delivered in rapid succession at the shout, struck Home Secretary in the abdomen like a piece of old red sandstone. "Subsequent proceedings interested him no more." Even General Lord Grandolph, V.C., though not immediately within range, so alarmed by *ricochet* of violently flung sentences, that he took early opportunity of retiring to his tent. Only for his wig, which deadened sound, Speaker would have gone to his chop stone-deaf. Old Morality, writing letters in his far-off room, so stung by one of Colomb's observations, that he sent in word to offer Select Committee at once, if Colomb would shout no more about Royal Commission. Stafford Northcote, entrusted with message; could not stand the blast when within speaking distance, and after gallant effort retired, leaving Colomb erect, solitary, and triumphant, in the waste he had created. Finished up with a terrific tornado of peroration, and amid the profound silence that seemed thereafter to reign, the few surviving Members thought they heard faint echo of voice "calling attention to present condition of our Military and Naval resources."

This was Walter Barttelot bringing up reserves, and moving for Royal Commission. Colomb had had the first place with Amendment, which duly appeared on the paper. One of earliest victims of the terrific storm was this Amendment. Pulverised, shattered, blasted into space; not a trace of it left. So Barttelot got his chance. As piece of strategy, this move thoroughly successful. Ministers so unnerved and shaken by continuous tornado, hadn't nerve for anything. Opposition also silenced. So Grandolph, V.C., brought up his men one after the other, including Beresford, who pounded away at Treasury Bench till there wasn't a sound timber in its construction. But honours of the day remained with the reverberating Colomb.

Business done. — Skirmish round Army Estimates.

Tuesday. — Quite a Scotch debate to-night. Lively, too, with commendable absence of jocularity. George Campbell began it. Moved addition to New Rules providing for Scotch Grand Committee. Convincing speech, but not nearly so eloquent as the way in which Sir George subsequently wrestled with his knees as speaker after speaker followed, and casual conversation enlarged into set debate. It was Gladstone set the ball rolling. Not often a chance of presenting himself before House in capacity of Scotch Member. Suddenly remembered to-night has Scotch blood in his brains, and represents Scotch constituency. Unfortunately Harcourt absent. Otherwise he, too, would have recalled his descent from the Stuarts, and urged appointment of Scotch Standing Committee.

Mr. Bolton's Cogitation.

It was Mark Stewart who brought up Gladstone. A quiet thoughtful man is Mark. Perhaps a little funereal in manner. His habitual woe aggravated to-night by a sudden gift of second sight. Campbell's Motion plain and practical enough to ordinary men. Stewart Marked much below surface. Under Campbell's muffler he saw the "peard" of Home Rule. Behind that he saw the Disestablishment of the Church. Bolton, who had been furtively thinking of voting for the Motion, relapsed into state of perturbed thoughtfulness. Gladstone joyously jumped up and threw himself into the fray.

After this the armies were set in battle array. House summoned to consider Procedure Rules, launched forth into Home Rule Debate. The Front Opposition Bench filled up with young men eager for the fray. George Campbell's knees were raised higher and higher, and hugged in increasing satisfaction. The louder the controversy raged, the higher his exaltation. Repeated to himself, in sort of ecstasy, a long-forgotten stanza:—

> "O what a parish, what a terrible parish,
> O what a parish is Little Dunkel'!
> They hae hangit the minister, drowned the presentor,
> Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!"

As midnight drew on, Courtney could stand it no longer. Had ten minutes of wild delight. Turned upon Trevelyan, battered Bryce, and nearly snapped off Campbell-Bannerman's head because he had presumed to shake it.

"Well, well," said Campbell-Bannerman, when he had recovered from temporary fright, "you shouldn't grudge Courtney an occasional fling. Think of all he must suffer when he sits in Chair, closely follows a debate, and feels the temptation to rise and show successive disputants what fools they are, and blind. His secret sufferings must be terrible. Can't grudge him a little blood-letting." Admirable debate, but—

Business done.—None.

Thursday Night.—General Lord Grandolph, V.C., girt on his sword, put on all his medals (including the Jubilee), tightened his belt and at beat of drum, being on the stroke of half-past four, stepped into the breach. A gallant sight that stirred all hearts. Special interest in manœuvre, it being whispered that Grandolph, having strategically ordered Barttelot on in advance, would take an opportunity of shooting him in the back. As for Ministers they were sure to be peppered. Only people who felt safe were the natural Opposition on benches opposite. Everyone near the General felt uncommonly uncomfortable. On the war prance for an hour and a half. Bullied Stanhope, jeered at Goschen, and made the white teeth of Old Morality shake in their sockets. But Barttelot somehow escaped. Probably Grandolph forgot him, or by accident shot the wrong man.

An Eloquent Speech.

Pretty to see the face of the Colonels and the Captains as Grandolph prattled of bayonets and fought his battles o'er again. Didn't know whether to laugh or cry, sat gloomily silent. Hamley so unnerved that, presently rising and being met with cries for division, silently and reproachfully regarded the House and sat down without a word.

All this fine to to see. But nothing to later appearance of Old Morality in quite new character as Man of Mystery with proposal about alternative inquiry which should supersede Barttelot's demand for Royal Commission. Sort of thimble-rigging business. There was pea in the shape of sheet of note-paper on which proposal was written. There were three thimbles represented by as many confused statements attempted by O. M.

"Under which thimble is the pea?" Old Morality asked, looking as Joseph Gillis said "more moraller than ever."

Childers said it was *there;* Campbell-Bannerman declared it was THERE! Walter Barttelot was certain he could spot the thimble. As for Grandolph, waxing his moustache so as to look at least like Napoleon the Third, he said there was no pea at all. Old Morality very angry. Scene of general confusion. Speaker put Amendment. Barttelot didn't challenge division; seeing which, Irish Members obligingly pressed for a division. That man of war, Grandolph, V.C., suddenly stricken with great fear. If House divided, poverty of his resources would be disclosed. The Colonels and the Captains would stand by the Government, and his Grand Army would be revealed as men in buckram. At close of hour and half's speech he had solemnly declared must vote for

Amendment. Now by way of postscript blubbered out "Don't divide!" Irish Members laughed; kept him in state of terror for two or three minutes; then allowed Amendment to be negatived. So the great battle ended in smoke.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Army Estimates.

Friday Night.—King-Harman walking about Lobby in rather low spirits. Bill for his salary on again to-day, and again blocked by Irish Members. What makes incident peculiarly embarrassing is, that the Under Secretary to the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant had listened with approving interest to Goschen's lucid exposition of his scheme for conversion of National Debt. King-Harman meant to draw first quarter's salary in advance, and convert it into Consols. But Tim Healy stood in his way; John Dillon waved him back; even T. W. Russell turned upon him. Bill further delayed, and golden opportunity passed. Sat without emotion through evening sitting debate, when Sage of Queen Anne's Gate proposed to do away with the Lords. Once this would have shocked King-Harman's sensitive mind. Now prepared for anything—especially to give receipt for first quarter's salary.

Business done.—Doom of House of Lords delayed.

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

Not that it was a ring or a necklace, but diamonds in some shape. The Rose is going to be, or is already transplanted. On March 2, Lord Lathom went down to Liverpool on his knees—no, went down to Liverpool and then went on his knees—to the charming *prima donna*, spread out diamonds at her feet, and sang, "*Stay, prithee Stay!*" or would have sung it had he remembered the tune, and if Drurioianus Operaticus could have prompted him with the words. But Colonel Mapleson (semi-Colon-el, not *The* Colonel) was inexorable, and so she accepted the testimonial of precious stones. And in a speech as pretty as herself, the Cantatrice appearing as a Blush Rose, thanked the assembled company, and said "*Au revoir.*" *Mr. Punch* wishes you, Madame Marie Roze, and *votre mari*, Roze, all success in your American tour, and will rejoice to welcome you on your return. Many happy "returns."

My Lord La-them-at-her-Feet.

ANOTHER ODE TO MARCH.

(*Being a Counterblast to Mr. A. C. Swinburne's rhythmical rhapsody in the "Nineteenth Century." By one who has certainly "learned in suffering" what he endeavours to "teach in song."*)

I.

Ere frost-slush and snow-slopping dried up and went, and the horrors of Winter had slid out of sight,
The ways of the wood pavement fouler were far than a clay-country lane on a mucky March night.
The breath of the month of the winds had stabbed us through top-coats and mufflers, and made us afraid.
Such bronchial bothers, such blossomy noses, such frost-bitten fingers for man and for maid!
The sea was not lovelier then than the land, each appeared in a dismal and desolate plight;
But the Winter is not so much worse than the Spring-time; each plays up the mischief with pleasure and trade.
March, master of winds, is a flatulent fraud, a marshal of banes and a bringer of blight.

II.

And now that the rage of your rhythmical rapture, your revel of rhyming has finished its flow,
Oh, incontinent Algernon Charles, what the dickens you mean by such rubbish I *should* like to know.
How, how can you love and rejoice, you, leader and lord of the lyrists of curses and scorn,
In a beast of a month that half drives one to madness, and makes a man wish he had never been born?
Have you shaken the snow from your shoes on a doormat, with frost have your nose and your lips been aglow?
Have you met a March wind coming sharp round a corner, your mackintosh drenched and your gingham all torn,
And tried to take breath in the nip of North-Easters? No, Algernon Charles, or you'd never talk *so!*

III.

Fain, fain would I have but again all the health and the comfort March blasts have dispelled and consumed;
I tell you, my lad, if you tip us such drivel, your fame as a bard is decidedly doomed.
Come, candidly, Algernon, now, *do* you relish these nose-rasping winds, and these shoe-soaking showers?
Get out! 'tisn't possible, Swinburne, my boy; you are longing, like us, for the sun and the flowers.
Why tell taradiddles concerning a month, when one only is warm when in bed he's entombed,
When pneumonia's rampant, bronchitis about, and rheumatical pangs are our lot at all hours?
One smile of the sun when the sweet June wakes him is worth all the "snow-flowers" that ever have bloomed.

IV.

When the sunshine quenches the snowshine—cuss it!—when April hooks it, and June follows May,
There *may* be a little look in for the poet, and *then*, if you like, my dear boy, have your say.
'Midst the leaves we may dream, and desire, and rejoice, with a song for our smiles and thanksgivings. But now?
You're as mad as its hares for this maddest and saddest of months to kick up such a rhythmical row.
And somewhere surely the sound of the laughter of mocking demons must echo your lay,
The imps of Lumbago and Influenza, the wheezy chest, the neuralgic brow,
Must chortle loud in their Arctic empire, to think they have nobbled one bard anyway.

V.

Are your feet at ease in a pool of water, when winds blow cold from the waste North Sea?
Oh, it's all very well in a flowery lyric, you know that in fact it is fiddle-de-dee.
Does the East wind suit your eyes? Does the blast of an iceberg's breathing assist *your* breath?
Is March, with the wild North-easter raging, as fine a thing as your poem saith?
Is there not some rot in your rapture of passion, reiterate mellowly though it may be?
Our hearts revolt at the blast of your clarion, Charles. Upon winds we're aware you are death;
But leave to Kingsley the "brave North-easter;" from fudge like this let the world go free.

VI.

For the "breath of its lips" is bunkum, and bunkum the fulsome praise of your flowing song.
"Glad god of the North-east wind?" Great Cæsar! O Swinburne, dear boy, that *is* coming it strong!
Its kingdom is—terror, and turpentine plasters, mustard poultices, ipecac. wine.
Night lit with the flame of the night-light dismal, the roupy cough—you should just hear mine!
No sleep for the gaspings that deepen and quicken, for fevered fancies a fiery throng,
The world knows well that the month's a nuisance, and you may depend will at once decline
To be diddled e'en by your dithyrambic; because, old fellow, we know your're wrong.

VII.

The body is drenched one dismal moment, the next one's skin is as dry as starch.
Its rains that chill us are most disgusting, and equally so are its gales that parch.
What! kindle mortals to love and laughter by lauding the beastliest winds that blow?
Arouse our fondness for wintry wetness, for choking dust or for blinding snow?
No, no, your lips are eloquent, Algernon, set in Apollo's own genuine arch;
But neither the flame that fires your tropes, nor the fervour that setteth your figures aglow,
Shall gammon us into the fatuous folly of making a god of the wind of March!

FOND AND FOOLISH.

Edwin (suddenly, after a long pause). "Darling!" *Angelina.* "Yes, Darling!"
Edwin. "Nothing, Darling. Only *Darling*, Darling!" [*Bilious Old Gentleman feels quite sick.*

GERMANY.

March 9, 1888.

Stricken with sorrows as with dart on dart,
With folded pinions, but unfailing heart,
The Teuton Eagle sits, constrained to mark
That splendid sun sink in the deepening dark.
So glorious a course should have a close
As calmly gradual as the twilight rose
Of a long day of June that softly blends
With hastening night, and in hushed silence ends.
Not so the Fates ordained. Tempestuous clouds
Surround the sunset, lowering sorrow shrouds
Its latest gleamings, golden, yet, and grand.
It sinks, and sadness strikes across the land.
When Thule's king his golden goblet hurled
To the grey depths that wash around the world,
What thoughts possessed his vassals as it sank
To lodge with shattered wrecks and sea-wrack dank?
"He drank no more," that monarch old and brave,
Worthy crown-wearer, "leal unto the grave."
An older, mightier King, as stout, as leal,
Erect as some tall pine, and tense as steel,
Has bowed to the last foeman, and at last
The well-won cup of conquest from him cast—
Whither? A world in wonder waits to see—
Waits with bent head and silent sympathy;
And England, from her isle beyond the foam,
Looks to that high but sorely stricken home,
Whence a great presence passes, with a prayer
That the White Dove of Peace may settle there,
As o'er that sea where sinks the sun, where flits
Night's shadow, and that watchful Eagle sits.

"Sounds Like It."—If the Government's suspicions are confirmed by positive evidence, over some of the Navy Stores will have to be written, "Knavey Stores."

GEORGE JOKIN GOSCHEN.

(*Chez Lui.*)

The great success of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a punster has been so marked that 85, Fleet Street has been absolutely flooded with inquiries as to the ways and means adopted by the Right Hon. Gentleman to produce his brilliant effects. The excellent *jeu de mot* about Mr. Wyndham being "on the Spree"* while staying in Berlin (a pun which, it is said, has been translated into every European language) appears to have been thrown off as a carefully prepared *impromptu;* but the companion *plaisanterie* about the Court Theatre being "no Criterion"† shows traces of greater elaboration. It is, of course, against etiquette to answer the question whether Mr. Goschen writes for the periodical in which these lines appear, but it may be safely conjectured that nothing from his accomplished pen has ever been published in these pages. We hope on a future occasion to fully explain the manner in which the "Comic Chancellor" concocts his amusing conceits, but at present (as our scheme requires a great deal of tact and bribery) we must request our readers to rest satisfied with the publication of the following quaint cranks and oddities that have caused endless merriment during the past week wherever they have been related.

The Chancellor, the other evening, was witnessing the performance of Miss Anderson in the *Winter's Tale*, at the Lyceum, when he called his Private Secretary's attention to the fact that the charming young actress appeared in two *rôles*. "This makes me believe," said the Right Hon. Gentleman, "that our delightful American visitor must be very *well bred!*" The Private Secretary had to leave the box in convulsions of laughter. On reaching the lobby, however, the young man gave a proof of his insincerity by crying like a child.

Lord Halsbury, in conducting the Lunacy Acts Amendment Bill through Committee, was heard to murmur to himself, "This measure should have been introduced in Paris rather than in London.

* The Spree is the river on which the capital of Prussia is situated. To be "on the Spree" implies that the person so described is in a cheerful frame of mind.

† "The Criterion" is the name of Mr. Wyndham's London theatre.

GERMANY. MARCH 9, 1888.

It would be more likely to hold water there than here." "Why?" asked Lord HOBHOUSE, on the broad grin, who had overheard the muttered remark. "Because," replied Mr. GOSCHEN, promptly, "it not only deals with lunatics, but is also *intended to protect the Seine!*" Lord HERSCHELL was so much amused at the pleasantry that he forgot to urge half the amendments of which he had given private notice.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER the other morning, sitting in the House of Commons noticed that the mace was as usual on the table. Turning to the Marquis of HARTINGTON, he pointed out the beautiful workmanship of the weapon that was once designated by CROMWELL "a bauble." He added, with a smile, "Really, that Mace is very spicy." Mr. LABOUCHERE said it was the best thing he had heard in his life, and commenced a lively conversation on the value of Egyptian securities.

Is is needless to say that the introduction of the Conversion Scheme gave the satirical statesman an opportunity of making a most mirth-provoking remark. Lunching with Mr. BRADLAUGH and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY (who had just returned from a visit to the Pelican Club), he observed, "I am afraid you fellows think that I am fond of talking shop. Not a bit of it! But you see this Conversion scheme of mine is the 'percenter of attraction.'" This excellent quip was received with roars of laughter from under the table.

But perhaps the gem of the collection is another joke, which was delivered only a few days since. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was sitting in his room at the Treasury when he noticed that the door was not quite closed. "Why is the door not a door?" he asked, suddenly of the messenger who was bringing in his luncheon. "Because, Sir," was the prompt reply, "it is a-jar." "Not at all," returned the witty Cabinet Minister; "because it is *an egress* (*a negress*)." Some dynamiters in a cellar who overheard the remark were so amused with it that they then and there abandoned their dreadful purpose and adopted the principles of the Liberal Unionists.

Other puns are expected hourly. They will be recorded on their arrival in our next. One, turning upon Mr. GLADSTONE being "axed" something, is nearly completed.

COMIC CLERICS.

WHETHER one of the results of that mysterious Association which entitled itself "The Church and Stage Guild" (does it yet exist?) may have been to enrich the *répertoire* of the Stage at the expense of the Church, I am not aware, but certain it is that, within the last few years, we have had more Comic Clergymen on the boards than at any previous time in the history of the Drama. The warm-hearted, ready-witted Irish Priest was at one time inseparable from any Irish play after the striking success of *Father Tom* in BOUCICAULT'S *Colleen Bawn*. When this character was played out, there entered upon the scene the Muscular English Clergyman, ever ready to knock down an aggrieved parishioner, to foil a villain, and protect virtue in distress; and, indeed, until some more recent Dramatists came to the rescue, and revived the gallant Sailor, it seemed at one time not improbable that the extremely gentlemanly but decidedly Pugnacious Parson would supplant the British Tar in the affections of the theatre-going public. But at the Adelphi, under the deservedly successful *régime* of the Messrs. GATTI, the T. P. (not "Tay Pay") Cookian spirit has been summoned from the vasty deep, and, having become embodied *in Terriss Firmis*, is once more the people's darling,—no allusion being hereby intended to that marine store, Deptford.

Mr. Punch welcoming the Rev. Johnnie Toole, M.A.

The *Bells of Haslemere* chime in with the notions of the Adelphi patrons, and it would now be difficult for any author less mellow dramatic than PETTITT, SIMS & Co., to break what Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY, when some few years ago he couldn't get a piece of his produced anywhere, used, in the bitterness of his soul, to call "the ring." So the Stage-Sailor once more finds his home at the Adelphi, and the Muscular Minister only puts in an occasional appearance; but the Comic Cleric is ubiquitous. Who began it? I rather fancy Mr. W. S. GILBERT was the first to start him, when he turned Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON into a Reverend Vicar in the costume of an Archdeacon,—the archest of Archdeacons,—telling us, in a tuneful ditty, of his *bonnes fortunes* as a "pale young curate," though of course this recital of his success with the ladies was not of such a nature as to bring the blush to the cheek of "the young person," no matter how much or how little cheek she might possess. The same author once put a Bishop on the stage of the Haymarket, and, not to mention other examples that will occur to the habitual playgoer's memory, there was Mr. PENLEY as that ridiculous little parson in *The Private Secretary*, who revelled in "Ba-ath buns," and "didn't like London," and the late Mr. JOHN CLAYTON'S *Dean*—a Dean every inch of him, poor fellow!—in PINERO'S *Dandy Dick*, who got into all sorts of scrapes, was taken up by the police, and was forced to submit to every kind of indignity. I believe Mr. WILSON BARRETT is also playing the part of a Clergyman just now, but as I have not yet witnessed his performance, I can only suppose that the humour of the part would probably be more subtle than in the instances above-mentioned, though this would not necessarily prevent the impersonation from being classed with them as one among such genuinely comic creations.

And now our old favourite, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, adds one more picture to the clerico-theatrical portrait gallery, and appears as the *Rev. Mr. Milliken, M.A.*, Dean and Tutor of St. Mark's College, Camford. He is only called "*Mr. Milliken, M.A.*" in the play-bill; and though in some Colleges the Dean may be a layman—I remember an instance in point, where the office was only temporary and nominal—yet it is not so in this piece, as the clerical character of *Mr. Milliken* is emphasised by his pointing out to his fellow-tutor, that there is a College living vacant, to which he should like to retire on his marriage.

To see Mr. TOOLE in cap and gown with Oxford M.A. hood, looking quite the type of an old-fashioned College Don, is exquisitely funny in itself, and he is supported by a really good working company, for whom the piece seems to have been written, as it would be difficult to imagine a heartier landlady of the "Bull and Mitre" than Miss EMILY THORNE, any one more suited to the lively young-lady-like part of *Kitty* than Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, or a better than Miss MARIE LINDEN for the ingenuous *Dora*, who is such an artless thing as to be utterly ignorant of College life, although quite up to making a very good pun about "first-class," and who sets so high a value on truth that she only lets it appear, as some unique jewel is worn by its fortunate possessor, on very rare occasions.

Mr. BILLINGTON is another excellent Fellow—of a College, I mean; scarcely a type of any recognised species of the resident University Official, but the sort of Fellow that a retired Indian Colonel might be expected to make. The young men, Messrs. GARDINER and LOWNE, are both very good, the latter being a life-like representative of the ordinary Undergraduate; and youthful Mr. AUBREY BOUCICAULT looks and acts as the boy he is and is meant to be. Mr. SHELTON gives us a fair specimen of the College gyp, as accustomed to familiarity with his youthful masters as was *Sam Weller* with the Pickwickians, and of course his manner with the Dean is permissible in the broadly farcical situations invented by the joint authors, Mr. and MRS. HERMAN MERIVALE. Miss KATE PHILLIPS acts in her sprightliest manner, looks her prettiest, and dresses splendaciously, as she is bound to do in Commemoration Week; but the part presents no special characteristics which can differentiate it from the stock "lively widow," so useful in comedy.

So much for the individuals. The dialogue is sometimes epigrammatic and generally amusing. The repeated *équivoque* struck me as rather forced, and all that I could clearly make out was that Mr. TOOLE was a *Dean* in difficulties—which, after all, is quite sufficient when you go to enjoy Mr. TOOLE'S peculiarly rich and broad humour. By the way that any Undergraduates could possibly, for one minute, mistake Miss LINDEN in cap and gown over her ordinary dress, without even a shirt-collar and tie, for one of themselves, exceeds even the limits of farcical improbability. This defect can be easily remedied by the lady herself.

I liked *The Butler* better than *The Don*, as far as *intrigue* goes, but perhaps the latter has the advantage in dialogue. Anyhow it is well worth seeing, for the sake of the Rev. JOHNNIE TOOLE, Dean—(ah! I was just going to write "JOHNNIE DEAN," and to those who remember him what a genial cleric he would have made!)—Dean of St. Mark's College, Camford, whose portrait as the drollest Don imaginable will be another welcome addition to the Gallery of the Comic Clerics of the English Stage.

JACK IN THE BOX.

CAPITAL NAMES IN THE ATLAS.—Last week that distinguished African explorer, Mr. JOSEPH THOMSON, taking leave of his friends, left London by the *Oceana*, to spend some time in the Atlas Mountains and Morocco. The dangers of the expedition are shared with him by Lieut. HAROLD CRICHTON-BROWNE, the son of the admirable Sir JAMES of that ilk. If the proverb "Like father, like son" holds good in this case, the young Scottish Borderer will not be long before he has benefited the human race. It appears that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, recognising the merits of Mr. HAROLD CRICHTON-BROWNE, has given him a year's leave of absence to prosecute his inquiries. An excellent book may be expected as the outcome of these leaves bound in Morocco. Everyone must wish the gallant explorers success in the wild lands they are about to traverse, and speedy return home to their native country.

THE BRITISH PASSION FOR INEQUALITY.

Sturdy Briton. "It 's all very well to turn up your Nose at *your own* beggarly Counts and Barons, Mossoo! But you can't find fault with *our* Nobility! Take a Man like our Dook o' Bayswater, now! Why, he could buy up your Foreign Dukes and Princes by the dozen! and as for You and Me, he 'd look upon us as so much Dirt beneath his Feet! Now that 's something *like* a Nobleman, *that* is! That 's a kind o' Nobleman that I, as an Englishman, feel as I 've got some right to be *Proud* of!"

ALL ABOUT IT; OR, TALK BY THE WAY.

Interior of a Compartment on a Suburban Line. Well-informed Britons and others discovered concluding the perusal of their morning papers.

First Well-informed Briton. Well, I've read the Report through, and I'm blest if I can make head or tail of it. Portsmouth seems to be in a bad way.

Second Well-informed Briton. Oh, no, Portsmouth's all right; or rather, it will be. Look here, what it says. (*Refers to paper.*)

"The two ironclad forts should be armed with heavy guns, and made in every respect secure. The armament of all the forts on this side requires considerable improvement. It is also necessary to erect a new land-battery."

And then it goes on about the works at the "eastern entrance," that it says ought to be carried out with the least possible delay. Here nothing's clearer than what the Commissioners have to say about them. Look here. Here are their very words (*again refers to paper*) "When they are completed," they say—

"And the minefields have been protected by machine and quick-firing guns, they believe that the imminent risk to which the dockyard at Portsmouth is at present subjected will be mainly averted."

A Pronounced Pessimist. "Mainly averted!" Gammon! Why how long do you think it would take to carry out the plan, even if they could manage it? (*With cynical satisfaction.*) Three years, if it took a day! Why, the beggars admit that themselves. And then, where's the money to come from? I should like to ask. I tell you it's all gammon! [*Glares defiantly at everybody.*

Casual Outsider (*who has a general but vague grasp of the subject*). Oh, I think the money is provided for. Surely I saw something about five million pounds, or some figure of that kind, being already granted by the War Office. (*Refers to paper.*) Ha! here it is. The Estimates framed by the War Department were (*reads*), "for Military Ports, £3,137,802, and for Home Mercantile Ports, £1,757,500, making together a total of £4,895,302." (*Tentatively.*) I conclude that amount will be included in the Budget?

Pronounced Pessimist. "Included in the Budget!" Why, what do you take old Goschen for? Do you think he'll tack on a single penny? Why, he wouldn't do it to save not only Portsmouth but the whole Empire from going to the bottom of the sea. (*Enunciating it as a familiar home truth.*) Why, what do you think he's Chancellor of the Exchequer for, except to swamp the country and please the taxpayer?

First Well-informed Briton. If you'll allow me to correct you, I think you're wrong. I certainly saw somewhere that the Government were prepared to do something at once. Whether it was £800,000, or £2,000,000, I'm not quite clear (*refers to paper*); anyhow, I know they don't mean to let matters slide.

Second Well-informed Briton. Quite so. The Government are fully alive to the gravity of the following paragraph from the Commissioners' Report, which says that:—(*Refers to paper.*)

"It is not too much to say that the destruction of our great dockyard at Portsmouth—and in a less degree of that of Plymouth—might be decisive of the issue of a great war; while the defence of the Thames and Medway is likewise of paramount importance. After inquiring carefully into the condition of each of these ports, the Committee have no hesitation in stating their conviction that deficiencies exist in the defences of each of them which render our position dangerously insecure."

I have no doubt but that a moderate sum will be set aside to put the matter in hand to provide against the possibility of the occurrence of such catastrophes, and, I should say, without an instant's delay.

First Suggestive Listener. It's a strong Commission. I see a good many names. Irving's on it, ain't he?

Second Suggestive Listener (*dubiously*). I can't quite say. But I've heard that ten millions is about the figure fixed by experts as the sum really necessary to supply the country with an efficient scheme of home defences.

Pronounced Pessimist. Not a penny under. (*Grimly.*) Not that that would be any use as things stand. Where should we be to-morrow, if this country were suddenly to be involved in a great Naval war? Why, nowhere. Look at the trial of the *Porpoise* the other day. Besides, where are the ships? Where are the men? France is more than a match for us with either, and before the end of next year will be able to knock us into a cocked hat. What's the good of "Commissions" and their "Reports"? The administration has gone to the dogs, and that's the long and short of it.

A Roused Optimist. Stuff, Sir. England was never better able to hold her own at sea than she is at the present moment. What if a big gun bursts here and there, or an ironclad or two turn bottom upwards! It wasn't with big guns and ironclads that we licked the French at Trafalgar; and what we did then we can do again, Sir, for we've got the same stuff to do it with. Bless me, as if I understood all this "Defence" scare. As if we couldn't hold our own on the sea! Why, what's the country coming to, I should like to know!

Second Well-informed Briton.—Well, you see, that may be all very well, and no doubt there is some truth in it; but still the fact remains that the Committee have come to the conclusion that a good deal wants doing, and that the sooner it is done the better. (*Is entering into further details in explanation of the Report as Scene closes.*)

A Poser.

Scene—*In front of the Admiralty. Arry and Dick looking up at the Sea-horses.*)

Dick. There never were no such things as sea-horses.

'Arry (*who has had his gun out at so much an hour on the coast*). Not? Then how about the Sea-Mews they talk of, eh?

Unemployed Heroes.—A Discharged Soldiers' Aid Society is doing what it can to supply a considerable oversight on the part of a grateful, rather than thoughtful country. It is hardly meet that poor Tommy Atkins, who has spent the best years of his life in his country's service, should be turned adrift to take the consequence of his unavoidable improvidence amongst the "Unemployed." There is also a Society for the Aid of Discharged Prisoners; but the aid afforded to Tommy should be proportioned to his deserts, which somewhat exceed those that Jemmy—so to denominate a burglar—can reasonably expect to receive. *Mr. Punch* wishes success to the D.S.A.S., for it is hard on Tommy to treat him as a boy treats an orange, which, after he has sucked it dry, he chucks into the gutter.

EVICTION!

Turkey. "S'cuse Me, Prince! Sorry to Make any Unpleasantness—But I'm Acting Under Orders!!"

Very sorry, I'm sure, my dear Prince!
(*If the son of a dog knew how sorry!*)
My grief I should like to evince;
(*By sending him straightway to glory!*)
But business is business, you know;
I am acting, you see, by instructions.
I fear that you really must go.
(*You know if you don't there'll be ructions.*)

I act, you perceive, for the firm;
I don't wish to make things unpleasant.
(*Delightful to see the fool squirm*
Like a chucked-out Hibernian peasant!)
I must obey orders. Eh, *why?*
To fail would be simply my ruin.
(*I am doing this under the eye*
Of that horrible brute Mr. Bruin.)

A writ of ejectment? Just so!
It is not to damage or shock you meant.
(*To Sheitan I trust he may go.*)
Thanks, much, for accepting the document!
Sans conséquence, Sir (*Will that wash?*)
After all, 'tis a mere *brutum fulmen!*
(*If Ferdinand credits that bosh,*
He must be the dullest of dull men!)

MR. PUNCH'S VERY QUEER STORIES.

BLACKWOOD'S TALE; OR, A MASTER OF BLACK ARTS.

Chapter I.

My *nom de plume* is Blackwood, but I come of a very ordinary stock. My father was an Omnibus Proprietor, my mother a Margate Bathing-woman. I had sixteen brothers and sisters, and we were generally regarded as an idiotic family. I was no better than the rest. But I differed from them all in one special respect. I had a will of my own. This early developed itself. On one occasion, when an attempt was made to administer a dose of castor-oil to me, though both my parents and the rest of the household held me hand and foot, and knocked out three of my front teeth in the struggle to force a wine-funnel down my throat, they never got me to swallow a single drop. After this I sulked. But I secretly nursed my will-power. By assiduous practice it grew to gigantic dimensions. Everything gave way before it. I tried it on my father, and willed he should not move. He was instantly pinned to his chair. The curate called. I made a mental resolution that he should try to turn a double back-somersault. He at once did so, falling heavily in the attempt. Then I overturned an omnibus, full inside and out. Nor did my experiments end here. I found that by my will I could control inanimate objects as well. With a scarcely expressed wish, I split the kitchen-table in half. With equal facility I wrenched off the front door, and had the drawing-room piano whisked through the roof of the house, and deposited in the back garden. Feeling myself thus gifted, I recognised the necessity of providing myself with a wider field for the exercise of my peculiar powers, and I resolved to go to the University. In almost as short a time than it takes to relate the fact, I had, by sheer force of will, gained an Oxford Scholarship, taken up my quarters in my College rooms, and commenced keeping my terms as an Undergraduate.

"A strange thing happened."
Haggard Passim.

Immediately on entering into residence I lost no time in testing my powers of control over the Principal. The very first night I willed that he should screw up all the Dons in their respective rooms. I had scarcely framed the resolution when he emerged from his quarters, dark lantern and appropriate tools in hand, and proceeded stealthily to execute the task I had mentally allotted to him. The next morning in chapel I made him sing, "*Two Lovely Black Eyes*," in the midst of the service. My control over him was evidently complete. I felt that I had the Principal well in hand.

And now occurred a circumstance, which, as the sequel will show, had a marked influence on the events of my life.

Among my fellow students at St. Anselm's was one named Gullytoff. He was a dark, middle-aged, long-haired, and swarthy Asiatic, of repulsive and forbidding appearance, whose wild gestures, rolling eye and demoniacal expression instantly fascinated me and absorbed my attention. Something in my appearance struck him also. We became great chums. He told me his story. It was not an uncommon one. Connected by blood with a travelling Circus, that had, by the machinations of a wicked great uncle, been decoyed to the wilds of Asia Minor, he had one night, after his customary feat of bursting through several paper hoops in spangled tights, been left behind on the road, and from that day to this he had never been able to trace or even hear anything of the missing *troupe* since. Under these circumstances he had seen nothing before him but to journey to England, enter himself at Oxford for the purpose of studying the Black Arts, by a proficiency in which he hoped to recover a clue to his lost relatives.

I explained to him my powers, and we agreed then and there to join our forces, and prosecute with all our might and main the object of his search together. The very next night I made a bonfire of the whole of my classical library, and supplied its place with a few carefully selected works on magic, and was soon deep in the mysteries of *Noctes Diabolicæ* of Herpianus, Joram's *Pankleptikon*, and the back numbers of *Zadkiel's Almanack*.

I found the study of the new "science" all-engrossing. I stuck to it day and night. For a whole fortnight I cut chapel, hall, lectures—everything—uninterruptedly. My Tutor and the Principal sent for me. I took no notice of them whatever. At last the evening arrived on which we were to hold our first mystic *séance*. My room was prepared for the occasion. A huge witch's cauldron bubbled over a flickering blue flame in the centre; this was encircled by a double row of human skulls; several alligators were suspended from the ceiling; a tripod surmounted by an Arabian dish of steaming aromatic incense stood in each corner, while a night owl was perched over the bookcase, and a couple of ten-foot snakes wound themselves noiselessly in stealthy coils about the floor. My scout's boy, who brought in my tea, noticed these, and seemed anxious to quit the apartment.

And now Gullytoff commenced our incantation. Spiritualistic phenomena were new to me, and I was at first startled at being banged on the back by a phosphorescent accordion. Raps followed.

"This is nothing," said Gullytoff, "to what you will see!"

He was right. Scarcely had he spoken before a troop of gibbering skeletons poured out of the cauldron and flooded the apartment. A corpse in its shroud sat on the mantel-piece. A crowd of hideous goblins careered about the staircases and frightened men returning late to their rooms after attending a Union debate into fits. Claps of terrific thunder resounded above the College walls, and the whole buildings swayed to and fro as if they had been a labouring ship struggling against an overpowering sea. The Principal came out into the quadrangle to see what was the matter. He found it peopled with ghastly shapes, and was immediately seized by a headless illuminated ape, who perched itself upon his neck, and clinging wildly to his College cap, caused him to stagger heavily in the direction of the gate-porter, crying aloud for help.

At this moment a big blazing balloon of blue fire settled over the cauldron. In the midst of it sat a little old Jew money-lender with a frightful grin distorting his malignant features.

"You want to find the Circus *troupe!*" he screeched, addressing Gullytoff in a piping treble. "Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! We'll see about that to-morrow!"

Then breaking forth into a wild *can-can*, he dashed through the window, where, followed by the now frantic and howling throng of spirits, ghosts, and goblins we had conjured up, he disappeared, much to the surprise of the local fire brigade, who had been summoned by the authorities, now fairly alive to the fact that an unusual commotion was occurring within the College precincts, among the chimneys and spires of the neighbouring public buildings. So our incantation ended. But I passed a sleepless night.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

JUSTICE TO THE LADIES!

(*By our own Prophetic Descriptive Reporter.*)

The House of Commons was in a ferment of excitement. The great question of the century, "Should Women have the right of Voting?" was under discussion. Upon the decision of that evening the matter rested. The Government and Opposition were mixed; some were in favour of the measure, some against; and all were anxious. The Grand Old Man had made a grand old speech, which would have been grander had anyone been able to clearly comprehend the conclusion to which it pointed. The Tribune of the People, now the leader of the Tories, had had his say, but still the question remained unsolved. How would it end? Those who had good memories recalled the fact that the great Earl of Beaconsfield had, shortly before his lamented death, espoused the cause of the ladies. But for all that, there was a feeling of uneasiness that, given votes, seats would follow, and that then the House of Commons would lose its well-established reputation for being the most comfortable Club in London. What would become of the husbands, if the wives saw them home? How would it be possible to plead the excuse of "parliamentary duties" for absence from the country house, if man and his better half were admitted to the same division lobbies? That was the rub!

Many of the younger Members had urged the plea that, it was rude and discourteous to make an invidious distinction between the sexes; but these juvenile legislators had been laughed or coughed down by the greyheaded fathers of families. It was all very well for bachelors to talk, but let them wait until they became married men, and then the matter would present itself to them under quite a different aspect. So the debate progressed, speech after speech was made, and the *clôture* was ignored in the all-absorbing interest of the topic under discussion.

At length there was a pause, and a deep silence reigned. All eyes were turned towards the Treasury Bench, before which was standing a Minister, white and trembling with emotion.

"Sir," at last cried the Statesman, struggling with his sobs, "it is a painful moment, a very painful moment, but I am bound to do my duty. I must confess that women are superior to men in intelligence, tact, and everything that fits a human being to be a Member of this honourable House."

Again there was a deep silence, and all present hung upon the speaker's words. He wiped his eyes, and continued,

"I must remind the House, Sir, of this memorable fact. Many here present will have seen from time to time in the newspapers that I, in my official position as Chancellor of the Exchequer, have received halves of bank-notes. Those remittances have come exclusively from men. I am bound to admit the fact that brands our sex with idiotcy! But, Sir, I must say *that no conscience-money has ever been paid by a woman!*"

The next moment Justice and Reason had prevailed, and, with a mighty shout, the franchise had been given to the Ladies!

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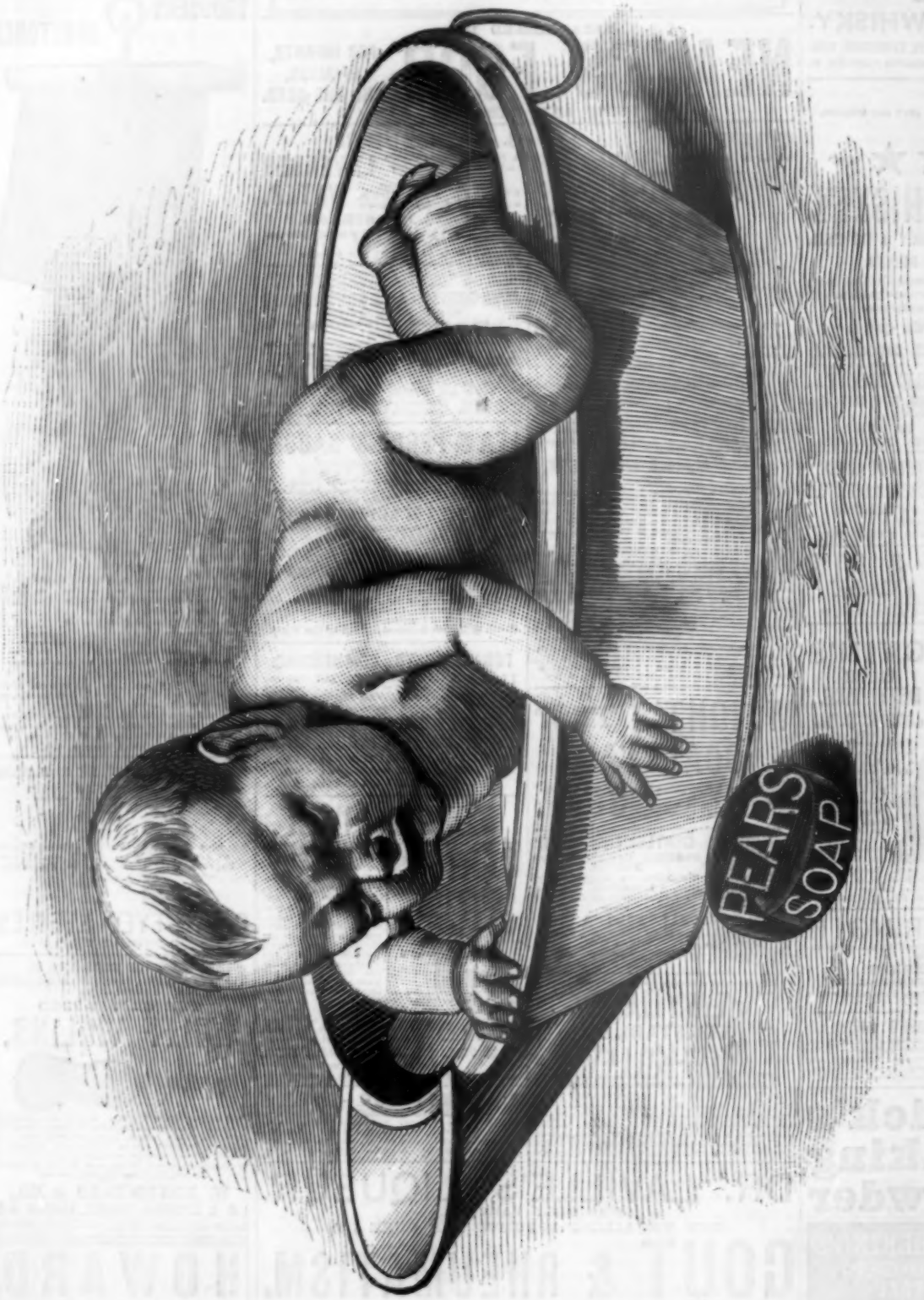

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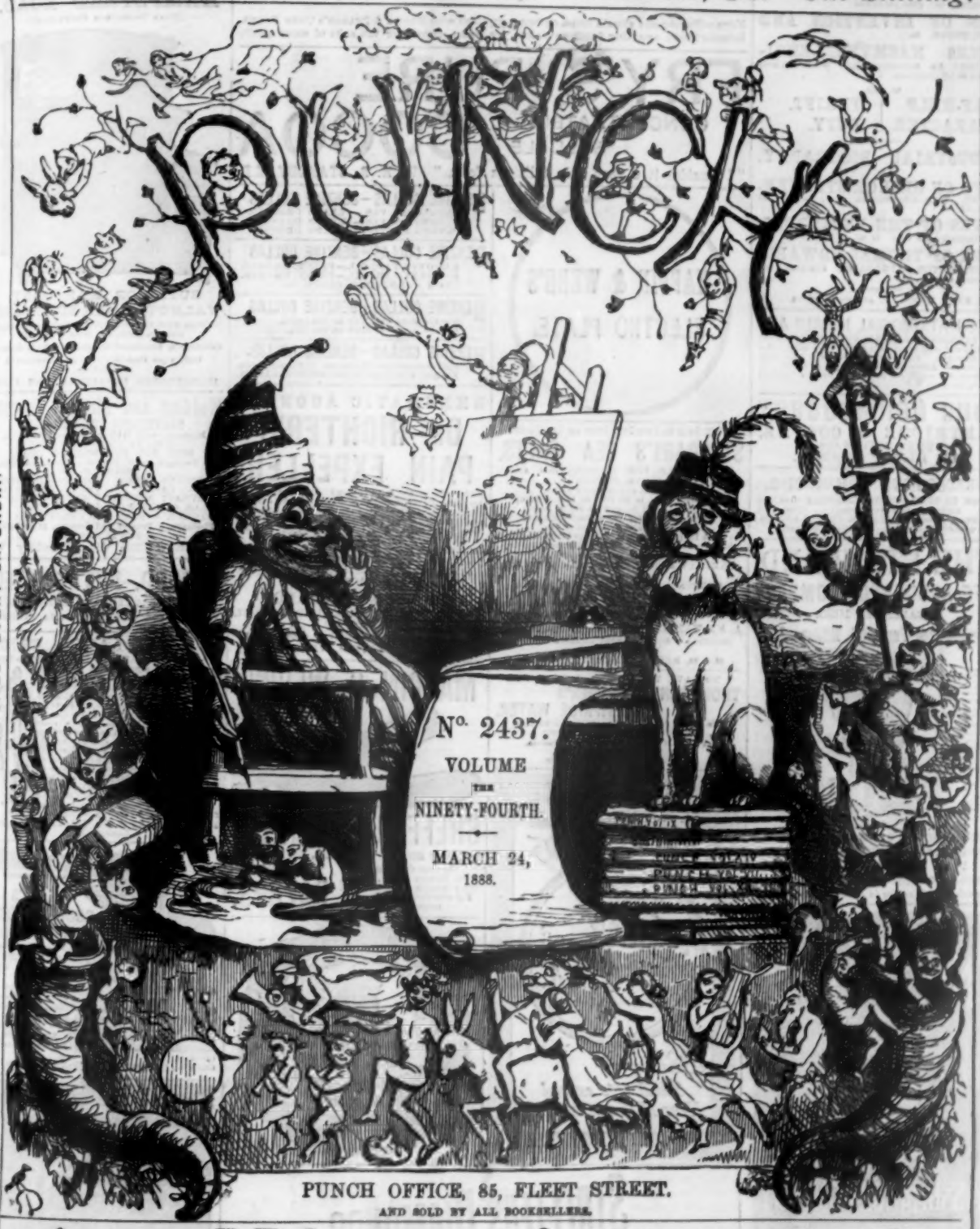

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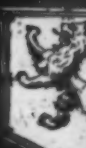

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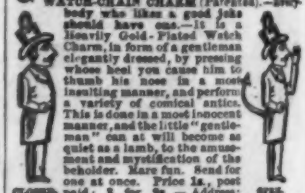

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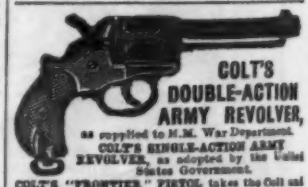

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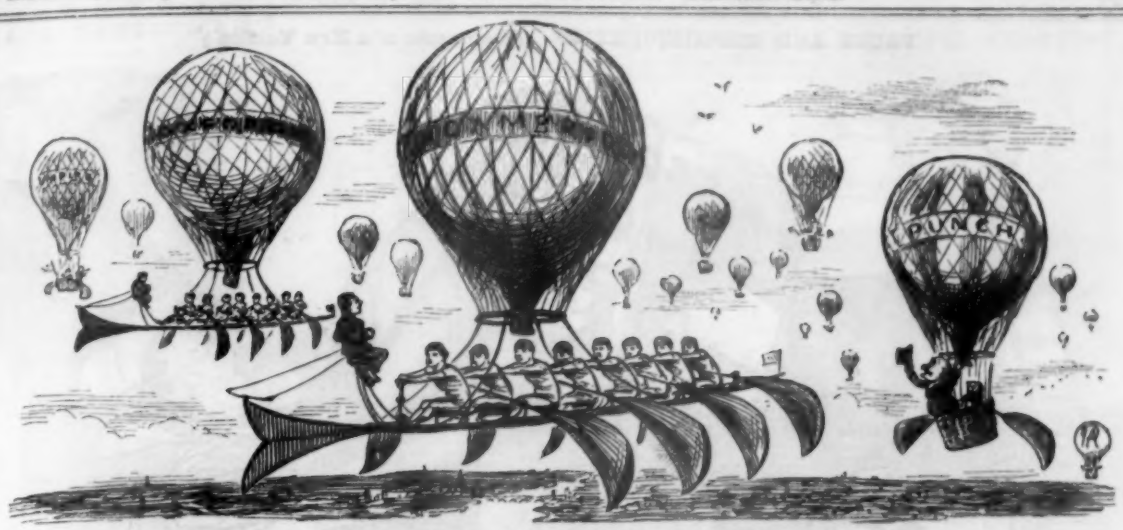


THE COMING RACE.—A PROPHETIC VISION OF 1988.

"SLAVES OF THE RING."

Old Style.

Yesterday the long-expected mill between Joe Brown and Jack Smith came off before about five thousand patrons of the Noble Art. Most of the House of Peers and all the House of Commons were present, and there was a good sprinkling from the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Bar, the Army, the Navy, and the lowest slums. In another part of our paper we have described the Battle in detail, but here it will suffice to jot down the first round and the last.

Round 1.—Both men came up smiling. Joe struck out well with his left, and landed upon Jack's right peeper, which immediately assumed rainbow colours. Upon this Smith retorted with his right on the snuff-box, breaking the bone, and producing a fine flow of the ruby. Smart countering following, until Joe went down from a sledge-hammer blow from Jack. First blood and fall to Smith.

Round Last.—Both men were groggy and had to be placed face to face. It was unsafe to say which was which or who was who, as their features were so mixed that it was impossible to distinguish them. In spite of this they still struck out, Jack catching Joe a blow on the side of his head, which severed his remaining ear. This seemed to rouse Joe, who made one last effort, crushing Jack's chest in, and turning his eyes into pease-pudding. This was too much for Jack, who dropped senseless, and could not be recovered.

It will be seen from the above that both men suffered severely. The fight is considered one of the best on record.

New Style.

Yesterday the long-expected encounter between Joseph Brown, Esq., and Mr. Zachariah Smith took place in the presence of six specially appointed representatives of the sporting world. Amongst those who would have liked to have been present, had they not been prevented by engagements elsewhere, were the proprietors of many of the leading Metropolitan Music-halls. It is an open secret that both the gallant gentlemen who so nobly fought yesterday are in great request and can pick their engagements. Mr. Joseph who had just come from a dance, was in evening dress, while Mr. Brown wore a fashionably-cut shooting suit. After smoking some cigarettes, sipping their coffee, and glancing through the papers, the opponents prepared for the encounter, divesting themselves of their upper clothing. The battle was of so much interest, that we give it *in extenso*.

Round 1.—Both gentlemen advanced smiling. On seeing his opponent's clenched fist, Mr. Brown retired, and was followed round the ring. Wearying of this manœuvre he raised his right arm as if to give a blow, when Mr. Smith went under.

Round 2.—Both rather out of breath from their late exertions. Mr. Smith touched Mr. Brown on the shoulder, upon which the last called out, "Yes, Zachariah, do you want me?" To which Mr. Smith answered, "No, Joseph, the touch was accidental." Mr. Smith raised his fist threateningly when Mr. Brown went under.

Rounds 3 *to* 36.—These took some time. There was nothing particular in any of them, save in Round 43, when Mr. Smith slipped and fell, injuring his nose. First blood to Mr. Brown.

Round Last.—The two men came up yawning. Mr. Smith was wearing a piece of sticking-plaster on his nose, and Mr. Brown had a piece of rag round his wounded little finger. Upon an appeal from the bystanders the battle was declared drawn, and the combatants resumed their clothing and fraternised.

It will be seen from the account that both men suffered severely. The fight is considered one of the best on record.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I've nothing to say about books this week. I've gone from cover to cover, and drawn blank. But I think I am on the right scent now, having just taken up *The Prima Donna*, by Sutherland Edwards. More of this anon. Its appearance opportunely—or operatunely—anticipates the coming Season of Drurriolanus Operaticus.

Most newspapers have an "Agony Column," and the *Illustrated London News* now has a "Payn Column"—a double Payn Column—every week. In the latest Payn Column, "J. P.," alluding to the recent story of the Sham Nuns in France, declares that the dramatic possibilities of the tale "make the poor British novelist's mouth water." Now, J. P. is not by any means a "poor British novelist;" but I think I see through him in this case as clearly as if he were a Payn of glass, and to save him the trouble of commencing a plot with this material, I beg to inform him that the story has already been done. It occurs as one of the many incidents in a French novel which I read within the last three years, but what its name was, or whether it was written by Boisgobey, Montépin, Maupassant, or some other free-and-easy romancist, I cannot at this moment remember. In this novel the nuns were mostly sham ones, they had some lambs among them to be fleeced, and their director, the Abbé somebody, was no clergyman at all, but a swindler who ultimately fell into the hands of the Police. I am inclined to think it was one of Boisgobey's, but at all events it has been done. However, never mind, Mr. James Payn, keep up your "high spirits." After all, it's only one "holiday task" the less, says the

Baron de Book Worms.

A GOLDEN EGG AGAIN.

Another Great Auk's Egg has turned up, been put up to Aukshun, and knocked down again, without being smashed, fortunately, frail a curiosity as it was to come under the hammer. Mr. Stevens, of King Street, Covent Garden, lately "sold a very fine egg of the Great Auk for £225." It came into the possession of its late owner in 1851, who then bought it for £18. His name was Wise, and he was not only so called, but was so. This one egg was ultimately taken to a good market, and was sold for the sum abovementioned. We hope it has reached its destination in safety. An accident might happen from mere Aukwardness. Some of us will be wishing that we had a private Auk, of a sporting turn, who would lay heavily occasionally. We wouldn't kill him to see how the trick was done.

Conversion with Resignation.—An affliction we have to endure in this Exchequered state of existence.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES. (Fragments of a New Version.)

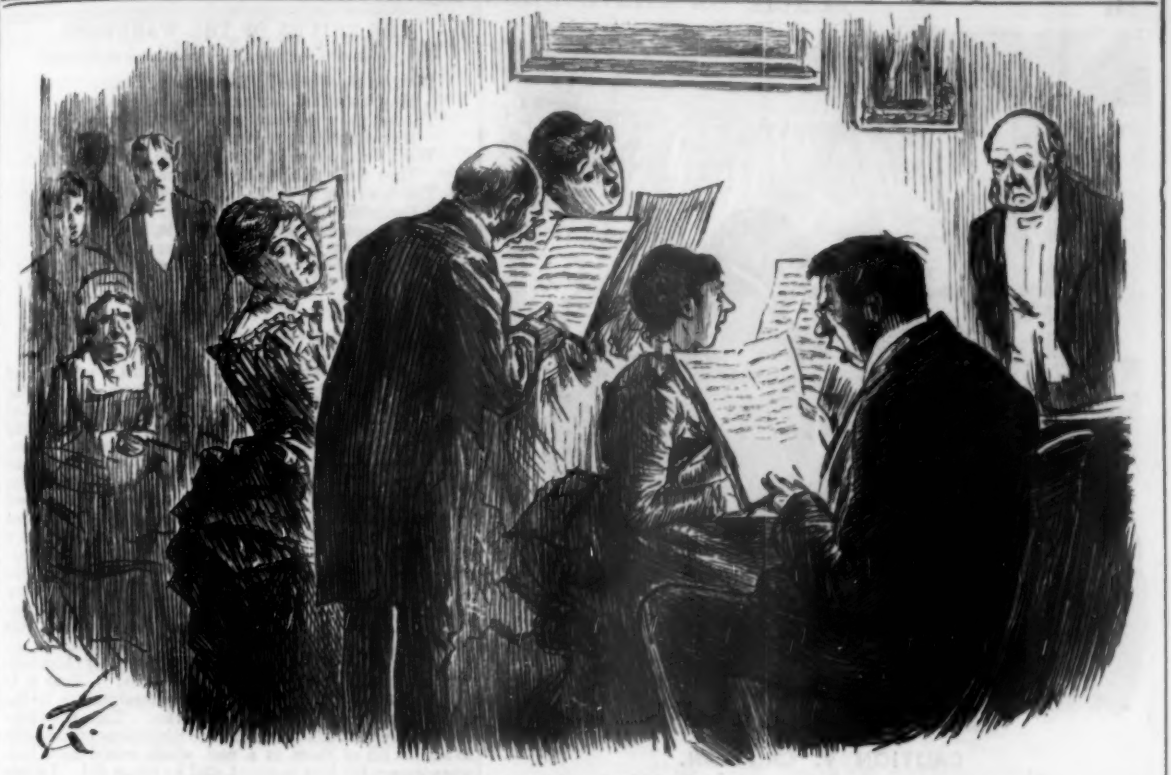
Scene—*St. Stephen's Study.*

Faust (*representing the H-se of L-rds*).
Mephistopheles—Mr. H-nry L-b-ch-re, M.P.

* * * * *

Faust. A knock? Come in! Who now would break my rest?
Mephistopheles. 'Tis I!
Faust. Come in! How funnily you're dress!
Mephisto. Perhaps. And yet, Sir, if I *might* presume,
I'd counsel you to don the same costume,
And, free from your old trammels, speed away.
A livelier part—below—you might essay.
Faust. Too old am I your brisker part to play.
And yet my limitations I deplore,
And own with all my heart that life's a bore.
Mephisto. Your present life is dull, that is confess'd,
Yet death is never quite a welcome guest.
Faust. No; *More*, at the last pinch, we all would choose;
But lately there's no luck about *my* House.

Chorus of Spirits (*invisible*).
Woe! Woe!
Rads would destroy
That beautiful House.
With violent blows
Already 'tis battered,
And very much shattered.
Morley would sweep
The wrecks into nothingness,
Whereat we weep.
The splendour that's gone,
Thou, 'mongst the sons of earth,



"SOMETHING WRONG!"

Wife (in a Bar's rest). "Joahn! Ye 'ee a Baur ahint!!"

Lofty and mighty one,
Bring back once more.
In thine own person the lost world restore.
Now, with reforms immense,
Enter a new career;
Praise shall salute thine ear
Ne'er heard before!

Mephistopheles.

Knowing souls these Spirits be.
Hark! With veritable *nous*
How they recommend to thee
Life in a much "mended" House.
In a worn-out world you dwell,
Fain they would allure you hence.
Stagnate here no more, old swell;
Here you lose all sap and sense!
Forbear to fool around, you and your Chief,
In this ornate but soul-depressing den.
In our society you 'll find relief,
You 'll feel yourself a man with fellow-men.
Not that I'd thrust you mid the vulgar throng.
I almost to the upper ranks belong,
And if you 'll take my tip, old boy, and mend,
I will engage to be your candid friend,
Your jolly comrade—will you take a weed?
—I 'll make a man of you. I will indeed!
Faust. And how must I requite your service, pray?
Mephisto. Oh, any time will do for that.
Faust. Nay! nay!
A cynic is an egotist, I know,
And you are looking for some *quid pro quo.*
Mephisto. Bless you, you quite misunderstand my mood;
What I'd propose is for your proper good.
I would rejuvenate you; young, strong, warm.
My dose will make you.
Faust. What *is* it?
Mephisto. Reform!
A pleasant, harmless potion, I assure you.
You're moribund, old man, but this will cure you;
Improve you——
Faust. Off the earth, perhaps! I've heard
Of certain creatures, who were so absurd
As to essay committing suicide
To save themselves from slaughter; sense and pride
I hope will long preserve me from that folly.
Mephisto. Bosh! You 'll live long, and be no end of jolly,
If you 'll but bolt my pleasantest of pills,
'Twill cure you of *hereditary* ills.
Inherited diseases mark your strain,
Gout—at your heart,—and palsy—of your brain,—
'Tis *they* are bringing you to grief, old fellow!
My dose will make you healthy, active, mellow.
Here's my prescription. Sign it! Your blue blood
Won't miss a drop; indeed, 'twill do you good;
Depletion's just the thing I should prescribe;
Phlebotomy's the need of all your tribe.
Sign; just to show your confidence, dear boy!
After the dose your life you 'll much enjoy.
Come! do not funk it! I am your best friend.
The fiat has gone forth, Faust.—Mend or End!

* * * * *

CONSCIENCE OF THE FAIR SEX.

It is very kind of you, dearest *Punch*, to suggest that women ought to have the suffrage, because then some of us at least would, when we thought we ought to, send the Chancellor of the Exchequer conscience-money. As it is, I wonder how he can possibly expect we should. Who is it, Shakespeare or Dr. Johnson, or somebody, that said taxation without representation is tyranny? Not to mention conscience-money, what conscience can we have to pay any taxes that we can avoid at all? Allow us votes, and then the Government will see whether we shall be conscientious taxpayers or no! Ever yours,

Justitia.

P.S.—Will Mr. Goschen have conscience-money from Ladies, or wait till he gets it?

Fair Trade to Lord Salisbury.

(After his late Speech.)

My pleas at one time seemed your pity to move,
But now you are deaf to my prayers.
It was politic, then, to dissemble your love,
But—*need* you now kick me down-stairs?

The Two "Short-Sentence" Judges.

Mr. Justice Mathew calls on Mr. Justice Day. Brief interview.

Mr. Justice M. Then we——
Mr. Justice D. Quite agree.
Mr. Justice M. Can't stay.
Mr. Justice D. Door, May.
Mr. Justice M. Good, Day. [*Exit.*

CAUTION V. CAUTION.

"So careful, so economical, my dear Wife is! She always locks up the Decanters when we've had all we want—on account of the Servants, you know! He! he!... She doesn't know I've got a Key too!"

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

[Mr. Cameron, on resuming his seat, sat on his hat.]

Back to the House! Every man, Joe,
Must own that you came in good time,
Though they who are eager to ban Joe,
May count that to you as a crime.
Well, Joe, you may e'en let them hammer on,
They don't find it easy to score.
The Speaker at once squelched poor Cameron,
Doubtless *he* found it a bore.
He fancied, depend, Joe, upon it, you
Turned up to the moment most pat;
What he wished, my dear Joe, was to bonnet you;
What he did was—to sit on his hat!

OYSTER CORNER.

It seems that two or three large firms, Proprietors of the Whitstable Oyster Grounds, have clapped another 25 per cent. on to the wholesale price of "natives." But these so-called natives of England are said to be really natives of France, imported hither mostly from Arcachon, and only laid down at Whitstable and other places, to be cultivated and fattened. These molluscs, therefore, in this country, are not natives at all, but only naturalised foreigners. Because an alien oyster has been educated at Whitstable, it is no more a native than a man is a horse because he was born in another stable. The exorbitant price of oysters appears to be mainly owing to the operations of an Oyster Ring, in which, as in the Betting Ring, there is much at work like jockeyship. In the interest of oyster-eaters, with a view to counteract that kind of practice upon the market, what do financiers say to the formation of a Native Oyster Company (Limited). "Oh, for an hour of brave old Dandolo!" That is to say, with a slight abbreviation and alteration, Oh, for the return of the good old days of Dando! Then the abundance of oysters enabled that once illustrious oyster-eater to eat his fill of them at a cost which would have been unnecessary for him to count, and he never did. Let our cry be, "Down with the price of Oysters!" and let us form a bold Company to beard the Oyster in his Shell! Motto, "*Solvitur Dando.*"

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Went to hear Oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, by Dr. Mackenzie—not Sir Morrell, but the composer—on Tuesday night, March 15. Very fine—the Oratorio, not the night—as snow was falling and making slush. Blizzards were about. What a splendid title for an Oratorio, *The Blizzard*. That is to say it would be a splendid title, if its sound were not slightly suggestive of Buzzard. Still, there's something weird and German about the notion of *The Wizard and the Blizzard*. "*Gizzard*" ought to be in it somehow. So ought "*Lizard*." Will copyright title. To return to St. James's Hall. The night was a very bad one: Mackintosh outside, Mackenzie within. With Madame Nordica as the Sulamite, all were Sulamitily pleased. Lloyd's notes are still unchanged, but jokes about "unalloy'd" pleasure quite played out, except, perhaps, by G--ROE JOKIN' G-SCH-N. Miss Hope Glenn—romantic name—looked majestic, and yet as womanly as "a woman"—for that was her *rôle* among the *dramatis personæ*—should, who possesses her rare contralto voice, not so rich, perhaps, as rare. Santley looked uncommonly sapient as *King Solomon*, and took no part in any duet or trio. I suppose in this he showed the proverbial wisdom of the character, as his Solos were given in the best style of this King 'Solo'-mon. Throughout the performance, he kept his eyes fixed on his book with the pertinacity of a musical St. Anthony. But for the subject, which of course cannot be placed on the stage, what a spectacular opera it would make! Supposing the subject changed and the libretto secularised and accommodated to the score for stage purposes, introductions would still be necessary for the sake of variety. Without scenery, costumes, and dramatic action, it is difficult to fully realise the gorgeous Eastern scene in their mind's eye. Oratorios which make so great a demand on the unaided imagination are the kind of thing which, to quote the once popular *Lord Dundreary*, "no fellow can understand," but which, evidently, No-vello can understand. An enthusiastic admirer of Madame Schumann said that, in spite of his having a terrific cold, he must go and hear her play at St. James's Hall, adding that he felt quite secure against a chill, as, whenever she performed, he was always entirely wrapped up in the music and carried away. In fact Madame has no warmer supporter than this influenzial amateur. But—will some one compose an orchestral work with grand effects to be called *The Blizzard?*

Wrapped up in the music, and quite carrried away by Madame Schumann.

KAISER WILHELM.

After the Funeral, March 16th.

It is said, in days of Summer, when the moonlight on the Rhine
Floods with scintillating silver all the land of hill and vine,
That the shadow of a monarch comes to visit earth again,
And that great imperial phantom is the ghost of Charlemagne.

Not in anger comes the Kaiser from his tomb at La Chapelle,
But his eyes are fain to look on all the scenes he loved so well;
And upon the Bridge of Moonbeams, lo! the spectre takes its stand,
With the palms of benediction o'er the ancient Fatherland.

So the olden legend runneth. Now once more the Teutons weep
For a paladin as peerless, who has won eternal sleep;
Though they mourn the mighty Soldier that his God has ta'en away,
'Tis the Father of his People that his children miss to-day.

Brave in battle, sage in council, with no thought of praise or pelf,
On the altar of his country he had immolated self;
And the up-hill path of duty with a steadfast foot he trod,
Single-hearted in devotion to the Fatherland and God!

May we not then, looking forward to the years that are to be,
When all living men have vanished like the sands beneath the sea,
Dare to presage of a presence, will be seen of man once more,
A twin-spectre in the moonbeams with the Charlemagne of yore.

And the children of those ages shall look out upon the night,
And with awe-struck whispers murmur, as they see the fearsome sight,
"Lo! his great sword flashes upward for an everlasting sign;
Kaiser Wilhelm comes to bid us keep with him the Watch on Rhine!"

DEUX BEAUX YEUX BLEUS!

Monsieur, *Clermont-Ferrand*, 19 *Mars*, 1888.

Though I have not your tongue at the ends of my nails, I flatter myself I can, in it, express myself sufficiently to ask of you your sympathy, British and generous, in my present position, which is at once both tragic and grotesque. Tragic, because I have been placed by traitors in a position of non-activity by the *retraite d'emploi*. Grotesque, because my pieces of conviction have been one pair of blue spectacles, a "ulsterre," a crutch, whiskers *à la côtelette de mouton*, and a felt hat. But what has been my crime? I applied to the Minister of War for leave. He refused it to me. Was I, the great Boulanger, the child of the *Café Concert*, the hero of the Boulevards, to accept this insult? No, Monsieur; a thousand times, no! So I took the leave,—that immortal birthright of all true Frenchmen, "French leave," myself. But as I wished to bring upon the Government no regrettable embarrassments, I assumed the disguise, simple and unique, which I have indicated above. And my blue spectacles are already enshrined in the hearts of my compatriots, who having had recourse to your famous *chanson comique*, are gaily greeting me with the refrain, sympathetic:—

"Deux beaux yeux bleus,
Ah! que c'est affreux!
Ainsi de montrer un homme qu'il a tort!
Ah! deux beaux yeux bleus!"

Do you think I have been indiscreet? Then, I ask you, what would be the event, if your Milord Woolsley or Duke-Cambrigg demanded the permission of your Mr. Smith to visit their hotels in London, and were refused? Would they not instantly leave Portsmouth-Dock-yard or Dover-Castle, disguised as the Chinese, the Red Indian, or the English Milord with yellow hair, and a *boule-dogue* under each arm, and defy the treasonable order which deprived them of their liberty? To this question there can be only one response. And this suggests to me, Monsieur, that if I can no longer appear on horseback, and win the applause, thrilling and grateful, of the admiring populace, I may perhaps be driven to follow in the footsteps of your great Woodin, and give a whole entertainment in disguises, with ventriloquial accompaniment, that shall assist materially their development. If among these personages that I may then present to the public notice there should figure the "Dictator," I feel that, after the outrages of March 15, it would create not much surprise. Deign to receive the assurance of my most distinguished consideration,

General Boum-Langer.

ROBERT'S DOMESTIC TRUBBLES.

I never rites wen I'm in a temper, leastways I don't send my luckybrashuns to your pages when I'm bilin over. No; I gives meself time to koul down. Some weeks ago I sor it, after it had been menshunnd by you whose egel eye nothink askapes—I sor it—I mean I werryfide the kwotashun, and found myself discribed in a most respectfool Paper as "Robert the D——." This were pretty well to begin with, without its going on to speak of me as a meer Play Acter! And then to have to bear the horful sorcasms of my much bigger and better arf when she read of the reelly passhonet and familyiar way in which Maddam Burns sung of me as "*Robert, O my beluved Robert!*" was more than I coud well bear, and so I sort relief from my hagitated feelings by rushing off to a Lawyer, down in the Hold Bailey, and consultin him all about it, and how much dammages I shood ask Mr. Charles Rosy and Maddam Burns for.

And I'm bound to say as Mr. Benjermin behaved most strickly honnerabel in the hole matter. In course when I began for to tell him as I wanted to bring a Hacshun for hevvy dammages against two werry rich peeple, male and female, he natrally rubbed his hands and showd the Lawyers Glee by the customery grin. But when I showed him the noosepaper, as I had bort by the way, his face resoomed its old familyear dun brown look, and he said in his fine legal frasiology, "it ain't no go, Mr. Robert, for they didn't mean you, but sum forren Gent as asoomed your name, so they can plead a *allyby*, and I'll just trubble you for 6*s*. 8*d*., and wish you a werry good morning!"

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

Very Naughty Tommy (who has been severely corrected by his Mamma). "I 'M PRE'SH'-S-S SORRY"—(*sobbing*)—"Y'YOU EVER M-MARRIED PA' !!"

I was that thunderstruck that I was dum; but I paid the money like a man, and sort in a naybouring Pub that quiet and that mild refreshment I so much required. And in that little back parler over a quiet glass and a pipe, I rewooed my persition. I had been shamefully hinsulted by being publikly called a orful name, I had arowsed the gelosy of the partener of my joys and sorrers, without the prowd sattisfacshun of having deserved it, I had xpended the raythor considerabel sum of 6*s*. 8*d*. without nothink to show for it, and I had now to return to my gelous spowse and endever to conwince her that Maddam Burns, when she xclaimed with all her art and with all her woice, "*Robert, O my beluved Robert!*" did not mean me, but some forren gent as made use of my onered name for some bass puppuss of his hone! What a sittywashun! I don't know as how it was ever ekalled, xcept praps wen a Alderman as had bin reglar elected by his Ward had to go home and tell his xpecting Missis as the other Aldermen woodn't have him at no price, as they had wayed him in the Scales and found him wantin. I was that lorst in my thorts that I ordered another glass, amost without knowin it, and sat there sippin and thinkin, and thinkin and sippin, till I felt as the kindly sperrits had given me due courage to go home and face my angry partner.

Fancy my estonishment when I reached my umbel dwelling to find as Mrs. Robert wasn't in, and hadn't left no messidge with the backparler, as ushal. However, I hadn't werry long to wait before she hentered, and to my most intensest surprize of all, acshally came up to me and kissed me! saying in her werry sweetest and most winningest way, jest as she used to tork when we was a setting in Grinnidge Park afore we was married, "Robert, dear, I has to ask your parding for my foolish gellosy this morning, for I've bin and found out as the acount in the paper is all fawlse, for I've bin to the Court Theater to have it out with that Maddam Burns, and I finds as there ain't no Court Theater left as there used to be at Slone Square, for they've bin and gorn and pulled it all down!" And then we sat down and had our teas, and in honner of the ocasion we had six pennyworth of muffins, which I nose is a weakness of Mrs. R.'s, and then we went to the Globe Theater, and both had a good hearty cry at the *Golden Ladder*, which we both werry much injoyed, and then home to a nice little hot supper and jest one glass of somethink nice, and then to bed. And we both agreed that if ewery base inwention against hinjured hinnocence brort forth fust such a bust of gelous affecshun, and then such a nappy reckonsillayshun, might they appear in the daily papers about wunce a week till further notice.

I did not think it necessary to menshun that it had corst me 6*s*. 8*d*. for nothink, and somethink more for somethink, or what I had heard from the Lawyer. Common Sense and common prudence alike dicktated to me not to wake the sleeping Lioness. I never woke one yet, and at my time of life I thinks as it is jest a littel too late to begin.

Robert.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Lady of the House (archly). "My Husband 's not at home, Mr. Goodenough. He 's gone to call on some *Pretty Women* of his acquaintance!" *Caller.* "Ah, *I've given that up long ago!*"

CONSOL-ATION; OR, "A FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY."

A Pastoral of the Period.

Argument.—A Shrewd Shepherd, expert at a song—and a bargain—mellifluously reasoneth with a Simple Shepherdess, and "converteth" her to his own views concerning Exchange.

"*The sweet simplicity of Three-per-Cents.*"

Shrewd Shepherd (sings)—
"If I had as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, 'Young lambs to sell!'"
Simple Shepherdess. Dear me! His singing is seductive, very!
Shrewd Shepherd. Whither away, fair Nymph?
Simple Shepherdess. Sir, you are merry.
No Nymph am I, alas! The Nymphs are fled
From our Arcadia. Great Pan is dead!
You see his *régime* would no longer suit us,
And he 's succeeded, so they say, by Plutus.
Are *you* a votary of his?
Shrewd Shepherd. Sweet maiden,
Do I *look* like a man with bullion laden?
This lamb, symbol of innocence and peace,
Has not, you see, even a golden fleece.
Simple Shepherdess. It *does* look rather puny.
Shrewd Shepherd. It is young—
Like you, my dear——
Simple Shepherdess. On every shepherd's tongue
Truth is not found, as Marlow's nymph could tell.
You're not a Passionate Shepherd, are you?
Shrewd Shepherd. Well,
I *have* been called so. If I have a passion
'Tis for statistics.
Simple Shepherdess. Ah! they're quite the fashion
E'en in Arcadia. Corydon now sings
Of "average outputs" and such horrid things.
I do hate figures! I find my felicity
In finger-reckoning and its sweet simplicity.
Shrewd Shepherd. Most rational and proper—in a lass.
At your fair shrine, *Sancta Simplicitas*,
I fain would worship.
Simple Shepherdess. You are most polite,
And now, good day!
Shrewd Shepherd. One moment! If I might
Suggest a swap!
Simple Shepherdess. What's that?
Shrewd Shepherd. Well, an exchange;
To you the patter of the Mart is strange.
Simple Shepherdess. I don't quite understand you.
Shrewd Shepherd. But you will.
That sheep of yours——
Simple Shepherdess (alarmed). You do not mean to *kill*
My pet? You're not a butcher in disguise,
Now, are you?
Shrewd Shepherd. Bless your innocent blue eyes,
Do I look like a cruel *carnifex?*
No, not for all Arcadia would I vex
Your gentle bosom. See, I wear no steel!
But,—well, your sheep is old; do you not feel
That something younger, with more *promise* in it,
E'en if not *quite* so large,—now, stop a minute!
You ladies are so hasty. Just behold
This little lambkin! He's as good as gold,
A sweet, sweet face, a fleece of virgin snow,
Do you not yearn towards him?
Simple Shepherdess. Humph!—well—no!
I must say "nary yearn" feel I at present.
Shrewd Shepherd. You have a pretty wit, sweet Nymph, and pleasant:
Like—well, if I may say as much—like *me*.
I can crack jokes, you know, when "on the Spree."
New lamps for old, you 've heard of as a cry;
Why not new *lambs* for old?
Simple Shepherdess (hesitating.) Well, Shepherd—I—
I—don't quite like to part with my old pet! [regret.
Shrewd Shepherd. Come, come! the exchange is one you'll ne'er
Sentiment? pooh! that's never worth a button;
This lamb will grow to a most handsome "mutton,"
Finer than that which you so closely clutch,
And you will learn to love it quite as much.
Simple Shepherdess. Well—if I must I must, but ——
Shrewd Shepherd. Sweet Simplicity.
Fear not! Ta-ta, dear! Wish you all felicity!
[*Exit* Shrewd Shepherd, *with* 3 *per cent. lamb, leaving the two-and-three-quarters lambkin in exchange.*

CONSOL-ATION;

OR, "A FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY."

"Sweet Simplicity." "I *AM* SORRY TO PART WITH HIM!"

Shrewd but Seductive Shepherd. "NAY, DEAR CHILD! WHAT THOUGH THIS ONE BE BUT INDIFFERENT FAIR TO LOOK ON AT PRESENT? HE'LL LAST LONGER,—AND YOU WILL *LEARN TO LOVE HIM!!*"

"ALL THE APPLIANCES AND MEANS TO BOOT."
Shakspeare.

TOO LATE FOR GORDON.—*Falstaff* (*out of office*).—"Ah! no more of that, Ma'am, an thou lovest me."

SUNDAY RECREATION.—Chess is undoubtedly the Game for Sundays, as it cannot possibly be played without two Bishops.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A LEGAL LUNCHEON-BAR.

SCENE—*A Restaurant in the neighbourhood of the Courts of Justice. At the Bar, members of both branches of the Legal Profession discovered lunching on high stools; behind Bar, bustling staff of barmaids, kitchen-maids, and small boys in white caps, superintended by* Energetic Manager, *of a cheerfully familiar disposition.*

Voices behind the Bar. Small roast beef cut *lean*, ROBERT! . . . When does that mutton mean to come? . . . plates, JENNY, look alive there! . . . Were *you* the dumpling, Sir? Oh, the sausage and plain; I *beg* your pardon! . . . More prongs!

[*This last from the* Manager—*a pleasing synecdoche for forks.*

Solicitors' Clerks before the Bar. Can't let you have that further abstract yet, but it's being attended to . . . We ought to have had notice of that last affidavit they filed! . . . Costs on higher scale . . . Not the practice to give copy affidavit without the jurat—told 'em so! Notice to produce all their books for last sixteen years, &c., &c.

Shower just ceasing. Enter a Surly Man, *umbrella-less and drenched.*

Barmaid (*to him, pleasantly*). The rain *has* been coming down, Sir, hasn't it?

The Surly Man. Never saw it coming *up*—did you?

[*Barmaid subsides, pouting.*

The Energetic Manager (*to* S. M.). Good morning, Sir, you've brought the sunshine in with you! (*Savage growl from the* S. M.) But that (*politely*) I'm sure you *always* do! New or stale bread, Sir? (*Presenting plate with two squares of bread.*) Stale is *this* chap. Let me see (*with the air of a man who studies all his customers' little peculiarities*), it's cawfee *you* like with your little lunch, *isn't* it, Sir?

The S. M. Coffee? No! it's *poison* to me. Stout!

The E. M. Stout, of course it is! *You* shall have it, Sir! (*As if it was a rare and costly beverage; but he would search the universe to procure a drop or two.*) Oh, you shall *have* it!

Enter a Young Barrister *with a* Country Client. *The* Young Barrister *has just lost his first case in Court, and would much rather not lunch, but is anxious not to offend his Client, who, so far, has "taken it very well—considering."*

The Country Client (*with a sigh*). Well! I *did* think the Court would have been with us—but there, I suppose it can't be helped.

[*He has been saying this for the last ten minutes.*

The Young Barrister (*for the twentieth time*). You—you can never tell beforehand what view the Bench is going to take. (*As if he had had years of experience.*) I did *my* best. (*A little defiantly, in faint hope of forcing a compliment.*)

The C. C. (*with rather offensive magnanimity*). Oh, I'm not blaming *you*, my boy—though (*he has been trying to keep from saying this ever since the Court rose*) it *was* a pity you gave the other side that opening by re-examining as you did. Didn't you see that note I passed up from the well?

The Y. B. (*not liking this*). Which? You passed up such a *lot*, you know!

The C. C. I wish you had paid more attention to them—I know *that!* Well, never mind, I do think ALLABYE, Q.C., might have found time to look in, instead of leaving you to fight it alone. I *told* STAPLE AND VERULAM I must have a leading brief given—and this is the result! By the way, that was a smart young fellow against you—know who he is?

The Y. B. (*with a pang of jealousy*). Oh, I don't know. (*With affected carelessness.*) Some Common Law fellow, I believe. (*After pause—more candidly.*) PRISK, his name is.

The C. C. Very sharp the way he took you up over the registration point—why, bless my soul! (*with a pleased recognition*)—he's coming in now. (*Enter* Mr. PRISK, *with a jaunty self-satisfied air, and an eye-glass; the* C. C. *makes room for him with marked deference, while the* Y. B. *assumes a stony abstraction.*) Allow me, Sir, we've met before to-day—*Potter* v. *Kettleby*, y' know—we can afford to shake hands over it now, eh?

Prisk. To be sure. You acted for the plaintiff, didn't you? Oh, it was a walk over for us—you hadn't a leg to stand on!

The C. C. I don't know that. I was strongly advised to rely on "HUGGER AND MUGGER"——

Prisk. Cuts both ways, that case. I put that to the judge—then your own witness—what was his name? PUDDLEBY, did for *you*; that answer I got out of him on the re-examination—that gave me all *I* wanted!

The Y. B. (*who has been listening to all this on the other side of his Client, and thinks it time to strike in and change the subject*). Are you—a—going back to Yokelford this afternoon?

The C. C. (*testily*). Eh, what? Oh, forgot you were there! Going back? Yes, yes, of course! What is there to do here, *now?* (*Turns to* Mr. PRISK *in a marked manner.*) Yes, I am glad to have this opportunity of telling you, Sir, how very much struck I was with the way you conducted your case. I may say so, now it's all over. I can recognise ability (*with a disparaging glance at the* Y. B.), when I *do* happen to come across it!

Prisk (*nonchalantly*). Delighted to hear you say so—hard-fought case—er—(*recognises the* Y. B., *and thinks he can afford to be generous*)—on *both* sides. (*To Attendant.*) Here! *I* said mutton.

The C. C. Well, we had a good case—on paper. I suppose Mr.—er—PRISK, thank you! I suppose you don't confine yourself to any particular class of practice?

Prisk. Bless you, no! Take anything that comes in my way—trouble you to pass the salt.

The C. C. (*pompously*). Ah, just so, I shall remember that—*Prisk*, and your address is in the Law List, I daresay?

Prisk. Ought to be—been there for six years now. (*To Barmaid.*) Get me some cheese and butter, will you?

The C. C. (*to the* Y. B.). You don't seem to be getting on—I must be off soon.

The Y. B. (*feeling forlorn and neglected*). They haven't brought me my chop yet (*plaintively*).

The C. C. (*patronisingly*). You should *assert* yourself more—that's the way to get on in this life. (*To the* E. M.) When is this gentleman to have his chop?

The E. M. Waiting for your chop, Sir? Sorry you didn't mention it, Sir—work of time, a chop is, Sir. (*Loudly.*) Here—'*urry* up that grill-chop there! (*The cry is taken up, and carried down into the far distance, until the* Y. B. *feels thoroughly ashamed of his chop, and wishes he could sneak off and desert it. The* E. M. *to small boy with plate.*) Roast beef and Yorkshire—*right!* there's a good bo-oy! Now, then, my dear, don't take all the room there! (*Putting his hand on Barmaid's shoulder and turning her round, which she appears to resent privately.*)

The C. C. Well, I can't stay here all day. Good day, Mr. PRISK, glad to have made your acquaintance—hope we shall find ourselves on the *same* side, next time! By-by, TIMMERMAN! (*To* Y. B.)

[*Exit* C. C., *leaving* TIMMERMAN *and* PRISK *side by side.* T. *pretends not to see* P.

Prisk (*with a nod to* T.). Thought I knew your face. Rum old boy, that Client of yours!

T. (*bitterly*). He won't be a Client of *mine* much longer!

P. (*easily*). Oh, I don't know—you didn't do so badly. If you'd taken the line I *thought* you were going to take, I should have been up a tree. (*Consolingly.*) Everyone muffs it at starting, and but for——

T. (*not very far from choking*). Thank you—but it isn't much good discussing all that over *again!*

P. (*with exasperating good temper*). Not a bit—if you don't like it! Mistake to carry personal feeling into a case, though,—you'll find that out when you've been at it a little longer!

[*He pays his bill and strolls out, leaving the* Y. B. *to cherish wild thoughts of "chucking-up" the Bar, and going in for ranching or diamond-digging.*

E. M. (*returning briskly*). Your chop at *last*, Sir! (*in a tone of deep mystery and confidential congratulation, as if it didn't occur every day*), and a *hot* potato, Sir!

[*In his vivacity he slams the dishes on the counter with a force that upsets the* Y. B.'s *beer into his plate, and shoots a very floury potato into his necktie.*

The Y. B. (*with a sense that nothing will prosper with him any more*). Oh, it doesn't matter—don't bother about it! (*He smiles in a sickly manner.*)

The E. M. (*noticing the smile with approval*). Glad you are able to see the *merry* side of it, Sir!

[*Scene closes in on the* Y. B. *pecking dolefully at his chop, wondering what his Client is saying of him now, and wishing he had never been born.*

AMONG THE LATEST PARISIAN SPECTACLES.

RENTRÉE DE M. LE GÉNÉRAL BOUM DE BLEULANGER,

Author of "En Revenant de la Revue," who will give his new Song, adapted from the English, entitled,

"Oh, what a surprise,
Two Lovely Blue Eyes!"

MR. PUNCH'S VERY QUEER STORIES.

BLACKWOOD'S TALE; OR, A MASTER OF BLACK ARTS.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning early found me starting for Damascus. I had received a post-card in a diabolical hand bidding me go there at once. Under the circumstances it seemed the only reasonable thing to do. I asked leave of the Principal. The term was only half finished, and he refused. I laughed in his face, and instantly brought the immense force of my will-power into play. The effect was electric. With a feeble stagger, and a sickly far-off smile, he at once gave me permission to "stay down as long as I liked." I started by the twelve o'clock express; the same train contained Gullytoff, who had received a missive similar to mine, and was departing, without further hesitation, straightway for Patagonia. We parted at Paddington. Thence onward my journey was an easy one.

In three weeks after my departure I found myself lolling in lazy luxury under the deep blue canopy of the Eastern Meridian. In some respects the hotel I had selected at Damascus was a peculiar one; it had a back garden of roses that led imperceptibly into a fair green oasis in an Arabian desert, intersected by cool bubbling streamlets that played in the soft shadows of the lovely oleander and myrtle bushes, which lent it its subtle and fantastic charm. Here it was my wont to wander 'neath the myriad stars that glistened in the stilly firmament above, while the pale crescent moon hung suspended in the emerald amber of the dying West, lying like a slice of glorified and silvered melon upon its back in some wondrous incandescent and translucent sea.

One night I happened to have strolled many miles further than was my wont in this enchanting paradise, from the habitable precincts of my abode, when a strange sound smote my ear. I listened intently. I was not disappointed. I distinctly heard the words "*Houp-là!*" pronounced in a sweet but melancholy voice. To dash through the intervening myrtle-bushes and find myself suddenly inside a Circus, in which a *troupe* were giving their entertainment apparently to empty benches, was but the work of a moment. I noticed that the structure seemed shadowy, and I advanced into the ring. Two Bounding Brothers were going through their exercise. I poked one with my umbrella. It went through him. I approached the leading lady, and tried playfully to embrace her. My arms clasped nothing—she was mere vapour. The Ring-master stooped down to pick up something; I tried to sit on him—I went to the ground. There was no doubt about it; I had met with a Circus *troupe* of performing spirits. They were clearly Gullytoff's relations. They crowded about me.

"And are you happy?" I asked, struck with the rather mournful cast of their countenances.

"Almost," they replied. "The fact is, we should be quite, if it were not for the circumstance of our playing to empty benches. It is weary work never getting a hand," they sighed.

"And we have been running this programme now for eighteen thousand nights in this oasis," added the Ring-master, with a mournful smile. "It is a little slow—*just* a little slow!"

"But it shall be so no longer!" I rejoined brightly. For I had already made my resolve. I would materialise these poor spectres, and restore them living, breathing, animate beings to Gullytoff once more. And as I made up my mind, I felt my whole energy of being rush irresistibly into one channel, and all my mighty strength of will sweep on supremely to one steadfast and tremendous purpose. The effort was colossal, but so was the result. Gradually a strange change came over them. Their forms grew denser. The trousers of the Ring-master seemed to fill out. The Bounding Brothers appeared visibly to put on flesh. The *rouge* came in distinct patches on the leading lady's cheeks. My patience was rewarded. My agonising efforts were successful. Their materialisation was complete. Within three hours I had paid my hotel bill, and booked our passage by the mail route direct to Southampton.

* * * * * *

But I must not further delay the climax of my story. I had brought my charges safely to Oxford, and installed them in my rooms. Their arrival created some excitement in the College. This I discounted. I saw the Principal passing beneath, and I willed that he should break out suddenly into a Highland Fling. This he instantly did in the centre of the quadrangle, and by his wild antics at once quite absorbed the universal attention. Meantime Gullytoff, who had, by a strange coincidence, just arrived that very morning from Patagonia, had recognised his lost relatives, and my scout was about to lay lunch, when we became conscious of the presence in our midst of a blazing big balloon of blue fire, containing in its centre the evil-looking little money-lending Jew. Gullytoff turned pale. Then he asked his malign relative what he wanted.

"What I want?" shrieked out the vindictive little Jew, in reply. "Why, I have just looked in to have a little more fun. I'll teach you to meddle with the Black Arts. They shall all die in your rooms! Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!"

And with a withering curse on the whole party, he took an upward bound and vanished in a bigger halo of blue fire through the ceiling.

His prediction was not long in taking effect. One by one the *troupe* were seized successively by violent apoplectic fits. Gullytoff rushed first to one, then the other, foaming at the mouth, his black hair streaming in all directions, and his eyeballs starting out of his head. Just as the second Bounding Brother succumbed, he staggered blindly towards him, and giving one last wild cry and wringing his hands, fell a lifeless log across his prostrate body. I summoned my scout, and desired him to send for the nearest undertaker.

* * * * * *

There was a Coroner's Inquest. The reputation of the College suffered somewhat. But the Jury brought in a verdict of Accidental Death; though, as I had willed that the Principal and Vice-Chancellor should be more or less implicated in the affair, they added a damaging rider reflecting severely on the character of those worthies.

Though this happened some years ago, I am still in residence. From time to time I have had a *Walpurgis Nacht*, with its attendant orgies, within the College walls, and on the morrow of these occasions I have invariably been requested by the Principal and Fellows to take my name off the College books. Need I say I have always declined? I am still studying the Black Art, but have not yet taken my Master's degree. The Principal, I fancy, instinctively avoids me. Men seem to give me a wide berth in Hall. Are these things strange? Sometimes I think they are; sometimes I think they are not. Now and then I find myself asking myself how it will all end! Ah! how will it? That's the question. Who knows?

General Boulanger's "Props."—For Tragedy—a prancing black horse. For Comedy—a music-hall song. For Farce—a pair of blue spectacles.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 12.—To-night comes Charlie Beresford's opportunity in the great combined attack upon the Government, conducted by sea and land under General and Admiral Lord Grandolph, V.C. The Navy now signalled into action. Great opportunity for Charlie, but marred in advance by the astuteness of Grandolph. Charlie used up last week in supporting Grandolph's personal attack on Army Estimates. If he'd saved himself for to-night, would have had full House and high old time. But sacrificed himself for Grandolph's sake. House didn't care to hear speech over again. If Charlie hadn't said what he had to say last week, he should have done. House never cares to make two bites at cherry or speech. Inattention and indifference re-acted upon Charlie. Not at all up to the mark. Gun-room stories best part of speech, but these not artistically handled.

Admiral Mayne told off to keep ex-Junior Lord supplied with water. Duty carried out in sailor-like fashion. Hove alongside with bucket of water and sat down on Bench at orator's feet.

"Ahoy!" sang out Charlie, in loud aside, when his throat got parched with much speaking.

"Ay, ay, Sir!" answered the Admiral, and ran up the bucket, hand over hand, till Charlie could dip his beaker in it. Then lowered away and stowed it under seat.

House never tired of watching this manœuvre. But nothing could keep debate alive. Flickered out before dinner-hour. Seemed as if House going into Committee. But suddenly wind freshened, sails filled out, and debate went off on another tack.

Rear Admiral Field greatly distinguished himself; came down with notes of prodigious speech full fifty fathoms long. Anxious to speak from corner seat by Cross-Benches. But that belongs to Tindal Robertson, the blind Member for Brighton. Absent just now, but expected down after dinner. So Field cruised about the Bar till Robertson hove in sight; ran up to him; took him in tow, and adroitly anchored him on front Cross-Bench, thus leaving corner clear. Robertson seemed to think position unusual. But, accustomed to be led to seat by friendly Members, said nothing, and

Field had anchorage before Cross-Bench all to himself. Covered Front Bench for half its space with his notes, leaned against Cross-Bench and enjoyed himself for space of an hour. Can't be said, as far as audience was concerned, that pleasure was mutual. But Members might at least leave the House,—and they did.

Business done.—None.

Tindal Robertson's Convoy.

Tuesday.—No limits to energy or versatility of Grandolph. Means to bring down a Government that presumes to continue its existence when he has withdrawn. Doesn't matter whence or how he can attack them. Last week assailed them by land. Yesterday attacked them by sea. To-day fires a mine in far-off Ind. Old Morality, reviewing position at question time, thought Government were going to have a quiet day. Slagg had Motion down, challenging frontier policy in India. He would make his speech, Gorst would reply, and then, in all probability, House would be Counted Out. In the pleasing prospect quite forgot Grandolph. But that invincible and insatiable warrior not to be ignored. Having assumed the command of the combined land and sea forces, would now add India as a trifle in his wallet. Showed himself a little shaky in some of his figures, and not quite certain in his geography. But what was clear at end of his speech was that a miserable Government that had no Army worth speaking of, and no Navy that the Swiss could not swallow at a mouthful, were making terrible mess of it in India. Old Morality, who had left the House after questions, cautiously returned and sat in abject misery on Treasury Bench, whilst Grandolph further demolished Ministry.

"The Mildest-mannered Man."

After this hope of a Count Out and a peaceful sitting vanished. All the authorities on India came to the front, and hour after hour passed. Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, the mildest mannered man that ever cut into debate, gave Randolph a neat hit. "Heartily welcomed as a recruit to the ranks of Economy, the Noble Lord, who was responsible for the addition of 10,000 European soldiers to the Indian Army." Close upon midnight Roper Lethbridge rose to make his treasured speech, whereupon Caine, who had comfortably delivered his, moved Closure, and House divided.

Joseph Gillis now asserted himself. Took seat above Gangway, so as to be nearer the Speaker, and with copy of Orders in hand, closely followed the right honourable gentleman's utterances. Whenever a Bill in Catalogue of Orders of the Day recited and proposal made to advance it a stage, the lithe, lissom figure of Joey B. rose to its full height, and, with fairy hand clutching at the air, he uttered the magic words, "I object!"

No appeal. Under New Rules any Member taking objection to progress of particular Bills after midnight, can stop them; and Joseph did, his face meanwhile beaming with large benevolence, and a little chuckle, sounding, now and again, like faint, far-off echo of the groans of Members who found their opportunity strangled.

Business done.—Slagg's Resolution condemning Frontier Policy in India, rejected by 122 votes against 72.

Wednesday.—"When we rearrange the Parliamentary Calendar, this will be known as S. Bradlaugh's Day."

It was the voice of the Attorney-General; I knew he would complain. Bradlaugh had moved Second Reading of Oaths Bill. A few years ago Member for Northampton had been hustled out of the House, and finally kicked down-stairs, first because would not take the Oath, and then because he wanted to. Now, had brought in Bill not only practically abolishing Oath in Parliament, but everywhere else where honest citizens are called upon to swear. Attorney-General not even permitted to speak for Government in opposing Bill. Too many Conservatives, including Solicitor-General, going other way. Bradlaugh master of the situation. Terrible conviction that he might, an he pleased, have Old Morality kicked down-stairs, or even the Attorney-General.

Grandolph taking a Gloomy View of the Political Situation.

Grandolph invincible on the sea, irresistible on land, and master of India, quite broken down by Bradlaugh. The question before House to-day was the very one that gave birth to the Fourth Party. Grandolph, sitting in corner seat above the Gangway, recalled and contrasted the old times, when, firmly but gracefully standing in his chariot Obstruction, he drove his irrepressible party, three abreast, riding down everything, even Gladstone's overwhelming majority. Now, Gorst was on the Treasury Bench, Balfour in the Cabinet, Wolffie on the road to Teheran, Bradlaugh carrying everything before him, and Grandolph stranded on a back Bench. A dark and troubled outlook.

Business done. — Bradlaugh's Oaths Bill carried by majority of 100.

Thursday.—Field positively on again with more acres of speech! On Monday, this Ancient Mariner button-holed House for upwards of an hour; interrupted by stroke of midnight. Now, having, as he genially admits, refreshed his memory, proposes to go on for another hour. Moored once again in his favourite anchorage before Cross-Benches, having during question time beguiled Tindal Robertson into the offing by false signals, towed him into the library and stranded him there.

"Don't often get a chance of making a speech," says Admiral. "Now I've got it, mean to make most of opportunity."

Members cleared out with one accord, leaving Admiral in solitary possession of the deck. This bad enough in its way, but worse to follow. The reverberating Colomb, who last week desolated House, encouraged by Field's success, positively came to front again. Lugged in seven baskets filled with fragments from the feast he had provided last week. These now scrupulously served out. Unhappy House in ultimate stage of inanition. Almost at last gasp when, somehow, there being literally no one present to object, tumbled into Committee. Voted trifle over Three Millions sterling in trifle over three minutes' time.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Friday Night.—Osman Digna Morgan ran Marriott to earth to-night in matter of brief accepted for Ismail Pasha. Osman has had his eye upon Marriott for some time. Painful to well-regulated mind to hear of such enormous fee as Marriott got; a reflection on the stay-at-home Bar. Marriott made few jokes in reply; Fergusson was very serious; and Attorney-General professionally indignant. But, on whole, affair rather dragged, and everyone glad when Division came. As Plunket says, "Judge-Advocate-General on Judge-Advocate-General is false heraldry."

Business done.—Marriott whitewashed by 218 Votes against 126.

NURSERY RHYMES.

(*For various Sufferers.*)

There was an old woman,
And what do you think,
She lived upon nothing
But victuals and drink,
Victuals and drink,
Were the chief of her diet,
And so she had gout—
When she had to be quiet.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Baker's man,
Pat it and bake it as fast as you can;
Bake it and serve it to someone, not me,
For I'm not allowed to take any pastree.

Jack and Jill
Felt rather ill,
Until they drank hot water.
It did Jack good
Before his food,
But Jill took tumblers after.

Merry Andrew.

MOTTO FOR THE MODERN PRIZE RACE.

He who won't fight, but "sprints" away,
May live to "gas" another day.

Scrupulous Indeed.—The Liberals of the Gower Division of Glamorgan must surely be ardent supporters of Mr. Bradlaugh's "Oaths Bill." *They* cannot even be induced to "take their (Sir Horace) Davey!"

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WAR!

IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.

O world!
O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—*Byron.*

THE COST OF WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud; I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside and in every valley over all this beautiful earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and will fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a temple of worship consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher, so that on every Sabbath the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend, like a universal holocaust, to heaven.—RICHARD.

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

OUTRAGED Nature. She is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. Ah, would to God that some man had pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventible suffering which exists in England year after year.—KINGSLEY.

Red Pamphlet entitled "Duty" (on Prevention of Disease by Natural Means), given with each Bottle of ENO'S "Vegetable Moto."

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THE ENO'S SALT DRINKS YOU TAKE,
To raise of this elixir make;
Put drain the dregs, and lick the bug
Of this the perfect pick-me-up.

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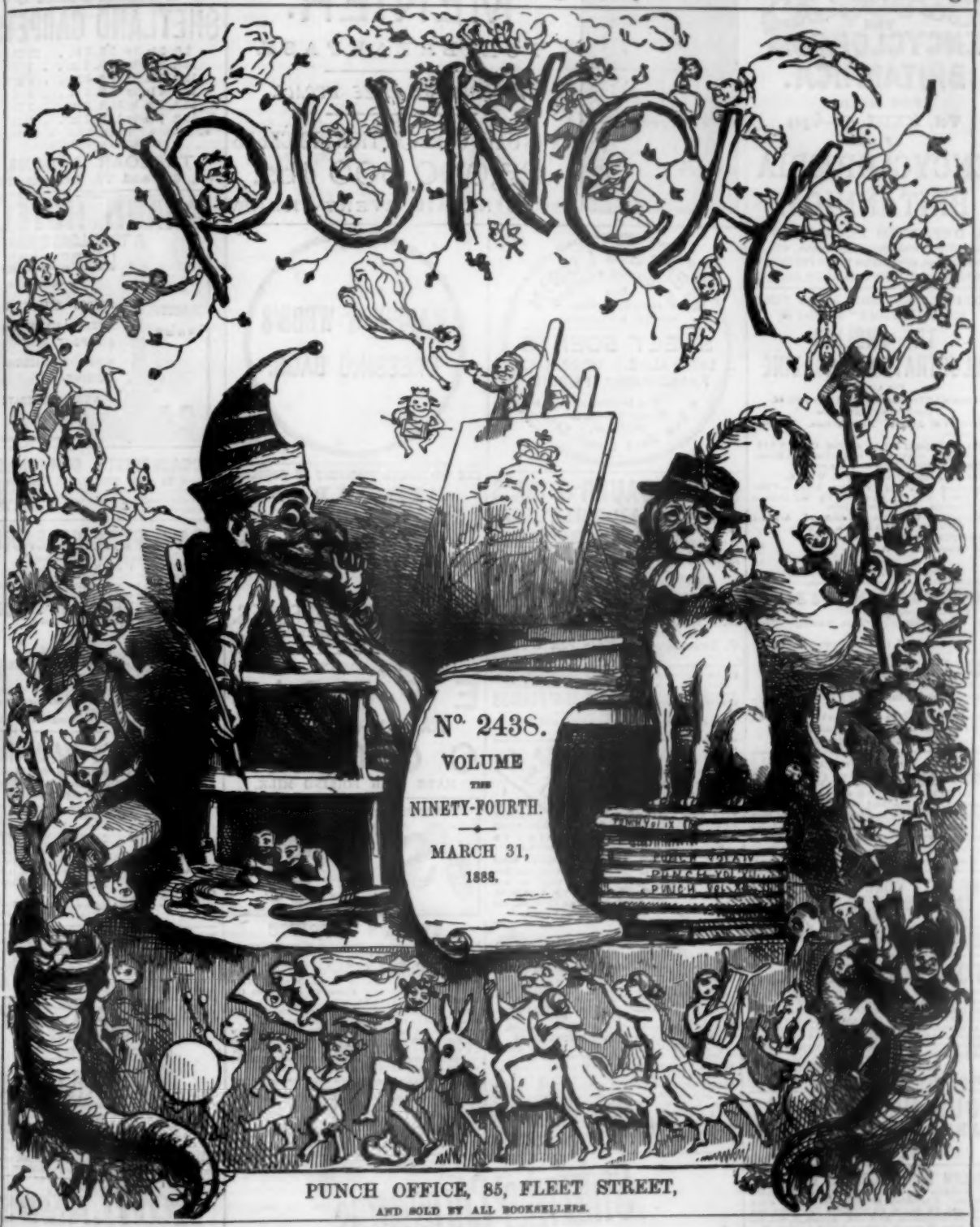

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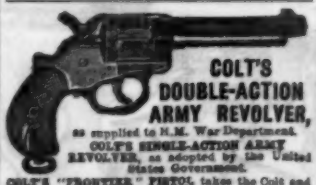
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VOCES POPULI.

SHOW SUNDAY.

SCENE—*The Studio of that versatile and ambitious young Painter,* DAUBENEY STIPPELL; *usual accessories; three completed pictures on effectively draped easels.* STIPPELL *discovered receiving Sunday visitors, and trying to conceal his utter unconsciousness of ever having seen any of them before in his whole life.*

Model (at the door). Mrs. JOPPER . . . Mr. BOPPER . . . Colonel and Mrs. CROPPER . . . Mr. and Mrs. FREDERICK FLOPPER . . . Mr. 'AMILTON 'OPPER!

Stippell (mechanically to each). How *are* you? *so* kind of you to come—you'll—(*with a nervous laugh*)—find a picture or two over there.

[*The Visitors drift vaguely about, shying nervously at the canvasses, and examining the tapestry and mirrors, or anything else by preference.*

Model. Mrs. ARDLEIGH LE STILTON . . . Mrs. and Miss ROSEBERY RASCH . . . Mrs. GOLDINGHAM PINCHBECK!

Stippell (overjoyed to find he knows somebody). Mrs. PINCHBECK! how charming of you to find time to look in—I really *am* delighted!

Mrs. Pinchbeck. I found I could *just* manage to squeeze you in—so many places one *must* go to, don't you know!

Stip. (guiltily; like a small boy who has just smashed a window). Will you—a—let me show you what I've been doing? This is my Academy picture. I think you'll get a better light if you stand a little farther off.

[*As she is apparently proceeding to rub noses with the principal figures on the canvas.*

Mrs. P. (retiring). Ah, that *is* better—*much* better. (*Perceives that the subject is classical, and decides that she must be careful not to commit herself.*) Yes! (*Draws in her breath reverently.*) I couldn't have believed it was possible to realise such a situation as that—and yet one *feels* that it must have been just *so!*

Stip. (highly gratified.) You *do* think it tells its own story then?

Mrs. P. (telling her own). Oh, yes—*indeed* I do! You can't *help* seeing it!

[*Propitiates her conscience by the reflection that she means the picture, which, being 10 ft. by 8, is indeed distinctly visible.*

A crowd gradually collects around the principal canvas in awed silence, each person prudently waiting to discover what it is intended to represent before risking a remark.

Mrs. P. (rendered bolder by success.) I don't think I *ever* quite felt before *how* splendid Ancient Rome must have been!

Stip. Ah—exactly, yes—but—(*considerately*) Sicily was not a Roman Province at the time BALAUSTION came to Syracuse.

Mrs. P. (plunging more wildly, aided by desperate recollections of a course of lectures on Grecian Colonisation.) Oh, no, of course—*that* was later—let me see, wasn't BALAUSTION one of the early Tyrants?

Stip. (in resigned disgust.) You must really excuse me from offering any opinion.

[*The bystanders are much impressed, and* Mrs. P., *immensely pleased by her erudition, takes her leave.*

Model. Mr. MORDAUNT HUNDERTONE . . . Mrs. OLIO MARGREEN, and friends.

Enter Mrs. MARGREEN *with a little run, two friends following reluctantly in her train. She falls into a pose of rapt adoration before the principal canvas.*

Mrs. Margreen. Oh, Mr. STIPPELL! how *could* you? What *am* I to say? What a picture!

Mr. Undertone (from behind.) Ah, she's right *there! what* a pic'ure!

Mrs. Mar. I mustn't look. I positively must *not!* I'm blinded, dazzled—it makes me want to hide my eyes. (*Sympathetic murmur from* Und.) Why, when it's hung it will kill everything *near* it!

Und. (aside to Fair Neighbour). At all events, it's done nothing to deserve hanging *yet!* It won't be hung till it's out down; and, if it's out down, it'll be out up! regular mad Irish bull of a picture, that!

Fair Neighbour (who hasn't an idea what he means). Oh, Mr. UNDERTONE, *don't*—you're too *killing!*

Mrs. Mar. (bringing up her friends). Oh! but I mustn't forget—I want to present Mr. DUMMER (*in a whisper to* S.), *the* DUMMER, you know! (S. *bows, and tries to look as if this description conveyed some definite idea to his mind;* Mr. D. *jerks and mumbles.*) Mrs. PLUMMER! (Mrs. P. *performs a reverential curtsey, as if she was in the presence of a resuscitated Old Master at the very least.*) Now (*with much tact*), do tell them the story of the picture in *your own words!* (*As if she wouldn't spoil it by telling it herself.*)

Stip. (who begins to see that it may be as well). Well, it's from BROWNING, you know—"BALAUSTION reciting the *Alkestis of* EURIPIDES to the Syracusans on the steps of the Temple of Herakles."

[*Universal chorus of pleased recognition.*

Mrs. Flopper (enthusiastically). That dear BROWNING—so *like* him! I do *love* recitations. Have you ever heard "*Ostler Joe?*"

Colonel Cropper (to Mrs. MARGREEN, *in a cautious whisper).* Might I ask—I didn't quite catch—what *is* the subject supposed to be?

Mrs. Mar. (who has a good ear, but a short memory). Oh, don't you know? It's (*desperately*) "EURIPIDES inciting the Syracusans to discover a lost tune under the steps of the Temple of 'All-kissed-us.'" You remember *now?*

Col. C. Yes, yes—to be sure; astonishing how one forgets these things—so he *did!*

Mrs. Rosebery Rasch (to her daughter). *What* is it all about, FLORIDA?

Miss R. R. I'm not *quite* sure, mother; but I think it's EURIPIDES with his lyre, accusing somebody of exciting the Heraclese by a lost tune—out of BROWNING.

Mrs. R. R. (satisfied). Oh! "*The Lost Chord!*" Ah, yes, I see. I'd forgotten that was his.

Mr. Bopper (advancing pompously to STIPPELL). Do you know, my dear Sir, that that's a very remarkable picture—it—ah—reminds me of an anecdote I once——

Stip. (evading him blandly). Indeed? Then my work has not been altogether wasted.

Mrs. Jopper (after gazing long at the canvas, to S. *in a deep solemn voice).* Allow me to ask—do you—er—take your own perspectives?

Stip. (gasping, and then recovering his presence of mind). Generally, dear lady—wherever I can come across them.

Mrs. Jop. (profoundly). *Quite* right. It is the only way to succeed! [S. *retreats, deeply mystified.*

Stip. (to Mrs. MAR.). Oh, are you looking at *that?* that's in a quieter style, you see. Child nursing a sick monkey.

Mrs. Mar. Do you know—though, of course, the other picture, the—the "*Syrippidans,*" is one of the finest I *ever* saw; I think this is more *striking,* somehow! *how* sick that monkey looks! and the *child,* too—de-licious!

Stip. So glad you like it; just an idea of mine (*disparagingly*), an *idea!* I'm a little doubtful what to call it—must have a good name for it. Can you suggest a title for me?

Und. (as before). Ahem, give a bad picture a good name, and they *may* hang it!

Mrs. Mar. (to S., *impulsively).* Oh! *yes!* Call it—well (*with a brilliant inspiration*), how would "*The Sick Monkey*" do?

Stip. Charming—admirable! but—just a trifle too *subtle,* eh?

Und. Why not "*A Pair of 'Em*"?

Mrs. Mar. (brightly). No. *I* know—"*Monkey and Child*"; sounds quite "Old Mastery."

Und. (sotto voce). Won't get beyond *sounding*; better label each, to prevent confusion.

Mrs. Mar. Well, I must tear myself away, Mr. STIPPELL. I can't *tell* you how you've stimulated me!

Stip. Not at all. Have you had any coffee?

Mrs. Mar. Thanks—not any; good-bye, good-bye! And I'm sure if those naughty, unkind Bishops would only come and see *your* pictures, they would understand how far "Show-Sunday" is from mere *pleasure*-seeking!

Und. They would indeed! (*Aloud to* S.). Good-bye, STIPPELL, old fellow; you're going to astonish us all *this* time, that's plain.

OUTSIDE.

Confused Chorus of Departing Visitors. Did you *ever* see such dreadful things? What a *pity* it is, isn't it?"

Mrs. Mar. (to friend). I assure you, my dear, I never found so much difficulty in saying anything at all *decently* civil about a picture in my life—really *too* shocking—they can't get in! Now, where shall we go next? It will be quite refreshing to see a *picture* again!

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 5.

"JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART."

(*A Fieldingesque Fragment of a Tale of Love and Loyalty. Adapted to the Situation.*)

Showing how our Hero rejects with scorn the proferred Title at the hands of Lady Tory Diplomacy, and clings to the object of his First Love, Dear Democracy.

* * * * * *

Joseph was now in what is called the "prime of life"; he was of the highest degree of middle stature; his hair was smartly and smoothly disposed; his forehead was fairly high, if somewhat narrow, his eyes were bold and keen, as full of shrewdness as of self-assertion; his nose a little inclined to what, in vulgar vernacular, is called the Snub, but it is, perhaps, better described by the politer term "Celestial"; his lips were firmly chiselled and closely set; his face was perfectly smooth on the chin and upper lip; his countenance had a cold composure joined with a cocksureness inexpressible, a Pitt-like combination of power and perkiness. Add to this the most perfect neatness in his dress, an orchid in his buttonhole, and an air, which, to those who have not seen many noblemen, might give an idea of nobility. I make this qualification the more emphatically forasmuch as that to Joseph himself—if, indeed, his own earlier utterances might be trusted—comparison with "the Nobility" would seem the reverse of complimentary.

Such was the person who now appeared before the Lady. "Come, Joey," says she, "tell me truly, who is the happy girl whose charms have made a conquest of you?"

"Her name," answered Joseph, "is Democracy. I have wooed her long, and to her I will be faithful."

BRASS."

Sympathetic Old Lady. "Oh dear, dear! I do so feel, Mabel, for that poor Man with the long Trumpet."—(*She must mean the Trombone in this Street Band.*)—"All through the Piece, dear, he's been trying to fix it right, and he can't do it, poor Fellow!!"

"Pugh!" cried the Lady; "a low-born wench, who is anybody's money—whom the whole tag-rag and bob-tail of mediocrities, philosophic pedants and prosperous tradesmen, pigmasters and pamphleteers, flatulent agitators, and frothy journalists may court with equal chance of success. *You* might look higher."

"I think not," said Joseph, quietly. "Not as *I* see it."

"Yes, Joey, yes; indeed you might," persisted the Lady. "Tell me, Joey, in your late travels in my service, is it possible that ideas have not struck you, emotions moved you, aspirations stirred you?"

"Many, Madam," responded Joseph.

"Have you no ambition, Joey?" asked the Lady, archly.

"Much, Madam," replied Joseph.

"La!" cried the Lady, with some asperity; "you answer like a catechism rather than like the ingenious and spirited young fellow I take you for."

"You have, perhaps, done me too much honour, Madam," said the young man, simply.

"Don't pretend to too much modesty," said the Lady, "for that sometimes may be impertinent; but pray answer me this question: Suppose a lady should happen to like you, and admit you to the same intimacy as you might have hoped for if you had been born in her sphere, are you certain that nothing could tempt you to a politic transfer of your affections? Answer me honestly, Joseph; have you no more sense than to make a scruple of sacrificing any little reputation you may have scraped together in another's service, in view of the splendid possibilities opened up by her condescension and confidence? Can you keep a secret, my Joey?"

"Could I not, Madam, I were ill-fitted for your Ladyship's service, even temporarily," answered Joseph. "I hope that on leaving it I shall have that character of you."

"But suppose I do not *wish* you to leave it, Joey? Suppose you have so favourably impressed—well Me, that I desire to retain you therein?" The Lady spoke softly, but with earnest significance.

"Indeed, Madam," said Joseph, "I should be sorry to do anything to disoblige your Ladyship, whom I highly respect, and in whose service I have really had a very good time. But change my allegiance, transfer my affections, even to *you?* No, your Ladyship! My heart is true to my first, my only love!"

L'ART! C'EST MOI!

King Coquelin the First tells us "all about it" in *Harper's Magazine;* that is, he tells us as much as His Majesty knows, taking it pretty well for granted that no English or American actor or author has any such acquaintance with the histrionic Art as is possessed by French actors and playwrights in general, and by himself, King Coquelin, in particular. Clever as he undoubtedly is as an all-round Actor,—he has been getting a trifle more all-round lately,—original and amusing as he is in all his assumptions, yet there is one in which he is unapproachable, and that is the assumption that nobody knows anything about Dramatic Art out of France. King Coquelin as *Dr. Know-all* is admirable and most entertaining. "Take care," says he, instructing, as we may suppose, Master Henry Irving and a few more youthful amateurs, "Take care to concentrate your whole being in the eye." As Don Toledo would observe, "Keep your eye on your audience, and your audience will pull you through." The Grand Monarque Coquelin continues, "It is there" (*i.e.*, in the eye) "that the public looks for you." What do the public look for in President Coquelin's eye? A pupil? So they would naturally expect. Instead of a pupil under the lash, they find a master. A master of what? Of his Art. Good. Then M. Coquelin's Art is "all his eye;" and it is all *Ego*, —which is much the same thing. *Bon Soir*, Signor Cockylingo!

To a Ready Writer.

"Rebel orators are really responsible for disorder in Ireland."—*John Bright.*

As coming from the Oracle of "One Ash,"
Is not this large assumption rather rash?
And is it you, my John, who fling your pebble
Against "an orator" because "a rebel"?
Think what a huge "glass house," John, is your own,
And ask, "Is mine the hand to cast *that* stone?"

"Here let us draw a Veil!"—as the Huntsman observed, when he couldn't find a fox on the hillside. And they drew a Vale accordingly.

NEW VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRE.

"Left Wheel!"

THE DOOM OF "SHE."

Fragments of a Romance of Political Adventure.

(*With apologies to Mr. Rider Haggard.*)

[The old Toryism—the high-and-dry Toryism of Privilege, and Prejudice, of Territorial Autocracy, and anti-popular exclusiveness is dead, swept into the limbo of vanished things and lost causes by that irresistible Democratic impulse, of whose dominant power this Conservative Government's truly Radical "Local Government Bill" is the crowning proof. —*See Daily Papers, passim.*]

* * * * * *

There came a few moments' pause during which "*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*" seemed to be gathering up her strength for the fiery trial.

At last, from far far away, came the first murmur of sound, the blurred and confused sound as of a distant multitude triumphantly shouting, that grew and grew till it began to crash and bellow as though close upon our very ears. As she heard it "She" threw off her old True-Blue wrapping—that vesture of which she had for so many generations been as conservatively careful as a fashionable lady of her beauty, as haughtily proud as a *parvenu* monarch of the Imperial Purple—she threw it off, I say, with a boldness of *abandon* that was absolutely startling, and stood before us even as the Revolutionary "Goddess of Liberty" might have stood before Robespierre, and the rampant raving devotees of the Red Terror, clad in nothing but her native loveliness, about which, at this advanced stage of her amazing existence, opinions, to tell truth, differed considerably. But to Leo, the British Leo, she flattered herself that she still looked sweet—even divine. Nearer and nearer came the thunder-wheels of fire, revolving, revolving in a way strongly suggestive—as, indeed, is not unnatural with revolving wheels—of Revolution! As they came "She" flung one ivory arm (I use this original comparison because the arm in question was, indeed, of the exact tint of an ancient knife-handle or antique Chinese chessman) around Leo's neck.

"Oh, my Leo, my British Leo," she murmured, "keep your beloved pecker up. *You're* all right."

"Perhaps," muttered Leo, rather sullenly, as I thought. "But how about yourself? I doubt me of that raging flame. How do I know that it will not utterly destroy you, or, at least, so radically change you that I shan't know you again?"

"*Radically?*" murmured "She," with slowly curving lips of low derisive music. "Why, my foolish faithless Leo, know you not that *Conservation* is of its 'very essence.' Look at me! Do I look eight hun—well, older than Venus, or more stricken in years than Psyche?"

"Humph!" muttered Leo. You see he had not beheld her without her ancient azure wrapping before, and he seemed a bit doubtful somehow.

"*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*" thought for a moment, and then said—

"It is hardly wonderful that thou shouldst doubt. Tell me, Leo, if thou seest me stand in the flame and come forth unharmed, wilt thou enter also?"

"Well—per—ahem!—that is—yes, I suppose so," he answered.

"And that will I also," I cried.

"What, my Solly!" she laughed aloud; "methought that *thou* wouldst naught of length of days purchased by purging fires, and radical change and revolution. Why, how is this?"

"Nay, I know not," I answered, "but there is that in my heart that calleth to me to taste of the flame and live."

"That's right, Solly my boy," murmured the faithful Joe in mine ear. "A little Radical rejuvenescence will do you a world of good, and give you length of days and a rare run for your money."

"It is well," "She" said. "Thou art not altogether lost in folly, Solly. See now, I will, not for the first time, bathe me in this living bath. Fain would I add to my beauty and my length of days, if it be possible. Anyhow, it cannot hurt me, as cynics say of the Homœopath's infinitesimals."

On came the crashing, rolling noise, and the sound thereof was as the sound of an ancient forest being swept flat by a mighty wind, and then tossed up by it like so much grass, and thundered down a mountain-side. For a moment it came into my mind that some might see in the ancient forest, Privilege; in the mighty wind, Popular Franchise; in the mountain-side, the easily-descended Avernus of Old Toryism and the ancient Squirearchy. But I put this aside as fanciful and unpractical. Nearer and nearer it came, the revolving pillar of flame, shaped scroll-wise it seemed, like unto the political caricaturist's symbolical representation of a Parliamentary Bill, and in the heart of it appeared to burn shifting characters of a runic sort, which now seemed to mean one thing, and now another, according to the observer's particular point of view. The letters D. E. M. O. I seemed to decipher; what the others were I could not satisfactorily determine; I caught myself hoping that they might not be G. O. R. G. O. N. Perchance, however, 'twas all fancy, so suddenly dazzling was the flame, so swift were its shiftings, so rapid its circumgyrations.

"She" turned towards it, and stretched out her arms to greet it. On it came very slowly, and lapped her round with flame. "She" looked oddly like one of Tenniel's droll Bill-Babes tinted scarlet—a sketchy human shape wrapped round with a parchment scroll, tape-cinctured, like unto that inimitable artist's graphic incarnation—say, of some Local Government Bill, or other colossal Conservative measure.

So did "She" stand in the heart of the flaming Revolution. I saw the fire run up her form; I saw her lift it with both hands as though it were water, and pour it over her head. I even saw her open her mouth, and draw it enjoyingly down through her throat, as though it were fine old crusted, tawny Tory Port of Comet Vintage. And a dread and wonderful sight it was. It paralysed Leo; it enthralled me; it seemed even to startle the stolid Joe.

* * * * *

But suddenly—more suddenly than I can describe or even suggest—save by comparing it to the tactical *volte-face* of a "Constitutional" party in face of a Democratic Ugly-rush or a Parliamentary majority—a kind of change came over her visage. The smile vanished, and in its place there came a dry hard look; the rounded face seemed to grow pinched, as though some great anxiety were leaving its impress upon her. The glorious true-blue eyes, too, lost their light, and, as I thought, the form its old shape and ancient erectness.

The flaming pillar slowly twisted and thundered off, leaving "*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*" standing where it had been.

"Why, what is it—what is it?" she said, confusedly. "I feel dazed. Surely the fire hath not played me a trick. Tell me, Leo, my British Leo, is there aught wrong with my eyes? I see not clear." And her face—by Heaven!—*her face was growing old before my eyes!* I suppose Leo saw it also; certainly he recoiled a step or two.

"Oh, *look! look! look!*" cried Joe, in a shrill falsetto, his eye-glass dropping out of his eye, the smug rigidity leaving his Wemmick-like lips. "*Look! look! look!* she's shrivelling up! she's turning into a mummy!" And then he fell upon the ground in a fit—whether of remorseful horror or of mirth I cannot certainly say.

True enough—she *was* shrivelling up; smaller and smaller she grew; she changed colour, changed to a dirty

buff, like unto an old piece of withered parchment, or the cover of a Whig Quarterly. In a few moments there seemed to be hardly anything left of her, not much more than of the little end of nothing after considerable whittling, of Tory objections to the Closure, or of the Fourth Party itself.

And yet think of this—at that very moment I thought of it—it was the *same* woman! The woman I had loved, and deemed immortal, "*She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed*," and worshipped and devoutly-served, by Peer and Peasant, by Parson and by Squire, by Quarter Sessions and by Board of Guardians, by every rank and degree of Territorial Toryism, from the Lord-Lieutenant of the County to——

* * * * *

"Leo, my British Leo!" she said, in husky, trembling notes, "Forget me not, Leo!—and Solly, forget me not! *Remember me as I was—'She-who-was-wont-to-be-obeyed'! Oh-h-h!*" and she fell upon her face, and was still.

VERY SWEET LAVENDER.

Dear Mr. Punch,

I am such a sincere admirer of the works of Mr. Pinero, that I trust you will allow me to make a few suggestions for his benefit *à propos* of his new piece at Terry's Theatre. I saw it the other evening, and liked it very much, but I should have liked it better had it been subject to the alterations I am about to indicate. In the first place I did not much care about the title, *Sweet Lavender*—as the name represents the daughter of a Temple "laundress," to the lay mind it rather recalls linen home from the wash. But this is a matter of small importance, a remark which, however, is unhappily not applicable to the place in which *Sweet Lavender* is performed. Mr. Terry is so excellent in burlesque that it is a thousand pities his theatre should be hypothecated to any other class of entertainment. Mr. Pinero's play, I fancy, would have been more at home (in blank verse) at the Lyceum, or, were the incidents put back a century or so, at the Vaudeville. But assuming for the moment that Terry's Theatre is the best possible house for its introduction, I cannot help thinking that it would have been better had the action of the piece been laid in any spot other than the Temple. So many people nowadays are Barristers themselves, or have friends or relatives at the Bar, that the ways of lawyers are pretty well known. Now the "Chambers of *Mr. Phenyl* and *Mr. Hale*, No. 3, Brain Court," are really impossible. What would the Benchers say were a tenant of the Inner Temple to house his Aunt, his Uncle, to say nothing of his pretty Cousin, in his rooms? I am afraid there would be a terrible scandal, and this is only one of the many incongruities that are met with on every turn of *Mr. Phenyl's* staircase.

After a Celebrated Picture.

But assuming that, after all, there is not much harm in the scene of *Sweet Lavender's* adventures being laid in the Temple, I cannot conscientiously say that I was altogether satisfied with *Sweet Lavender* herself. In *The Schoolmistress* Miss Norreys was simply delightful, but she is a little out of her element in a pathetic part. She has not the *physique* for the sentimental heroine of domestic drama, and would be wiser to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Bancroft, and keep to comedy. But, admitting that Miss Norreys was welcome, I can scarcely praise Mr. Terry quite as warmly. The Lessee of Terry's Theatre is most amusing, as I have already hinted, in burlesque, but he is not quite so pleasing in the part of a drunken, broken down, and obtrusive Barrister, running through three Acts. Not that he was much like a Barrister. For instance, he put on his bands over his scarf, and kept his wig and gown in his Chambers, instead of at the Robing-room at the Law Courts, and was guilty of like eccentricities. I admit that these points had their value, as they lessened the feeling of repugnance that one felt for him when one realised that he was evidently only burlesquing a Barrister, and not pretending to represent one. For all that, much as I admire both Miss Norreys and Mr. Terry, I cannot help thinking that, had the characters they represented been omitted from *Sweet Lavender*, the piece would have been improved by the alteration.

Admitting that *Sweet Lavender* should have been cut out, *Mr. Clement Hale*, her lover, should also go. This would be a distinct advantage, as admirable as Mr. Bernard Gould undoubtedly is, he rather bored one. Next, I do not think that even Mr. Pinero would seriously object, if anyone suggested to him that the piece would play closer were the rather painful incident connected with *Mr. Wedderburn's* relations with *Ruth Rolt* entirely omitted. I should be the last to deny that the situation at the end of the Second Act, which turns upon these relations, is effective; but is the effectiveness of this one situation sufficient compensation for the introduction of a story that is not altogether in the best taste? I question it. Cut out the *Rolt-Wedderburn imbroglio*, and naturally the characters of *Mr. Wedderburn*, his sister, her daughter, her lover, *Dr. Delaney*, a fashionable physician, and *Ruth Rolt* herself must go; and excellently as those characters are played, I cannot help believing that the Domestic Drama would be more concentrated in interest without them. Having dispensed with these members of the *Dramatis Personæ*, I find that *Mr. Maw*, a solicitor, and *Mr. Bulger*, a hairdresser, are the only characters left in the cast. They are both well played, but as they have very little to do, and are not essential to the reconstructed plot, they might be omitted without serious damage to the interests of the piece.

I have no doubt that my suggestions would cause a radical change in the character of *Sweet Lavender*, but this is a time of radical changes. Mr. Pinero, most probably, will prefer the piece to be played as he has written it, and possibly he may be right. After all, it is only a matter of opinion. As for myself, I can only say that if my proposals are carried out in their entirety, I feel that I could see the new piece every night for a year, without experiencing a sense of weariness.

Once more expressing my unqualified admiration for Mr. Pinero, Mr. Terry, and his entire company in general, and for *Sweet Lavender* in particular, I remain, Yours truly, "A Nasty One."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I am glad to see that Messrs. Routledge have taken my hint, and have brought out a pocket volume of *Tales from Pickwick*. It is a capital traveller's-companion, and there are some good illustrations by E. J. Wheeler, who, strange to say, has not found material for a picture in *The Baron of Grogzwig*, the most rollicking of Dickens's Pickwickian Tales.

The *Prima Donna*, by Sutherland Edwards, is amusing and interesting, but it must be read carefully, or many of the excellent short anecdotes may be missed. What reverses these Queens of Song experienced! Cuzzoni died a poor button-maker; Faustina, her rival, married a Hasse! They were exposed to great temptations; and, as a rule, the earlier Queens of Song seem to have yielded to them with a good grace. They either suffered from the jealousy of their rich and powerful admirers (delicate word "admirers"), or from the brutality of their own husbands.

Continental Society at the beginning of this century—not much better or worse then than now, I suppose—drew the line at "professional persons," and if they were ever admitted within the silken cordon, it was only on sufferance. Madame Sontag was the brilliant exception among foreign artists, and she—Oh! happy termination to a virtuous career!—she married an Italian nobleman, Count Rossi. In England a noble marriage for a *Prima Donna* was not so very remarkable, as on the list we find three who married "belted Earls," and one Duchess. But Sontag was in every way a *rara avis*. The stories about *Prime Donne*, from Grisi up to the present day, are of a less sprightly character than those of their predecessors. Here Mr. Sutherland Edwards found himself on delicate ground. An anecdotist's motto must be, "*De viventibus nil nisi bonum*," or enter Mister Libel on the scene, and the author would be annihilated by the publisher's curse.

Nobody knows better than Mr. Edwards what the public expect to find in such a book, and, though he is invariably decorous, he is never dull. What would Lord Charles Beresford, or Sir Henry Thompson, say to this description of the German *Prima Donna*, Mara—"She had a compass of three octaves"?

A defect in the arrangement of the material is the absence of side-headings and dates in the margin. When the author brings out his *Lives of the Upper Tenors*, let him take this suggestion in good part, and supply the deficiency acutely felt by his esteemed friend, The Baron de Book Worms.

AFRAID OF COMMITTING HIMSELF!

"And, to make a long Story short, Bishop, the Train came to a stand-still in the very nick of time, and my dear Aunt Jane was *saved*—actually *saved!* *Now wasn't that a Mercy*, Bishop?"

"Well, Mrs. Borreham—you see—I—a—I *don't know your Aunt!*"

MASTER RITCHIE'S EASTER-EGG.

"Old Tory" Party, loquitur:—

Good gracious! What's that? Well I never!
You've taken my breath bang away.
Oh, you boys! You're remarkably clever,
No doubt, or so all of you say;
And you fancy me what you call "funky,"
And say that my doubts are "all rot;"
But if you're not a mischievous monkey
I don't know what's what.

Br-r-r-r! You've upset my nerves altogether
With your Jack-in-the-Box, you bad boy.
You might just knock me down with a feather,
A feat I daresay you'd enjoy.
Not a Jack-in-the-Box, but an Egg, Sir?
A nice Easter-Egg for old Gran?
Do not try on such gammon, I beg, Sir;
Just drop it, young man!

Egg, indeed! With that bogey inside it?
When I was a girl eggs *were* eggs.
But sincerity's dead, boys deride it,
And honesty's on its last legs.
No innocent hen ever laid it,
That sham, Sir; no, certainly not;
And, as for the rascal who made it,
He ought to be shot!

A nice Easter Gift on my word, Sir!
It isn't at all to *my* taste.
Eh? Harmless and useful? Absurd, Sir!
Do take it away, and make haste.
Egg? As big as an Auk's and more awful!
Egg? Rubbish, Sir, don't you tell me.
If making such horrors is lawful,
It ought *not* to be!

What is it, that thing that popped out of it?
Gr-r-r! It's an ogre; 'twill *grow*,
And just gobble us up. There's no doubt of it.
Ritchie, how could you do so?
Just look at its cap! Did you dress it?
What more could young Radicals do?
Oh! I didn't, dear boy, I confess it,
Expect this from *you!*

A TWISTER BY TRADE.

A very proper example, as far as it goes, was made of the savage undernamed in a notice of

"The Shocking Treatment of a Child.—Felix Rosenberg, a 'contortionist,' was yesterday committed to gaol for six months' hard labour by the Manchester stipendiary for brutally ill-treating a little boy. The child had been committed to his care to be trained, and he was stated to have beaten it continually because it could not force its limbs into certain forms."

It is to be wished that Mr. Felix Rosenberg had been rendered as *infelix* as he deserved to be for his inhumanity to his infant charge. Unfortunately, the law did not subject him to be so punished as such a cruel "contortionist" ought to have been; that is to say, adjudged to practise involuntary contortions under a sufficiency of stripes with the cat.

BOAT AHOY!

Tell me not, in mournful "Leaders,"
Once a week or once a day,
That the reign of Penny Steamboats
Has for ever passed away!

Not this Spring, and not last Winter,
Have we watched the steamers run;
And upon the Watery Highway
Their familiar race seemed done.

Hope is strong! But grief was stronger
That no more—or did we dream?—
Up to Kew or down to Greenwich
Should we—could we—swiftly steam.

But a brand-new Co. has promised
With luxurious grander craft
To replace the out-worn cockles,
And eclipse them fore and aft.

Let us, then, be up and booking,
With a penny for our fare,
Nor old Father Thames abandon,
And his lively "Sun and Air"!

Short Scene after the Boat Race.

(*Mr. Wagstaff, the Undefeated Jokist who never can be serious, is about to enter his Club as Old Member is stepping into cab hurriedly, in order to catch the train.*)

Wagst. (*stopping him*). I've just seen Oxford and Cambridge.

Old Member (*delighted to have the news at first hand to take into the country with him*). Ah! Which won?

Wagst. Which one? Oh—both.

[*Exit into Club.*

MASTER RITCHIE'S EASTER-EGG.

"Old Tory" Party. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS!—WHAT NEXT, I WONDER!!!"

A SUGGESTION FOR THE FUTURE.

WHAT OUR M.F.H. WAS PREPARING TO TRY IF THE SNOW HAD CONTINUED.

THE DRAPERS' SACRIFICE!

ME and BROWN was a setting the other night in a cozy littel room, which shall be nameless, a finishing of a harf bottel of CLICKO's old rich Shampane that two yung Swells had ordered, on my reckomendashun, but had found too sweet for their xperienced tastes, poor fellers! when BROWN says to me, says he, "Have you herd of the hawful noose?" "What noose?" says I. "Well," says he, "be prepared for a real staggerer." "I thinks as I'm amost prepared for anythink," says I; "but I'll take another glass of this delishus wine to make sure." "So do," says he, "and I'll foller your good xample." Witch he did. "Well," says he, "I hardly xpects you to beleeve me, but it's quite trew, as the Honerable and Washupfool Compny of Drapers is about to sell off hundreds of dozens of their werry holdest and werry best wine by hockshun!" I thort as I shood ha' dropt out of my heasy chair! "Grayshus goodness!" says I, "what on airth are you a torking about?" And then he took out a noosepaper and red me the wundrous tail.

I declare I was that shocked that I scarcely knew what I was about, for I emptied the Bottel and rose to leave, when he said, "Don't go for a few minnits, for here's just two or three glasses of '47 Port left in this bottel, which I removed for fear it should get into them young chaps' heds." So I yeelded to my fate and sat down. And then he told me as how he'd bin to the Hockshuneers, and had a tork with their hed man about how nessessary it was to have 1 or 2 werry careful men as was acustomed to such wines as them, to know how to handle 'em, and that he had engaged us both for that ewentful day. I was that efected by BROWN's xtrornary kindness that I drunk his elth in a Bumper of '47, and then sort my sober dwelling a wiser but a sadder man.

Nex day I gos and I calls at Drapers' All, witch it's in Thrug Mortem Street, I thinks they calls it, close to the Stock Xchange, where I'm told as all the most piousest and most onerablest men in the hole City assembels ewery day, and makes wagers as to who shall do the most good, and be the most ginerous, to the poor and kneady, and then meets once a month and settles their accounts with one another, and pays over their warious ballances, and sends a large part on 'em across the way to the Lord Mare for him to distribbute, knowing as they does as he's just the man for their money.

Well, fortnitly, my frend, the Under Beedel's Assistant, was in, and jest about having a nice littel snack for lunch, so I jined him. and over a glass of, never mind what, we torked over the serious bizziness of the Hockshun. And wot a rewelation it were! and how the scoffing jester would mock at its sollem detales! It woud appear then, that for wery many years past, it has been the speshal dooty of the most knowingest of the four Wardens of the Compny, so far as a practical knolledge of wines was conserned, to lay in a large stock of the werry rarest and finest that money could procure, for the use of the thirsty Drapers, and so thoroughly and conscentiously has this dooty bin performed, that not only has more than one Wine Warden fallen a Marter in the sacred cause, but the Cellar of the lordly Drapers was littorally a busting with their glorious contents! and they may be said to have xclaimed allergollically, Stop it! we carn't hold no more! My frend told me that for the larst year or 2 their efforts to make a hole, so to speek, in their winous stock was most credittable to all conserned, offishals and all, but in wane! So a sollem counsel was called, and stock ordered to be taken of the priceless contents of their capaycious cellars. It was a hendless task, but it was dun, and in doo time the gigantic cattalog was laid before the washupfool Court!

Experts was then called in, and a calkerlation was made as to how long the stock of wine woud last, supposing the konsumption to continue as it had been for years past, and the result, after several jovial meetings to make sure as there was no mistake in so werry himportant a matter, was found to be, that there was quite enuff to last 'em another thirty year!

Then came the most sollemest question of all. Woud the finest of all Clarets, and the noblest of all Ports, and the loveliest of all Shampanes, larst another 30 years? Again was the werry expertest of all experienced experts called in to give their unbyassed opinyon, and, after several more jovial banquets, as no fine wine can be properly tasted except at a scrumptious banquet, and with its proper courses, the final decision was given that it woud not!

So the nessessary sacrifice follered, and such a scene as I seed at

THIS WEATHER!

"And how are we to-day, my dear Madam?"

"Well, Doctor, the Cold I caught the day before yesterday is rather better; but the one I caught on Monday week is ever so much worse—and I caught a brand new one last night!"

the Hockshuneer's on that day I shall not soon forget. Sampels of such Wines as most peeple is content ony to dream about, handed round permiscous to a thirsty mob. No sipping, oh no, but everybody emptied his glass like a man, so there was no littel heel-taps for the poor porters. Of course Brown and me, with our long xperience, took preshus good care not to spile the look of the wine by pouring it out too close, suttenly not, not by no means.

I manidged to git on good terms with the werry obliging Clark who took down the names of the buyers, so I knows pretty well where sum of the werry finest of the wines is gone to, speshally sum of my hown speshal Brands, so I still indulges in the fond hope that, "sum day, sum day, sum day I shall see them."

I suppose it was the werry xciting day as I spent on that Hockshun Day, and not the remains of the werry hold bottels of werry hold wine as afected me so singulally, but I was suttenly a werry long time getting home, and when at length I arrived there, my recepshun by my best-beloved was of that strange character that I never knew ekalled. Of course it was werry kind to insist on taking off my Wellinton Boots, when I was quite prepared to sleep in 'em, but why she shood xpress the unkind wish that I shood never attend such a Hockshun again, I reelly carn't emadgin. Robert.

Humanity and Machinery.

Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., speaking at the Annual Meeting of the Charity Organisation Society, said, "You cannot cure the ills of Society by philanthropy." The maxim would have been more epigrammatic, and equally true, if he had added, "nor without it." It is in the combination of the philanthropic impulse, as motor, with sound organisation, as machinery, that the only hope lies of shaping an engine for the real "elevation of society." Philanthropy without knowledge is as ineffective as steam without a cylinder. But knowledge without philanthropy is as inert as the cylinder without steam. The Watt and Stephenson of Social Machinery are sorely wanted and anxiously awaited.

THE COUNTY SQUIRE.

(A Song in two parts, as sung before and after the introduction of the Local Government Bill.)

Air—"*The Holy Friar.*"

I.—Before.

I am a Squire of the present day,
To Quarter Sessions I take my way.
County business I have in my grip,
With Peer and Parson I sit and sip,—
Get on without me the County can't,
When highways they 'd make, or money they want.
And why I 'm so popular, that I will tell,—
The rustics do like to be ruled by a Swell.
No Lord Lieutenant they more admire
Than a resolute ruddy-faced County Squire.

II.—After.

But what is this? I Is 't a horrible dream?
Are our Tory leaders indeed what they seem?
Their stoutest supporters why mortify
With this blessed big Bill, which is all my eye.
County Councils to handle the tin?
The Squire and the Parson both sack'd—for what sin?
Stuff! It 's a dirty dashed Radical wrong.
If it passes, my knell will be ringing, ding-dong.
For the power will cease, and the reign will expire
Of the resolute, ruddy-faced County Squire!

"KEATS AND HIS HAMPSTEAD HOME."

Under this heading, the *Sunday Times*—sprightly paper this, nowadays — published a communication, signed "B. L. H.," bewailing the probable demolition of Lawn Bank, once the home of the Poet Keats. The owner of the property, it appears, hasn't yet made up his mind whether to pull it down, or let it. The devotees of Keats cry, "Let it—alone!" The owner of the property will probably retort to the devotees, "Then you buy it!" Sentiment is much: but six-per-centiment is more. And, on the whole, we should not like to be the owner of a Dead Lion's Den.

CONVERSION ALL ROUND.

A Conversion the Nation's poor creditor rues
That condemns him great part of his income to lose.
He must own 'tis all fair, but in heart he repines,
And, himself unconverted, accounts it hard lines.

It is much to be feared that he takes it so ill
As to harbour a sense the reverse of good will
To the smiling financiers who bid him be gay,
Having known where to put their own pelf safe away.

By Conversion the Government credit will get
From the millions aggrieved by the National Debt,
In proportion, of course, to the sum of relief
Which they gain by so great an assuagement of grief.

But besides, there 's another "Conversion" than that
Which will fatten the lean at the cost of the fat;
For Conversion the Cabinet merit may claim
In general—Conversion at large is their game.

They 've converted Consols, Three-per-cent., not alone,
But the views heretofore till in office their own,
In political faith a conversion indeed;
For converted they stand to the Radical creed.

The Liberals, too, are converted and thrive
As Unionists, Liberal-Conserva*tive*,
With Ritchie Gladstonian-Irish are found,
And so, one may say, there 's Conversion all round.

Conservatives—this is conversion-in-chief,—
Converted by Bradlaugh! 'tis past all belief!
Now, what have Conservatives left to conserve?
Their seats. To do this they will strain every nerve.

The Real "Mystery of a Hansom Cab."—Why it is that, despite much talk of new patented improvements, that vehicle is found, in nine cases out of ten, to be still a "Little-case" of dirt, damp, and general discomfort. Anyone who can solve *this* mystery will doubtless "hear of something to his advantage."

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 19.—Foresight of Government in matters of detail strikingly illustrated to-night. Have got up most stupendous Bill of modern times; touches innumerable interests throughout the country; takes ten days to print, and upwards of two hours to describe in outline. Wants a man of corresponding inches to take charge of it. King-Harman might do, but otherwise engaged. So Ritchie placed in charge of scheme. A monstrous medley of minute multiformity; but Ritchie managed to make it plain. Avoided all effort at oratorical flourish. Got a downright hard job on hand, and grappled with it in downright honest fashion much appreciated by House. Gladstone, who is nowadays always blessing the Government, came out with unusual fervour, publicly patting Ritchie on the back. Only frigidity of the season found on Conservative Benches.

"Much worse than Dilke's Bill," Bartelot whispers to Fowler, "and you know we would not have that on any account."

"Yah! yah!" murmured the Alderman. "Only one bright spot in Bill. Middlesex Magistrates shall sit as Magistrates for new County of London."

"Not sure, Toby," said Gladstone, as I crossed the Lobby with him when all was over, "that from our point of view we aren't doing better than if I was in office with a majority of eighty. Never dared have brought in such thoroughly Radical measure as Ritchie's. If we had, would have wasted three Sessions in urging it on. Now we go into Opposition, they come into office, and do our work more thoroughly and more rapidly than we could."

"Then, Sir," I said, "you won't go back when the great heart of the people stirs and calls you with peremptory voice?"

"We shall see, Toby, we shall see," said the Old Man Eloquent tucking his papers under his arm, burying his head in his collar, and setting off at a pace that left me far behind.

King-Harman's Salary Bill on again. Baiting began as before. Old Morality waited till midnight had struck, then, as Courtney rose to leave Chair, moved Closure. Tim Healy and Parnell sprang

to their feet and angrily protested that it was too late. Chairman ruled Motion in order, and Closure carried on division.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried Old Morality, pinning on his shawl and tucking up his trousers, preparatory to going home through the snow, "there's no pleasing those fellows. On Friday, Dillon awfully angry because I moved Closure at twenty-five minutes to twelve; said it was too early. Now I wait till twelve, and Tim Healy says it's too late. Strike high, strike low, nothing will satisfy them!"

Business done.—Local Government Bill introduced.

Tuesday. Things going wrong in the House of Lords. Lord Chancellor moved Second Reading of Land Transfer Bill. As he confessed, expected Noble Lords would pass this stage without demur. Noble Lords took other view of their duty. Arundel of Wardour charged amazed Government with advocating revolutionary principles. Stanley of Alderley denounced Bill; Clifford of Chudleigh adversely criticised it. Strathedden and Campbell magnanimously declined to press tottering Government; but Denman came to front, and dealt staggering blow. Long time since such galaxy of hereditary ability shone upon pallid occupant of Woolsack. Zetland, looking on, began to think there were institutions more hopelessly undermined even than the Jockey Club. The Markiss, with burlesque of audacity, hinted that the phenomenon was due to "lack of adequate information on the part of Noble Lords." But Lord Chancellor, supporting his columnar figure against Woolsack, falteringly admitted that "no one had said good word for the Bill."

"Worse than the Jockey Club!"

Accordingly, it was read a Second Time.

Commons had Morning Sitting. Conversion of Debt Bill in Committee. As, however, only trifle of some hundreds of millions at issue, attendance very thin. Discussion chiefly confined to ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer, and the present occupant of the office. Naturally, that great financial authority, Grandolph, came to the front. Gladstone having differed from Goschen on important clause of Bill, Grandolph interposed, and in finest judicial manner differed from both. Elderly and respectable they might be; even possessing some reputation in financial world. But, really, approaching subject from directly opposite points of view, they were both ridiculously wrong. Grandolph mentioned this modestly. Still there it was.

"It's a great pity," Chaplin murmured under his breath, "that this eminent man is, after all, only human. Possibly he might manage to fulfil the duties of Secretary of State for War combined with those of First Lord of the Admiralty. But then he knows more about India than anyone else, and in questions of finance compared with his omniscience, Gladstone is a folly and Goschen an impertinence. Yet I'm afraid that it is even beyond Grandolph's capacity, controlling the Army, directing the Navy, caring for India, also to be our Chancellor of the Exchequer!" And Chaplin sobbed.

The New Duke.

Business done.—Conversion of Debt Bill passed through Committee.

Thursday.—Youth and Age came down to House to-day arm-in-arm. Age to hear Youth swear and see him take his seat. Age sat up in Peers' Gallery—white-haired, ruddy-faced, pleasant-eyed—our old friend John Manners, now seventh Duke of Rutland. Youth is Henry Manners, now Marquis of Granby, and Member for Mid Leicestershire. ("'Susan Clarke, "Markis o' Granby," Dorking,'" said Plunkey; "wasn't that the name and address *Sam Weller's* father had inserted in the marriage licence?") But late he was Private Secretary to quite another Markiss. Now a Markiss himself—at least quite as much as Hartington. The new Duke watches new Marquis carefully through ceremony. Hears him cheered by Conservatives, sees him welcomed by Ministers, observes him bow low over Speaker's outstretched hand, and then goes his way, trying to remember his Coleridge—

"Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!"

Still Constitution attacked by Irish, undermined by Socialists, hampered by Grand Old Mannists, is safe. For there is yet a Rutland in the Lords, and a Manners in the Commons.

Lord John well away from his old quarters on Treasury Bench to-night. Never a bed of roses. To-night particularly prickly. Criminal Evidence Bill down for Second Reading. Quite inoffensive looking measure. Receives united blessing of Attorney-General, Charles Russell, and Henry James. After this seems nothing more to say. Irish thought otherwise. Have long made it a grievance that certain English Bills do not extend to Ireland. Now weep and wail because Criminal Evidence Bill to run through Great Britain *and* Ireland. Debate began at five o'clock. At half-past ten Old Morality pounced; movement well meant, but particularly ill chosen. Parnell just risen, and thus promptly shut up. Irish howled with rage. Harcourt shaken with indignation. John Morley terribly indignant. All the fat in the fire; frizzled famously. What with Divisions, crimination and recrimination next hour and half quickly passed by; twelve o'clock struck, and next Order barred.

Oddly enough next Order was stage of Bill providing salary for King-Harman. Strange untoward accident that unexpected and prolonged debate should have sprung up on inoffensive Bill preceding it.

"Tell you what, Goschen," said Old Morality, wearily packing up his papers, "you must somehow provide £1000 a-year for King-Harman, and we'll give it him to go away. He's playing the dickens with our prospects. Lost more time over him than on all other debateable points put together."

Business done.—King-Harman's Salary Bill postponed over another sitting.

Friday.—Bradlaugh brought on Motion for appointment of Select Committee to inquire into Pensions; and, what is more, carried it. Capital Debate, enlivened by interesting speech from Jennings, who talked rabid Radicalism from centre of Conservative Camp. Gladstone much excited at disclosures made. Finally turned upon Childers, and, impressing remarks by persistently poking him in ribs with outstretched finger, addressed to him animated speech of ten minutes' duration. From resigned expression on Childers' face, report got about that Gladstone, dwelling upon enormity of Pension system, was explaining to Childers that he should begin reform by docking his pension as ex-Minister. Must begin somewhere, you know.

Business done.—Inquiry ordered into Pensions.

RITCHIE'S DREAM.

Gog and Magog. O Ritchie, Ritchie, ne'er can such things be!
Magog. You'd make us slaves, dependant, Goc and Me,
Upon a Council and Lieutenant's bounty!
Ritchie. Well——
Gog. And, our London is to be "a County!"
Ritchie. Why not? You've heard of "County Paris?"
Magog and Gog. Oh!
Magog. Quote Shakspeare to your purpose? Then we know
What line to take,—from *Henry VIII*, Act 2.
The Corporation won't submit to you!
Nor will they budge, till from their place they're hurled.
"No, not for all the Ritchies in the world."

[*Giants vanish.*

Poor Pyrotechnics.

"The young Bengal faction," says the *Times*, "have been trying their hardest to spoil the valedictory ceremonies in connection with the departure of Lord and Lady Dufferin, and have failed." Their "Bengal Lights," like some other fireworks, seem to have begun with a splutter and ended in a fizzle.

"When dogs of faction bay," may it all
End in mere noise like *this* "Bay of Bengal."

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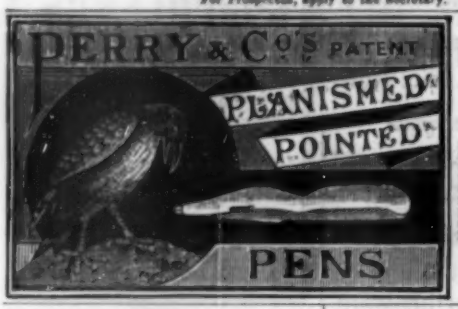

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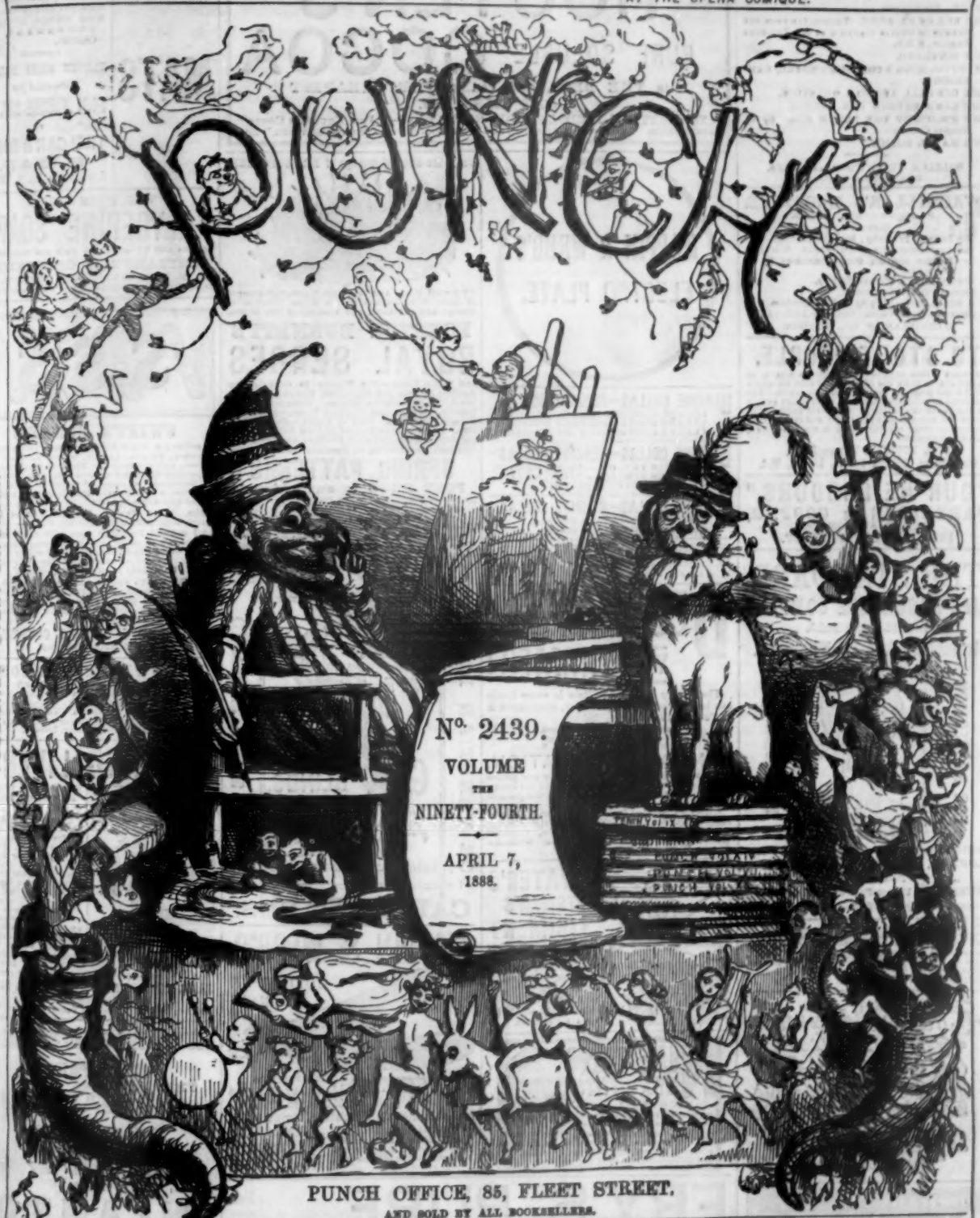

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STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XXXI.—The Gay Gondolier.

Oh, yes, he is always gay. Yes, even when he is "on strike." Yes, certainly, gay. It is his business. The Inglesi expect it. To attend the patron who comes with his broad laugh and his deep pocket is the Gondolier's chief ambition in life: so he sings in his native tongue:—

"Ever gay and free, boys,
Ever gay and free;
That's the style for me, boys;
That's the style for me!"

The words are classic in the Italian, and roll from the singer's mouth in pleasant liquid cadence. Alas, our prosaic language is apt to vulgarise the sentiment of Italian poetry.

The Venetian Gondolier is not only merry, he is wise; not only gay but learned. His name is Beppo, and in the gentle undulating navigation of the canals and lagoons he prefers to have a comrade. The rich English visitors prefer it also, it costs more money and is *distingué*, don't you know—*il primo gondolero* and *il secondo*. Merry and wise I said advisedly. You shall never find Beppo without his ready smile, his polite *grazie! la ringrazio!* Similarly you shall find him deeply learned in certain Shakspeare plays, not that he knows anything of the bard, who he was, or what he was, but he is sceptical as to the authorship of *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*. He does not venture to imply that Bacon wrote them, as some other equally learned commentators do, but when you suggest to him that an Englishman wrote the stories of *Othello* and *Shylock*, he knows it is one of your jokes, and he laughs and sings accordingly for your *divertimento* which is the breath of your life. At the same time he knows exactly what you want to see, you laughing Inglesi, who only become serious for a moment over the woes of *Desdemona* or the Palace and the Prison. He knows the tragic history of *Desdemona*, and can dwell with enthusiasm upon the thwarted vengeance of *Shylock*. Pulling up before a battered-looking house in a back canal, he will extend his right arm as if he were posing for a picture and exclaim, "Otello, Signore, Otello the great general, where he live, *riguardate*—his statue at the door."

"Did he place it there himself?" you ask, for being Inglese, you are necessarily witty.

"No, after," the smiling Gondolier replies, and thereupon you encourage him to tell the story, which he does very much on the familiar Shakspearian lines.

Again you fire off a little joke as to the authorship, and he tells you the tragedy is really Venetian and true, written in the histories.

"And there, Signore!" he exclaims, before you have time for your next witticism, "*Riguardate ciò! Ecco!* The house where Signore Cassio lived."

You are near the Rialto now, and you ask if the gentleman in the Jewish gaberdine going over the bridge, is Mr. Irving. He does not understand, but you find yourself suddenly a trifle sentimental as you think of the *Othellos*, the *Shylocks*, the *Portias*, the *Desdemonas* you have known in your time. The Vic., the Princess's, Saddler's Wells and other happy hunting-grounds of Shakspeare, fill your thoughts and for a little while you make no jokes, you risk no more conundrums. The Gay Gondolier knows your symptoms. His stories of the unhappy *Desdemona*, the brave *Othello* committing suicide always make his noble English patron a trifle *triste*. Beppo is jubilant but with suppressed force; in some occult way he may have heard of Mr. Coghlan as *Shylock*. Alert intellectually as well as physically, Beppo fits himself to your humour. He begins to hum a few bars of *Garibaldi's Hymn*. He has a good voice, you encourage his vocal efforts. It is evening, in fact the moon has risen while you have been smoking and dreaming.

"Ah, Signore," it reminds him of his gallant padrone who died on the field. "But here, Signore, here is my comrade Castello, he fought by Garibaldi's side; he is covered with wounds more than you can count."

At this *Golondero secondo*, nods and smiles and whispers "*Ah poverino!*" Being an Englishman away from home, you are sympathetic towards all nationalities, to the Italian in particular. You speak of the Crimea, of *La belle Alliance*. *Primo* and *Secondo* burst out into wild praises of the brave Inglesi, and are both supremely happy; for have they any other idea than to please the noble patron? Does he sigh, they are sad unto tears; does he laugh, they overflow in song:—

"Ever gay and free, boys!"

Do not be surprised if in the midst of your reverie, Beppo and his *Secondo* have what seems to be a violent quarrel with a rival crew who come suddenly upon them round a corner without sufficient warning; not that the incident has endangered the safety of their navigation, but it has given all parties an opportunity for one of those tremendous disturbances, which on a first experience you conclude will end in the use of that ready dagger which you feel sure is in the belt of every Beppo and Garibaldini in Italy.

"What is the matter?" you ask excitedly, when the feud is at its height, or that there shall be no mistake, you speak in Italian (for being English you are naturally a linguist) "*Che cosa c'è?*"

Beppo will turn to you gay and smiling to remark there is nothing the matter, or out of politeness to your choice Italian, he will reply, "*Non c'è niente*," at the same time returning to the fray of words with renewed zest until the foe is out of hearing, the foe doing likewise until Beppo is out of sight. He is ready to laugh the next moment at your lightest joke, he will even smile upon the new steamboat, for he knows the gondola will last his time, and that no Inglesi will ever patronise a vessel that is common to all the city; yet he is free to confess that they were glorious days when the palaces were occupied with the grand old families, each family with its company of Gondoliers, and there were intrigues and assassinations and affairs and great holidays, and captives from over the seas, and Venice was queen of the world. "Ah, Signore, those days are past, but Inglese they come to Venezia, they love the Grand Canal, the Palazzio Pizarro, Saint Marco, *Otello*, *Desdemona*, and they have large heart and much *la buonamano!*"

"Addio, Beppo!"

His hat is in his hand. There is a tear in his eye. *Secondo* watches and imitates his chief. They are a picture. Beppo tall, erect, in blue cloth, vest open at the neck, embroidered sash, broad sailor-hat. *Secondo*, short, broad of chest, wrinkled face, crimson sash, and cut-throat grin; but equally sincere in his regrets at your departure, equally appreciative of your drink-money, both thinking of the polento and fish, and *chianti*, and cigars they will enjoy while you are pelting away homewards on the hot railway in the stuffy carriages. You take home some pleasant memories, you have bought the right to be critical about studies of Venice at the Academy and the Grosvenor; and when you examine your banking account, you find that you have paid nobly for your privileges.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"*This Time.*" Not any Time, but now or never; that is, Time for this month. If no one has yet put you up to Time, I will do so now. Time was made for slaves, by those who can make Time, and this Magazine—I forgot to say that I am speaking of *Time*, the Magazine—was made for those who have Time to spare, and of such persons, Time being money, you can borrow Time, though if you buy it, *This Time*, you will have made an excellent Time bargain, and if you can't buy it, then in the meantime, get Time somehow, in order to read Mr. Charles Wyndham's diary of his travels abroad. He appears never to have been so much at home as when abroad, and he has returned *décoré*, and decorous, with Miss Moore the Merrier, to his own native land. That his notes are entertaining you may take your little Davy—Garrick, of course—and perhaps he may continue them next Time.

There are some very interesting reminiscences of the late Mr. John Clayton, in *The Theatre*; also a portrait of him in *All for Her*—the play in which he most distinguished himself as a serious actor.

I hear there is to be a new Military monthly publication. I should suggest the title of *The Hyde Park Magazine*. It's a little late in the year, but the first number might date from the "March Past." There would be plenty of Reviews, and Pictures could be inspected by distinguished Royal Artillery-men. The Chaplain-General's Charges, that is, if he "charges" like a Bishop, would find an appropriate place in these military columns. Yours, ever,

The Baron de Book Worms.

The Queen's Chamberlain.—Her Gracious and Imperial Majesty would have preferred presenting the Right Hon. Joseph with an Indian shawl. But what could he have done with it? So the Queen made it a photo, which, whatever its positive or negative value originally, must now be considered as not exactly priceless, but well worth "a Joey."

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 6.

THE G. O. M-UNCHAUSEN.

"He drank uncommonly with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but naturally enough: for when I looked round for my men, what do you think I saw? All the hind-quarters of my horse were gone,—cut clean off! The water ran out behind as fast as it ran in before, without the animal keeping a drop of it. How had this come to pass? I could not account for it at all."—*The Baron's Adventures*, Ch. iv.

A PLEA FOR POOR "GOLDIE."

[It is said that, chiefly in consequence of the female fashion for feather-trimmings, our Goldfinches are nearly exterminated.]

When lovely Woman stoops to folly,
And wears bird-feathers on her head,
The consequence is melancholy.
Our "Goldies" nearly all are dead!
Fie! How can female bosoms harbour
Such cruelty, at such a cost?
Poll Swedlepipe, the gentle barber,
Might well return, a mournful ghost,
And haunt reproachfully each daughter
Degenerate of Mother Eve.
Consent to such a ruthless slaughter?
Punch finds it hard, dears, to believe.
Have you not heard their mellow whistles?
Descried their darting red and gold?
Beheld them stripping seeding thistles,
With eyes so innocently bold,
And tails so brisk and beaks so nimble?
Ah, surely any human she,
With heart less hard than her own thimble,
Will sigh out, "Let poor 'Goldie' be!"

HUSBANDS AND HUSBANDRY.

(*Vide Mr. Walter Besant's Article in the April Number of "Longman's," called "The Endowment of the Daughter."*)

In England Trade is dull and slow,
And girls are portionless, and so
Unto the altar men won't go
Of Hymen, burning uselessly.

But Besant sees a novel way
Of making marriage brisk and gay,
Commanding British sires to slay
The Demon of Celibacy.

In that good time, as Walter B.
Explains, all maids shall wedded be,
And hardened bachelors with glee
Shall join in amorous rivalry.

He tells us of the plight we're in
When girls who wish to, *cannot* spin,
And hundreds madly strive to win
Each post of well-paid drudgery.

And fiercer still that fight shall glow,
While youths hold back, and "have no go,"
Because the maidens have no "*dot*,"—
So much for modern chivalry!

And more and more will suitors bold
The offer of their hands withhold,
Until their sweethearts they behold
Endowed with a sufficiency.

The dulness deepens. On, ye Sires,—
Whoe'er to sons-in-law aspires—
And save your girls from fruitless fires
By saving half your salary!

ENCUMBERED!

Brown (with expectations, to his Landlady, who had just brought in a telegram). "From my Father, Mrs. Wilkins." (*Reads*) 'Your Aunt Thompson died last evening aged Eighty-Eight, and in full possession of all her Faculties.'"

Mrs. Wilkins. "Ah, Sir! I remember it was just the same in my own Family, only"—(*regretfully*)—"my Aunt had 'avy Mortgages on 'em, Sir!!"

BELOW THE HORIZON;

OR, CELESTIAL CYNICS IN COUNCIL.

[A conjunction of Mercury and Venus occurred, before the rising of the planets, in the early morning of Wednesday, March 28.]

Venus. Well, how fare you, god of thieves?
Mercury. That old scandal who believes?
I'm reformed, and a fair-dealer;
You are still the true (heart) stealer!
Venus. That's a fad, and not a crime.
Where's the heart that's worth a dime?
If on earth I could descry it,
I'd not steal *that* heart,—I'd buy it!
Mercury. Cynic!
Venus. Why, of course! I'd blush
If thought capable of gush.
Cynic calm is all the fashion,
E'en in what the world calls "passion."
Mercury. Happy world!
Venus. Oh, well, I guess
What was once termed "happiness"
Is a thing too queer and queasy:
Free and—what is better—easy
Is the present "form" of Love.
Mercury. You had better sack your dove!
Venus. Not at all!—trust Cythera!
You have really no idea
What an artful bird it is,—
Fly to "trap" and up to "biz."
Twigs a "plant" in half a minute.
Serpent really isn't in it.
Mercury. Humph! *I* thought myself astute!
Pray, is Cupid also 'cute?
Venus. Rather!—or there'd be a term
To his interest in our firm.
If that boy went soft or stupid,
Well,—it would be, exit Cupid!
Mercury. Bless my heart!—I mean, my soul.
Things seem tending to a goal
Whither even I scarce follow.
Ha! and how about Apollo?
Venus. Oh, he thrums the same old strains:
But there's nobody—with brains—
Listens to his antique twangling.
And, besides, he's always wrangling
With the Yankees—*they* are bright!
Mercury. What about?
Venus. Oh, Copyright!
Mercury. And the ladies; do they like
This new style of things, or strike—
Like the miners—in a body?
Venus. Mercury, you *must* be a noddy!
Don't you better know the Sex?
A new *mode* may gall or vex;
But they'll follow it with passion,
Just because it *is* the fashion.
Mercury. Oh! ah! quite so! Yes, I see.
So, whereas it used to be,
In Life's game, that "hearts are trumps,"
Hearts are now——
Venus. Pneumatic pumps!
Fact! And do you really think
I have any cause to shrink
From your hasty charge of stealing
Things like these, devoid of feeling
As of value?
Mercury. As a crime,
No! But don't you waste your time?
Venus. Hardly! It is rather fun!
But, I think I see the Sun.
Mercury. Well, before we meet again,
I must, as the Pugs say, "train"
For this reign of the cheap Timon:
Now I feel a Simple Simon.
Venus. You *are* out of it, indeed!
Well, you've only got to read
Gossip in which Jenkins grovels,
And the best Society novels;
Then you'll learn my modern function.
Ta-ta! till our next Conjunction!

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND!

Last week died Mr. Thomas German Reed, who, with his clever wife, originated the celebrated Entertainment which for ever so many years filled the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street. With sporting tastes that would have qualified him for a *Dolly Spanker* of private life, and with a knowledge of sailing a yacht that would have entitled him to the degree of Past Master of any small craft, he passed the greater part of his existence in what was to all intents and purposes a Theatre, appearing several times in the course of an evening as somebody else, but invariably being found out as the genuine German Reed, and as himself "Pa' Reed" was really amusing. *Mr. Punch* has a kindly recollection of the "Old Gallery Days," and dedicates this "par" to the pleasant memory of "Pa' Reed."

George Jokin's Latest.—"Yes; five shillings per dozen on champagne, all superior bottled wines, and *Hock genus omne.*"

"SEEING ROBERTS."

The other night I witnessed the 165th performance of *The Old Guard* at the Avenue Theatre. Where would *The Old Guard* be without Mr. Arthur Roberts? Nowhere. Certainly not at the Avenue Theatre.

Mr. Joseph Tapley is a pleasing tenor, and has as much acting in him, as, in the ordinary way of business, can be got out of a tenor; and, when he has something worthy of his voice, I may say to him, "You will undoubtedly make your Mark, Tapley!" At present there is not much for Joseph. Mr. Alec Marsh is a fine fellow, and a vigorous baritone, and the *Capitaine* suits his marshal bearing. Miss Marion Edecumbe has a pretty face and a pretty mezzo voice, which should be her fortune. Miss Fanny Wentworth is a lively soprano. Miss Henriette Polak, alluded to by Shakspeare as the "sledded Polak"—makes an uncommonly sprightly *Bugler*—a sort of Cherubino in French uniform. Miss Clara Grahame only fails of completely identifying herself with the remarkably trying part of *Lieutenant Vigoreux*, out of pure consideration for the public, who, it evidently occurs to her, would be sorry to lose sight entirely of Miss Clara Grahame.

General Arthur Roberts coming to the support of the Old Guard.

It is a question whether Mr. J. T. Dallas would not be more at home in serious Opera, than in these light French frivolities, which offer but little scope to the magnificent quality of his voice, seldom heard, but always thoroughly appreciated, or to his remarkable histrionic abilities, which would recall the days of Garrick, Talma, and the elder Kean—that is, if anyone wished to recall them.

Finally, the clever young lady, whom, for the nonce, I will call Incognita, as her name was not in the playbill (a rare instance of self-effacement, seeing that she represented Miss Ph-ll-s Br-ght-n in the part of *Follow-the-Drum*), played and danced—she may have sung, too, but, if so, her voice escaped me—capitally, and was of considerable assistance to the General, Arthur Roberts, to whom, after all said and sung, I must return, because, despite this brilliant *ensemble*, the audience languished when their favourite—the "droll creature," as the ladies call him—is not on the stage. He certainly is wonderful. I confess I laugh directly he is "heard without;" I laugh when he winks; I laugh more when he speaks, and, no matter what is going on upon the stage—and I am bound to say I don't think there is at any time any thrillingly interesting action in *The Old Guard*—the audience, on the grin, follow the eccentric comedian with their eyes everywhere, so as not to lose whatever he may take it into his head to do next.

Like the Old Woman who "had so many children, she didn't know what to do," Mr. Arthur Roberts, whose children are his quaint ideas, "can never be quiet." He is never in repose: always wide awake and up to the time of day. Yet, for all this, his fun is distinctly quiet, so quiet indeed, that I fancy the Soprano or Contralto, or whoever might have been singing her solo on the stage, did not at first notice her companion's unobtrusive business, of sewing for example—[inimitable!]—and, a hundred and sixty nights ago, must have been considerably gratified at the flattering reception accorded to her song. On such occasions Mr. Roberts pleasantly reminds me of the Comic Countryman who pretended to catch a fly while *Mrs. Crummles* was making her most telling effect.

To see Mr. Arthur Roberts pretend to brush the crushed Mr. Dallas's hair by machinery, to see him pretend to sew with invisible thread and needle, to see him struggling with a sneeze, to see him imitating the customer at the jug department of a large bar, instructing the maid in drawing beer, and then giving his life-like presentment of a superior 'Arry on familiar terms with the bar-maid—to see him reading a letter, taking part in a concerted piece and pretending (he is always "pertending" like children at play) to sing his part out of a folio of the *Code Napoléon*, which he gravely offers to the tenor as if it contained the words and music of an Oratorio,—to see him doing all this, and ever so much more which I have forgotten, is so irresistibly comic, that the house cries with laughter, and no one cares whether it be the Old Guard, or the Young Guard, or Singing Guards, or Hoarse Guards, White Guards, or The Other Guards, so long as Arthur Roberts is not absent from the stage for more than five minutes. In a funny duet, where there is just a chance for the otherwise partially but unavoidably suppressed Dallas, Arthur Roberts shows how he can fence. And of this art he certainly should be a master, as the Avenue Theatre provides him not with a single stick, but with an entire set of most brilliant foils.

Jack in the Box.

P.S.—I cannot offer any opinion on the merits of the music, as, the theatre being crowded, I could only find a seat on the windy side of the orchestra close to the big drum, triangles, and cymbals, for which soothing instruments, as it seemed to me, M. Planquette has composed with so free hand, that I was compelled to beat a retreat at the end of the Second Act, and of course I subsequently heard that General Arthur is at his funniest in the Third.

VOCES POPULI.

Scene—*Interior of Third Class Smoking Compartment. First Passenger, apparently a small Suburban Tradesman, of a full and comfortable habit, seated by window. To him enters a seedy but burly* Stranger, *in a state of muzzy affability, with an under-suggestion of quarrelsomeness.*

The Stranger (*leaning forward mysteriously*). Yer saw that gentleman I was a' torkin' to as I got in? Did yer know 'oo he was?

First Passenger (*without hauteur, but with the air of a Person who sets a certain value on his conversation*). Well, he didn't look much like the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The S. He's a better man than *'im!* That was Brasher, the middling weight! he giv me the orfice straight about Killivan and Smipton, *he* did!

First P. (*interested, as a lover of the Noble Art of Self Defence*). Ah! did he, though?

The S. He *did;* I went up to him, and I sez, "Excuse me," I sez, like that, I sez, "but are you an American, or a German?"

First P. (*with superiority*). He wouldn't like that—being taken for a German.

The S. (*solemnly*). Those were my very words! And he sez, "No, I'm a Yank," and then I knoo 'oo 'e was, d'ye see? and so (*hazily*) one word brought up another, and we got a torkin'. If I was to tell you I'd *seen* Killivan, I should be tellin' yer a lie!

First P. Well, I won't ask you to do that.

The S. (*firmly*). Nor I wouldn't. But you've on'y to look at Smipton to see 'e's never 'ad a smack on the 'ed. Now, there's Sulton—'e's a *good* man, *'e* is—'e *is* a good man! Look 'ow that feller knocks 'isself about! But if I was to pass *my* opinion, it 'ud be this—Killivan's *in* it for science, he ain't in it to *take* anything; you may take that from me!

First P. (*objecting to be treated as an* ingénu). It's not the first time I've heard of it, by a long way.

The S. Ah! and it's the truth, the Bible truth (*putting his hand on* First P.'s *knee*). Now, you b'leeve what I'm a'goin' to tell yer?

First P. (*his dignity a little ruffled*). I will—if it's anything in reason.

The S. It's this: My opinion of Killivan and Sulton's this—Sulton *brought* Killivan *out.* I'm on'y tellin' yer from 'earsay, like; but I *know* this myself—one lived in 'Oxton, and the other down Bermondsey way. 'E's got a nice little butcher's business there at this present moment; and 'e's a mug if 'e turns it up!

First P. (*axiomatically*). Every man's a mug who turns a good business up.

The S. Yer right! And (*moralising*) it ain't *all* 'oney with that sort o' people, neither, I can tell yer! I dessay, now, when all's put to the test, you're not a moneyed man—no more than I am myself?

First P. (*not altogether flattered*). Well—that's as *may* be.

The S. But I b'leeve yer to be a man o' the world, although I don't *know* yer.

First P. (*modestly*). I used to be in it at one time.

The S. (*confidentially*). I'm in it *now.* I don't get my livin' by it, though, mind yer. I'm a mechanic, I am—to a certain extent. I've been in America. *There's* a country now—they don't over-tax like they do 'ere!

First P. (*sympathetically*). There you'*ave* touched a point—we're taxed past all common sense. Why, this very tobacco I'm smoking now is charged——

The S. Talkin' of terbacoer, I don't mind 'aving a pipe along with yer myself.

First P. (*handing his pouch with a happy mixture of cordiality and condescension.*) There you are, then.

The S. (*afflicted by sudden compunction as he fills his pipe.*) I 'ope I'm not takin' a libbaty in askin' yer?

First P. Liberty? rubbish! I'm not one to make distinctions where *I* go. I'd as soon talk to one man as I would another—you're setting your coat alight.

The S. I set fire to myself once, and I never live in 'opes of doing so agen! It's a funny thing with me, I can smoke a cigar just as well as I could a short pipe. I'm no lover of a cigar, if you understand me; but I can go into company where they *are*, d'ye *see?*

First P. (*shortly*) *I* see.

The S. (*with fresh misgivings.*) You'll excuse me if I've taken a libbaty with yer?

First P. (*with a stately air.*) We settled all that just now.

The S. (*after a scrutiny.*) I tell yer what my idear of *you* is—that you're a *Toff!*

First P. (*disclaiming this distinction a little uneasily.*) No, no—there's nothing of the toff about *me!*

The S. (*defiantly.*) Well, you're a *gentleman*, anyway?

First P. (*aphoristic, but uncomfortable.*) We can all of us be that, so long as we behave ourselves.

The S. (*much pleased by this sentiment.*) Right agen! give us yer 'and—if it's not takin' a libbaty. I'm one of them as can't bear to take a libbaty with no matter 'oo. Yer know it's a real pleasure to me to be settin' 'ere torkin' comfortably to you, without no thought of either of us fallin' out. There's some people as wouldn't feel 'appy, not without they was 'aving a row. Now you and me ain't *like* that!

First P. (*shifting about.*) Quite so—quite so, of course!

The S. Not but what if it was to come to a row between us, I could take *my* part!

First P. (*wishing there was somebody else in the compartment.*) I—I hope we'll keep off that.

The S. (*devoutly.*) So do I! *I'ope* we'll keep off o' that. But yer never know what may bring it on—and there it is, d'ye see! You and me might fall out without intending it. I've bin a bit of a boxer in my day. Do you doubt my word?—if so, say it to my face!

First P. I've no wish to offend you, I'm sure.

The S. I never take a lie straight from any man, and there you 'ave me in a word! If you're *bent* on a row, you'll find me a glutton, that's all I can tell you!

First P. (*giving himself up for lost*). But I'm *not* bent on a row—qu—quite otherwise!

The S. You should ha' said so afore, because, when my back's once put *up*, I'm—'ello! we're stopping, I get out 'ere, don't I?

First P. (*eagerly*). Yes—make haste, they don't stay long anywhere on this line!

The S. (*completely mollified*). Then I'll say good-bye to yer. (*Tenderly.*) P'raps we may meet agen, some day.

First P. We—we'll hope so—good day to you, wish you luck!

The S. (*solemnly*). Lord *love* yer! (*Pausing at door.*) I 'ope you don't think me the man to fall out with nobody. I *never* fall out——

[*Falls out into the arms of a Porter, whom he pummels as the train moves on, and* First Passenger *settles into a corner with a sigh of relief.*

DIARY OF A PESSIMIST.

Down to breakfast. Tea and dry toast. Couldn't manage egg. Afraid of indigestion.

Looked over the morning papers. Read through the "Deaths." Skipped "Births" and "Marriages." Never care to read them. Only want to know who's dead, and what's to pay, which I may be the worse for. No hope of a legacy.

No news. That is good news. Glanced over the debates with fear and trembling, in dread of the proposal of some new tax or privation of liberty and property. Police Reports uninteresting. Accidents and offences ditto. Sad sameness, dulness, and want of originality in robberies, suicides, and murders.

Bell. What's that? Rates and taxes, I expect. No. Another Circular. Ha! Prospectus of the Huggery-Muggery Gold Mining Company. Trap to catch an investment. Glad it's prepaid. Hate all Circulars.

Out for a constitutional. Obstruction. Crowd of people in the way. Horse down, I suppose, or somebody in a fit. Gave it a wide berth. No business of mine. Hate being hustled, and perhaps implicated somehow or other.

Irritated by the flaming pictorial advertisements, especially the theatrical groups in attitudes of bogus emotion. Detest sensational dramas. They all end happily, that is, in marriage, of which experience in real life proves the reverse.

Home to dinner. No appetite. Been recommended Gulliver's Dinner Pills. Shall recommend them to somebody else; shan't take 'em myself.

Bell and knock. Shall have knocker removed. This time, telegram. Somebody dead, I suppose, to my expense or trouble. Not quite so bad. Invitation to an evening party, which I shall have to answer, and of course decline. I'm not an evening party.

After dinner smoke a pipe, and meditate precautions to avert the troubles and misfortunes which I anticipate, and so up to bed after a dose of morphia with a view to get a little sleep in spite of them, if I can.

ROBERT AT THE BOAT-RACE.

The wether was not werry attempting for a water xcurshun, but the hoffer of a outside seat on a Steam Boat with plenty of refreshments and nothink to pay, was too grate for me to resist, speshally on a Satterday, which is allers a slack day with us. The one grate drawback was the hurly hour. I hates with a dedly hatred hurly rising! As late as you likes at nite, and as late as you likes in the morning, but

"Hurly to bed and hurly to rise,
If I said as I liked, I shood tell great lies!"

as the Poet says, or if he didn't like to say so, I've no dowt he thought so.

I was told to be aboard by 9 sharp, and so I was, punkshal to the minnet, and so wery sharp set that dreckly as we started from the Loryers Peer at the Temple, me and my pal we descended quite natral like into the Cabbin, which, being jest a leetle bit scrowged, my frend, who is a Littery man, like myself, said as we was not only Cabbin'd, but] Cribbed and Confined. I don't at all know what he meant, but as he said it no less than three times, I persumes as it's a wery good joke, tho I don't see it.

The Brekfus was that scrumpshus, that, if it hadn't bin for the nesessity of seeing the Bote Race, I think as we shood have stopt down there till Lunch-time, and so have kept a good place, but common desency took us on deck, and uncommon kuriosity kep us there. We wos jest in time to squeege through Putney Bridge afore it was stopt up, by horder of the Tems Conserwatives, I was told, witch I dessay was quite right, for if ewerybody had been left to do as they liked, there wouldn't have been much room for the race. I begs thus publickly to thank 'em for so thortfully having the Bridge washed and polished. It reelly made it look amost as good as new.

The River wasn't a bit ruff, so I didn't feel my ushal inconwenience, but my frend, who's a old sailor, made me take jest a nip of whisky, as he called it, so as to make sure, and then took wun hisself, jest to kindly keep me cumpny.

We had a bootifool site of the grate Race, at least we shood have had one if it hadn't bin for the Fog, which shut all the boats out of site till they wos close hup to us, but we seed enuff of 'em to see how wunderfoolly British pluck can beat meer Sience. I scarcely expecs to be beleeved when I says that the two little Botes with only about nine young gentlemen in wite close a pulling of each on 'em, acshally beat the four big Steam Boats as tried in wane to owertake 'em, and wun in a canter, as my frend told me, with both hands down.

Dreckly as the Race was over, me and my frend found ourselves, promiskus as it were, in the little Cabin agen, and there was lade out, as if by incharntment, sitch a moddel Lunshun as I have seldum seen xcelled, and, as common perliteness dicktated, we at wunce set to work agen with inwigorated happytites, thanks to the xcitement of the great Race and the fine North-Easter that rattled so merrily among our bowlines, as my friend said.

I don't kno when I've tasted a finer peace of Sammon, nor a lovelier Pidgen Pie, with reel Pidgens in it too, nor a tenderer combinashun of chickins and Tung. The Stuard kept a looking at us with mingled surprize and hadmirashun, and I've no dowt reported of us most favorable to his imployers, as having dun full justice to his wittels and his drink. Wen we assended on Deck agane, the Howses of Parlyment was a standing up boldly in the brite sunlite, in the near distance, looking as if ewerythink was always as carm and as peacefool within as it suttenly looked without, and, as the Poet sings, "We stood on the Bridge (Westminster) by midday, as the Clock was striking the our," (of twelve), and the fust thort as struck me after my frend had left me was, what a deal can be dun in a short time if you ony nose how to do it.

Here had I bin and had a most scrumpshus Brekfust with amost ewery dellicassy of the season, had seen the werry finest Bote Race as ever was run, in which British Pluck licked British Science into a Cocked At, and had then had a noble Lunshon, as included all the other dellicassys as had nessessaryly bin left out at Brekfust, and thoroly injoyed all three, and all in the coarse of three short ours!

The moral as I draws from the grate race is, that as Marlburrow said as how the Battel of Warterloo was won at Heton, so I says as the Battel of Trafalger was won at Barnes!

Robert.

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"This is your Mother's Portrait, my little Man. Do you think it like?" "Yes—very—all but the Face!"

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY ON THE SITUATION.

Communicated by the Shade of the "Spectator."

["When the establishment of County Boards has reduced the administrative power of the Justices to zero, the ancient glory of Quarter Sessions will be gone, and one of the main reasons of the applications now made to the Lord Lieutenant of the County for the Commission of the Peace will be found to have disappeared. . . . When Magistrates cease to manage the business of their County, they will cease also to care for its official honours."
Escott's *England* (Ed. 1881), Ch. iv. p. 47.]

"*Hæc memini, et victum frustrà contendere Thyrsin.*"
Virgil, Bucol. Ecl. vii. 69.

"The whole debate in memory I retain,
When Thyrsis argued warmly, but in vain."

To revisit—as our great Dramatist expresseth it—"the glimpses of the moon," is a privilege which, though it hath its pleasures, yet assuredly is attended at times by a certain drawback of spiritual pain at once poignant and pathetic.

Of all the ancient haunts which I love, when permitted, to return to, the dearest to me is that long walk of ancient elms, at a little distance from what was once Sir Roger's house, among the still standing ruins of an old abbey, and amidst whose lofty tops the rooks and crows of another generation still, as of old, "seem to be cawing in another region." It still lies—and now, perhaps, it must be allowed with greater show of reason—under the ill report of being haunted.

I was taking a walk—the natural language of embodied humanity still comes spontaneously to shadowy lips—in this place, the other night, between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but agree with my old and fleshy self of the dear days of the—alas!—departed Queen Anne, that it was one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceedingly solemn and venerable. One might almost fancy that, like their human analogues and counterparts, they were croaking mournfully at the prospect of the destruction and disappearance of things more venerable even than themselves, and at least as solemn.

As I was walking in this solitude, I became aware of the fact that it was a solitude no longer. The shade of my friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, was at my side, making his proximity known by a low sigh, soft as the rustling of spring leaves, sad as the scarcely audible voice of the gentle night-wind which stirs them.

The good old Knight was musing upon the same subject that at the moment absorbed my own meditations.

"You once proposed, Mr. Spectator," said he, "that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. Of late, sensible men and sober citizens of all parties have been rejoicing that your scheme seemed nearer than ever before in prospect of realisation. And with what result?

I understood the drift of the worthy Knight's thoughts, and the point of his piteous question, "You have been perusing," said I, with respectful sympathy, "the ingenious Mr. Ritchie's new-fangled scheme of County Administration as set forth in his Local Government Bill?"

"Indeed, yes," sighed Sir Roger. "And what is it—to adopt your own comparison borrowed from Diodorus Siculus—but a political crocodile-egg, the egg of Revolution? Would," he added bitterly, "that some parliamentary ichneumon could be found to break it, ere it be hatched into the horrid and edacious monster which it bids fair to bring forth!"

"If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partisans," I replied, in the same tone, "we shall find them now, as in our time, far from resembling this disinterested animal."

"Disinterested!" cried the Knight, indignantly, "Disinterestedness is as dead as her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Anne herself."

I observed of old that I found the Knight a much stronger Tory in the country than in the town. I find him a much stronger Tory in the Shades than even in the country.

"Sir Andrew Freeport," pursued Sir Roger, "would doubtless welcome this curious birth of an insincere Coalition. He was ever more inclined to the moneyed than to the landed interest. I know, Mr. Spectator, that you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters. But doth not this monstrous menace to the established repute and time-honoured influence of the Country Gentleman move even you to indignant revolt?"

I was ever more desirous to soothe than to excite, to compose party

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

Mr. B. (*reads Doctor's directions*). "EH! WHAT'S THIS? INTERFERE WITH MY RIDING!—REDUCE MY THREE PER CENTS!!—CUT DOWN MY CHAMPAGNE!!!—'PON MY WORD!!!!"

and polemic differences, than to aggravate them. There are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. It is with this temper of mind, that I consider the subject which so aroused my friend Sir Roger's not unnatural wrath.

"I remember," said I, "listening to the proceedings of the County Sessions with much attention, and being infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws."

"And all that," cried the worthy Knight, hotly, "all that is to be changed, subverted, revolutionised, without reason, and, as the *St. James's Gazette*—an admirable journal, Sir, quite after my own heart!—rightly asserts, without necessity, and in the absolute absence of any call from the Country. Preposterous! Infamous! Unprecedentedly, wantonly gratuitous!"

"If I mistake not, Sir Roger," I pursued, in the same conciliatory tone, "you yourself were called upon to serve as Sheriff of the County when in your twenty-third year."

"I was," replied Sir Roger; "and I indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person), in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. I should not do so now, Sir. I should not do so now."

"Nay, Sir," said I, "it may well be that this Revolution, like some others, will be less in reality than in appearance, or will be limited and ameliorated by conditions and influences none the less potent and permanent because subtle, and, to the vulgar eye, perchance, invisible. The rascally red face of Revolution, like that of a blustering *Bardolph*, is often more threatening than formidable."

"Sir," cried the Knight, "a Country Gentleman of good descent and substantial estate, might of old, creditably and without loss of dignity, become a Justice of the Quorum, fill the Chair at Quarter Sessions, co-operate in County administration with his peers and the parson. But sit on these new-fangled County Councils cheek-by-jowl with the Tom Touchies, the republican Scribblers, the revolutionary Cobblers, and other the tagrag and bobtail of Mob-election? Never, Sir! Sir Andrew Freeport, with his trade instincts and republican doctrines, might find himself at home in such company, not a true Tory Squire, or sound Anglican divine."

"But surely, Sir Roger," said I, "a patriot's duty is to serve his misguided country in the worst pinch of her misfortunes, even at the cost of discomfort to himself. Could such an one as yourself for instance, be present at one of these projected County Councils, and perchance make such an impressive and inspiring harangue as I once heard you deliver at the County Assizes, how would he inform the assembly, give himself a figure in the public eye, keep up his credit in the County, abash *parvenu* insolence, crush crude conceit, and consequently checkmate and countervail the very dangers and disasters which your patriotic prevision marks from afar! Remember, Sir, what we agreed upon of old, that a Member of the Society we projected 'who should carefully employ himself in making room for merit by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from the conspicuous station of life to which they have sometimes been advanced, and all this without regard to his private interest,' would be no small benefactor to his Country."

Sir Roger fetched a deep sigh, and fell into a fit of musing.

"You know, Sir," I pursued, "that feuds between the wealthy and well-placed, though too frequent in this country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are so hardly brought to regard any truth, however important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe in it."

My friend's speaking countenance softened until it was scarcely more recognisable as the indignant visage I had lately looked upon than was the frowning and staring paint-transformed sign of the "Saracen's Head," as his own benign physiognomy. He was about to break forth into a discourse consonant, I am sure, with his changed expression, when the clarion of chanticleer welcoming the first glimmer of dawn that broke through the thick branches of the aged elms rendered necessary what, in parliamentary diction, would be designated an adjournment of the debate.

"Veary Viator" writes:—"Sir,—The other day, walking in the neighbourhood of Waltham Cross, I came suddenly upon the historic stones of Temple Bar, erected at the entrance of Theobald's Park. I have ascertained that this situation for our lumbering old obstructionist friend pleases some folks, but, for my part, I can only look upon its present position as '*Faute de Mieux*'."

Question to be put by Mr. Chaplin to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—"Are Towel-horses and Clothes-horses to be taxed?"

GEORGE JOKIN.

(*Chez Lui.*)

"I am very glad to see you," says the Comic Chancellor, as you enter his *sanctum*. "When you were ushered in you scarcely expected me to be a peer—I mean to appear?"

Call this a "Pleasure Horse!"

You bow gravely, while the Right Hon. Gentleman rings for one of his subordinates.

"My Laughing Secretary," he explains, when the young gentleman enters. "This kindly individual appreciates my jokes. I said to my visitor he scarcely expected me to be a peer—in mistake for to appear. You see the joke?"

Thus challenged, the new-comer bursts into a shout of merriment, and says the jest is of first-rate quality. On his retirement the Chancellor informs you that it is his *employé's* duty to listen to and applaud his jokes. For this he receives a princely salary.

"No sinecure post, I can assure you, although there's no writing about it, in spite of its being called *signy* cure! Perhaps you would not mind smiling yourself at my jokes in the absence of my Laughing Secretary. Thank you."

Then the Cabinet Minister becomes graver as he removes a covering from what appears to be a framed sampler.

"Here is my celebrated joke about Garrick being on the Spree when Mr. Wyndham, of the Criterion Theatre, was in Berlin.

"But have you not made another joke about Mr. Wyndham?"

"I have," returns the Comic Chancellor, modestly; "I said that although Mr. Wyndham was greatly liked at the Court Theatre in the Prussian capital, that might be said to be no Criterion."

"The Criterion is the name of Mr. Wyndham's London theatre, is it not?"

"Yes; and that was the pith of my pleasantry. Had Mr. Wyndham been the lessee, for instance, of the Haymarket, I should have been unable to have given so much point to my jest."

"How ever do you think of such clever things, with so many other matters to attend to—for instance the Budget and the Conversion Bill?"

"I really cannot tell you. They come to me spontaneously. I believe I have a gift for waggery."

"Have you any works of reference?"

"A great many—but my favourite assistant is Joseph——"

"Chamberlain?"

"No, *Miller*, dear *old Joe!*" and here the Comic Chancellor took down a well-worn volume labelled "*Joe Miller*."

"Have you made any recent puns?"

"Oh, yes. Only the other day when something was said about my taking a penny off the Income Tax, I observed I thought it ought to be called the Outgo Impost, as everyone had to pay it! I only took three days in contriving that impromptu."

"Really!"

At this point a servant gives the Comic Chancellor a card.

"Dear me, I am afraid I can afford you no more of my time. I have a pupil waiting for me—a well-known divine. I am sure you will excuse me." Then turning to the messenger, he adds, "Show his Grace into the study, and ask my Laughing Secretary to accompany me."

And as you leave this Home of Wit, you hear the grave tones of the Chancellor and his pupil, followed at intervals by the rather forced merriment of the Laughing Secretary.

THREE'S COMPANY.

In this month's *Men and Women of the Day*, Messrs. Barraud give, as the three "Contemporary Portraits," Miss Ellen Terry (first-rate—as always, either in or out of a picture), between the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and the eminent metaphysician Mr. Herbert Spencer. Our Joseph looks quite the Right Honourable, but unfortunately he is somewhat in the shade, which is most unusual for him; perhaps Messrs. Barraud wanted to give his otherwise life-like portrait a touch of novelty. The Metaphysical Third Party looks exactly what he is, a hard-headed, determined speculator—in the domain of psychology. *A propos* of speculation, Mr. Spencer himself records how, having dropped £4000 in bringing out his work on Sciology, he was compelled to stop it at Part VIII. He works for love, not gain, and from this portrait it may be gathered that there is not much Cupidity about this lover of Psyché.

"Mavor" Revised by Goschen.—"The Horse is a noble animal and very useful to"—the Exchequer.

LIABLE TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Ach, Fraülein! I haf von ze last Zett!!"

"Really, Herr Schmidt? Well, I heartily congratulate you on your great Feat!"

AN ADMIRALTY DITTY.

(Re-written up to Date.)

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
No doubt she did not understand
She soon might sing the sad refrain—
"What? Britannia? Britannia rule the waves?
Not while Britons trust to fools or knaves!"

When, spite the stock-prepared replies,
In practice everything goes wrong,
It cannot cause thee much surprise
To hear thus sung thy famous song—
"Poor Britannia!—she'll never rule the waves,
Till the Board fill their official graves!"

When ugly facts are hid away,
And half on paper sails thy fleet;
When published figures lead astray,
Who'll not thy new refrain repeat?—
"Blind Britannia! How can she rule the waves?
While to systems Britons will be slaves!"

And so, when foes, long watching thee,
Combined, together on thee fall,
Although "My Lords" may go scot free,
'Twill then be little use to bawl,
"What? Britannia? Britannia rule the waves?
Not while Britons swear by fools or knaves!"

C. B-r-sf-rd.

"Early Services."—According to a recent official circular, the L. C. & D. Company are setting a brilliant example to the clergy of all denominations by the earliness and frequency of their services at St. Paul's,—the Station not the Cathedral. The services to Camberwell, and a lot of places along that line, including Walworth—"the Company," says an American friend, "having found the experiment Wal worth the trouble"—commence at 4 15 A.M. And from Herne Hill to St. Paul's there's a service at 3·30 A.M. Up with the lark, forsooth! Why, the Lark's not "in it" with the L. C. & D. Co.! Well, well, we are but worms of the earth, and therefore bound to be caught and picked up by such an Early Bird as the L. C. & D. Co. These Early Services are indeed worthy of the very Earliest Christians.

ADAPTED TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sir,—I am watching the case of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with some anxiety, as, if it goes against the defendant, I shall find myself in an awkward predicament. I happen to have adapted for stage purposes, without asking the permission of the author, a popular Three-volume Novel. I must honestly say I think, in my own opinion, I have vastly improved it; but if, in spite of this, the decision now pending is given in favour of the originator of the work, what, I ask, is to become of me? For it seems that, though my right to dramatise the Novel will not be questioned, any attempt made by me to distribute their respective parts to the actors will be held illegal, and the sending a copy to the Lord Chamberlain will be absolutely forbidden. This, Sir, will place me under the necessity not only of teaching the actors orally, but oblige me to get hold of the Lord Chamberlain, and, whether he will or no, read the entire piece aloud to him. Now, how am I to execute the first portion of this task? Am I to button-hole first this actor and then that, and continue dinning their parts into their ears, until I think I have succeeded in leaving at least some of their words in their heads? What of the actor who is accustomed to study in bed in the morning? Am I to pounce on him before he gets up, and refuse to let him stir till he has heard me go through his part several times? The entire matter is beset with difficulties. Could I take the entire company on a pic-nic in an omnibus, and read the play to them the whole way there and back, or could I ask them all to dinner every day for a month, and get through as much as they would stand of it at a time at dessert?

Then as to the Licenser—how should I manage him? He, I fear, would be sure to resent a three-hours' reading. Would it be better to rush in, take him by storm, lock his door, and saying boldly, "No, it's no use calling for help; you are going to hear it," fire away, and get through it at one sitting as fast as I could, or should I drop in on him at odd moments like a sort of *Paul Pry*, and remarking pleasantly, "Now you'll hear a little bit more to-day, won't you?" get through the matter in instalments by sheer force of pushing, and taking him at a disadvantage when he's not expecting it?

But to tell you the truth, I am not at all sanguine about my success with the Licenser, even if I am able, which I don't exactly see how I shall be, to carry matters through successfully with the company. Perhaps though, the pending decision may not involve a recourse to some of the above suggestions. If, however, it does, I assure you, Sir, I shall think twice before I again meddle with the work of the mere Novelist, and invest it unsolicited with the dignity and originality that can alone be imparted to it by

Yours, at present in some dilemma,

The Dramatic Adapter.

ON THE LAWN.

(By a Puzzled Wooer.)

She's really very pretty
And graceful—not a doubt;
She's clever, too, and witty,
But I can't quite make her out.

I am her great admirer;
I think I could be more.
But I'm half afraid I tire her,
And she's thinking me a bore.

We're sitting here together;
To leave she's just refused.
So I think I'll ask her whether—
No—why's she so amused?

Her red lips, pursed demurely,
Enclose a smile within;
And levity is surely
Shown in her quivering chin.

Blue eyes, so bright and clever,
Sparkle beneath her hat—
I wonder now what ever
She can be laughing at

Her soft tones are delicious
As she turns again to speak;
But really I'm suspicious
Of that dimple in her cheek.

Her face is sweet, and round it
Fair hair twines (o'er her brow)
Like softest—there, confound it!
What can amuse her now?

Now she looks somewhat grander,
Which gives an added charm.
Who cares to understand her?
For laughter does no harm.

'Tis her saucy nature merely;
From mischief laughter flows.
I love her? Ah, how dearly!
Then shall I? Yes, here goes!

"Ossification of the Drama!"—The revival of the sporting racing play, *The Run of Luck*, at Drury Lane.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 26.—Budget Night. Goschen explained little provisions of his plan in speech three hours and three-quarters long. To be precise, speech took three hours and a quarter. Additional half-hour occupied by succession of apologies for length of speech. Brought down notes of his address in series of volumes of manuscript. At end of first three hours Members anxiously regarded diminishing pile on left hand of orator. Much cheered by discovery that there did not appear to be more than four volumes left. Some revulsion of feeling created by Ashmead-Bartlett at this moment bringing in fresh glass of water, making the sixth. But this happily proved to be excess of zeal. Ashmead remembers how, in far-off days, when he was about to make a speech, he used to smuggle in glasses of water in his hat. Never makes a speech now: draws quarterly salary instead. Has, therefore, no occasion for drawing water. But when let loose in service of Right Hon. friend, assiduity amazing. Jackson brought in supplies from other side; but Ashmead gave him a tumbler to start with, and then beat him. Goschen mopped it all up with avidity, first one side, then the other. Looked as if he were going to put tax on table water, and was laying in considerable stores at old rates.

A prodigious speech! half as long again as Ritchie's, and twice as intricate. Gladstone enjoyed himself accordingly. Only, as after disclosure of principles of Local Government Bill, half afraid he's played out.

"They won't want me any more, Toby," he said, when I saw him home as usual after an important speech; "and fact is, I should be afraid to go back. They are spoiling my hand by playing more boldly than I dare do. One week we have a Radical Local Government Bill, the next a Democratic Budget. When a Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer takes off the Hawkers' Licence and claps five shillings on champagne, he's what you may call burning the candle of Democracy at both ends."

T. B. Potter interested auditor. When Goschen came to section of his speech where he frothed up champagne sixpence a bottle, the countenance of roysterers sitting near fell. Potter's face, on contrary, illumined by sunny smile that cast roseate hue over broad folds of white waistcoat.

"Do you like to see champagne put up?" said Farquharson, eyeing him angrily.

"I don't care," said the patriarch of Rochdale. "*I've laid in a good stock, my boy*—all 1880."

"Laid in a Good Stock."

Business done.—Budget brought in

Tuesday.—Yesterday Old Morality announced that principal business at to-day's sitting would be adjournment. But they don't know everything down on the Treasury Bench. Much more business than that kept House at it up to very limits of possible extension of Morning Sitting. Quite a heavy debate on work of Land Commission in Ireland. Randolph said a few last words before Recess to comfort Ministry. So did Gladstone. This opened fresh opportunity for Arthur Balfour to show his profound scorn for Ireland and the Irish.

At last Orders run through, and, Motion for Adjournment over Holidays made. Then Irish Question broke out in fresh place. That pink of Irish chivalry, Tay Pay, came to the front, and bludgeoned Balfour.

J. F. X. O'Brien fixed Chief Secretary with his flashing eye. (Dick Power—Where is Dick Power, by the way?—once told me that X. in these initials stands for Executioner, O'Brien having twenty years ago, been sentenced to death for high treason.) Talk went on to half-past six, ten minutes to seven, if debate still in progress, House must needs meet again at nine. Easter Holidays in danger. House in such emergency looks trustfully to Old Morality. Evidently on the pounce this hour past. Came down at half-past six. William Redmond just risen to supplement Tay Pay's exhibition of what Ireland can produce in these degenerate days. Old Morality's extinguisher promptly popped on, and expectant holiday-makers breathed again.

"Looking Daggers."

From beneath extinguisher, truculent voice of Redmond exclaiming, "Why don't you let me answer the Chief Secretary?" Pretty to see Old Morality wink. Not used to indulge in such exhibitions of levity. But W. Redmond under extinguisher had so exactly hit the point. "Let him answer the Chief Secretary!" Why, if opportunity had been supplied, Chief Secretary would have been shattered, Government would have toppled down, and chaos would have come.

"Not if we know it," said Old Morality's wink, as plainly as if it spoke.

Closure carried. Motion for Adjournment agreed to. House went off for Easter Holidays.

Novelty in "Petit Pain."—Boulanger's New *Rôle*. Apply to the Boulangerie Co., Limited.

THE BUDGET.

Mr. Punch, Sir,—Having devoted one whole day to endeavouring to fathom the numerous mysteries of the last new Budget, which required more than four hours' elaborate description by its talented and knowing author to explain to an entranced House of Commons, I can now, Sir, in accordance with your suggestion, explain the whole matter so clearly and so explicitly, that the conventional Schoolboy can thoroughly comprehend it. The whole secret of its brilliant success is its simplicity. It was preceded, as we all know, especially unfortunate Bondholders, by the attempt to make the simplicity of the 3 per cents. more simple by reducing them to the still sweeter simplicity of 2¾, and the success of this brilliant idea being once assured, the rest followed as a matter of course.

First came the startling announcement that the great Magician from the land of Goshen had to deal with an enormous surplus of no less than £2,165,000! and the delighted House prepared to listen with rapture to the announcement of the many nuisances in the shape of taxes that were about to be remitted. But the great Magician waved his wand, and behold the whole of this enormous surplus, and something more, was to be devoted to the relief of something or somebody that his colleague, Mr. Ritchie, had tried to explain a few nights previously, though with only very partial success.

Having thus satisfactorily cleared the ground, first by creating an enormous surplus, and then by bidding it vanish into thin air, the political *Prospero* again set to work to conjure up an imaginary surplus to replace that so curiously disposed of, and here his genius for simplicity had full play. He first began by introducing the novel idea that all carts should be charged by weight, and proposed 2*s.* per cwt. as an experiment; but the Agricultural party groaning at this kindly suggestion, he at once consented to except agricultural carts, this distinction to be ascertained by the inscription on such carts in black letters on a white ground. "This here Cart is a agricultural one principally confined to Taters and Turmuts." This I was told in confidence by an Irish Member.

Another new idea had dawned upon the financial Wizard, so having taxed carts, he next proceeded to tax wheels, and that too at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* a wheel, if over 2 cwt. I am not a very experienced judge in these matters, but I should have thought that few cart-wheels would weigh over 2 cwt., but of course he knows what he was talking about. Brewers are to be treated rather severely, as they will be taxed both for weight and wheels, and will have to pay about £300,000! Poor Brewers! The next brilliant idea was to tax all pleasure horses 20*s.* each, and all racehorses £5 each; so racing Butcher boys will have to be careful. I am glad to see that the tax upon Hawking is to be altogether abolished, but I do pity the poor Duke of St. Albans, as I really do not see how they can continue his salary after that. Why poor Wine Merchants should have to pay 5*s.* per dozen on wine, if sold in bottles, and nothing at all if sold in flagons or hogsheads, I cannot understand, but rich financiers are always hard upon poor retailers.

The one point in the whole mysterious matter that I do understand thoroughly is that the Income Tax is to be reduced to the sweet simplicity of 6*d.* in the pound, which I am very much pleased with, as it makes the calculation of how much one has to pay so much more simple. I do not sufficiently understand about companies' registration fees, or stamps on foreign securities, to know how they will operate and on whom, but having devoted two hours to calculating how the new Budget will affect me, I arrive at the following result.

I possess £20,000 in the simple 3 per cents., which have produced me during the last twenty years £600 per annum, I will therefore say,

Income	£600	0	0
Loss on Conversion . . .	50	0	0
Tax on 1 Horse	1	0	0
" " 1 Carriage	1	0	0
" " 4 Wheels, at 2*s.* 6*d.* . .	0	10	0
" " Wine, at 5*s.* per dozen, say	1	10	0
	54	0	0
Saving 1*d.* in the Pound, Income Tax	2	5	10
Nett Loss	£51	14	2

With this startling result staring me in the face, I feel considerable difficulty in joining heartily in the chorus of praise of the Budget, that it took its author nearly four hours to explain, and the evil effects of which he could, of course, easily avoid by selling out his Consols a month ago, and laying in a heavy stock of bottled wine.

Joseph Greenhorn.

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THE ODD-EYED ONE.

A Story of a District Surveyor.

Of one Ezekiel Smith
I have a tale to tell;
A man of parts and pith;
I knew him well.

No man was more alert,
Or talkier, or gayer,
Of Deepdene-in-the-Dirt
District Surveyor.

Ezekiel had two eyes,
One blue, the other brown,
One seemed to scan the skies,
And one looked down.

A curious kind of squint!
And of these optics twain,
One read the smallest print
Without a strain!

The other had the range
Of a race-glass, but close
Saw nothing (which was strange)
Beneath his nose.

Odd-eyed Ezekiel
Inspected and surveyed,
And did it passing well;
Or so men said.

Local Authorities
Are men of nerve and phlegm;
The man of the odd eyes
Satisfied *them*.

The builders also thrived,
Exceedingly content.
So with the men who lived
Upon Ground Rent.

The tenants only—such
Are tenants!—did not smile.
They murmured very much,
And all the while.

They said the drains would smell,
They said the floors would creak,
They said the doors would swell,
The roofs would leak.

They are a cross-grained lot,
Are tenants. Smith, much bored,
Pooh-pooh'd their plaints as "rot,"
Their woes ignored.

At last a tenant came
To Deepdene-in-the-Dirt,
A humorist, his name
Was Peter Burt.

He very soon made friends
With everybody round.
A smiling wit—who spends—
Is seldom found.

He had a genial face,
Inclining men to chat,
He soon had all the place
Beneath his hat.

One day he gave a feed.
Churchwarden Michael Pott
Said, "This 'ere chap indeed
Well knows wot's wot."

"An excellent repast!"
Said Mr. Roach, the Rector.
"A 1," said Lemuel Last,
Nuisance Inspector.

As for the Odd-Eyed One,
He, with a swelling shirt,
Proposed—'twas neatly done—
The health of Burt.

He, toying with a peach,
Said, "Thanks! It is my glory
Never to make a speech.
I'll tell a story.

"Nature has wondrous ways;
In her all wit's embodied,"
He said, and fixed his gaze
Upon the Odd-Eyed.

"A man is not a fly,
Or so says Mr. Pope,
(Whose poems, by the bye,
You read, I hope,)

"But Nature can adjust
Man's vision to his need,
(You, all of you, I trust,
Your Darwin read,)

"You possibly might think
That man an optic ninny
Who could *not* see—that shrink,
And *could*—this guinea."

(He pointed to the door
Whereon a yawning crack
Gaped half an inch, or more,
In zig-zag track.)

"But if he had two eyes
Of quite unequal range,
'Twould lessen one's surprise,
'Twould seem less strange.

"An eagle orb applied
(Unblinkered by a fee)
To plaster gaping wide
Is *bound* to see.

"A wall not underpinned,
Foundations of foul slime,
Such eye is sure to find,
In proper time.

"But if the mole-eye's used
On Jerry-work (of him
Who 'tips' hath *not* refused)
Its vision's dim.

"Muck-mortar, crumbling brick,
Bad drainage, fetid nook,
A sight not long or quick
May overlook.

"Whilst it, perchance, perceives
The fee which—unawares—
The Jerry-builder leaves
Upon the stairs.

"Nature, my worthy friends,
Will join the bat and lynx
To gain her wondrous ends.
Ah! she's a sphinx.

"I know a man——but stay!
My *dear* Ezekiel.
What *is* the matter, pray?
You don't look well."

The Odd-Eyed One, indeed,
Had fallen in a fit.
This broke up Burt's Big Feed,
His guests did flit.

Ezekiel "came round,"
But what struck some as strange,
His health, he straightway found,
Required a change.

He was not long a stayer
At Deepdene-in-the Dirt,
And—well, its new Surveyor
Is Peter Burt.

AUSTRALIA VICTRIX.

Victoria is starting its own Fleet, with a line-of-battle ship, several gunboats, a cruiser or two, and torpedo craft. Very crafty—and very pretty too! More power to her elbow—also her Melbourne! England and Australia will in the future have a sort of dual control of the Southern Seas. Perhaps in our European wars, if we have any, we shall be aided by an Australian naval contingent, as well as a military one—only can a thing which exists be called *contingent?* And if some of the ships were sunk, would the rest be styled a "contingent remainder"? Naturally the biggest island in the world has the biggest coast-line, and so needs the largest fleet. Then will follow a healthy rivalry—New South Wales will try to vie with Victoria—Queensland will try to out-torpedo both. Federation is the thing—to prevent the different Australian Colonies from being at Southern Cross-purposes when they all have their own navies.

The Cry of the Connoisseur.

I like a good Jan Van Beers, I do,
I'm partial to true Jan Van Beers;
But when I'm informed that his pictures in hosts
Are signed by his Valet and painted by "ghosts,"
I cry out on false Jan Van Beers!

Tout de Sweet.—Mr. Pinero, the clever author of *Sweet Lavender*, complains, in a letter to Mr. Moy Thomas, who commands the *Daily News* Theatrical Column, that our genial contributor, "A Nasty One," has found a fault with his play because Mr. Terry, as a Barrister, robes in his Chambers in the Inner Temple, and wears his bands, or "band" (as Mr. Pinero prefers to call them) over his scarf. Mr. Pinero suggests that now the Law Courts are moved from Westminster to the Strand all the Chancery men robe in Chambers, and only a few Common Law men use the robing-room. Mr. Pinero is wrong. Long before Westminster (*quâ* Law Courts) was abolished, the Equity men, having to practise in Lincoln's Inn, robed in their Chambers, but the vast majority of the Common Law men on the active list then, as now, assumed their wigs and gowns in the Courts of Justice. But this is a very small matter. "Surely," adds our genial contributor, himself a barrister with a rare practice, "Mr. Pinero should be satisfied with my unqualified approval of his capital Comedy—a piece which, it will be seen (by reference to "A Nasty One's" notice of the play), only requires a little re-arrangement to become practically perfect."

Petting at Petty Sessions.—According to the *Essex County Chronicle*, the Brentwood Magistrates must be amusing persons. A few days since a labourer was brought up before three of them, Messrs. Peter (in the chair), Ind, and Lescher, charged with stealing six pounds of beef, and dismissed. To quote our contemporary, the Bench "gave him the benefit of the doubt, the Chairman warning him to be more careful in the future." No doubt, in "reported cases" this decision will rank with the celebrated verdict, "Not guilty, but don't do it again." From his proneness to blow people up it might be thought that the full name of the Chairman should be Salt Peter, were it not evident that Simple Peter or Peter Simple would be equally appropriate.

A RESPONSIBILITY.

"Oh—a—I 'm going to a Fancy Ball as *Dawn*, you know. What kind of Material would you suggest for a Gown?"

TO OUR VOLUNTEERS.

"Form, form, Riflemen, form!
  Form, and prepare to protect your Queen!"
But not upon Wimbledon Common, dear boys,
For Villadom's big-wigs it greatly annoys,
  And moveth George Ranger to spleen.
Spite of stinginess, snub, and official rebuke,
  Form!—It's your duty to Country and Queen.
But if you seek aid from a great Royal Duke,
  By George, you *must* be jolly green!
No, shift the rifle-range, pack up the tent:
You *might* fight the Russian, you *cannot* fight Rent!

A VOICE FROM PATNA.

"Justice to"—no, not Ireland, though there is a Pat in Patna—but justice to Mr. Tayler, of Patna, is what every Englishman must demand of the Government. The *Times*, in the course of a powerful article, stating the case clearly last Friday, told us that Mr. Commissioner Tayler is now eighty-one years of age, and, on the principle "It is never too late to mend," appeals to the Government to remove the stigma on Mr. Tayler, and "redress the great and scandalous injustice of which," for thirty years, "he has been the victim." All who have read the narrative will say the same; and *Mr. Punch* trusts that the present Government will lose no time in giving us a splendid illustration of "*Sartor Resartus*."

A REMINISCENCE.

Champagne Goschen is my name!
  Champagne Goschen is my name!
Good for any sort of tax, dear boys,
Put it on to wheels and pleasure hacks, my boys.
  Champagne Goschen is my name!
  Beautiful to look on is my game!
Good for any sort of tax, my boys!
Oh, that's the little game of Jokin' G.!

"Happy Returns."—Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry reappear on Saturday next at the Lyceum. They have come back in excellent health and spirits, although he is feeling uncommonly dollarous. Miss Ellen is brimming over with good stories about all parts, even the wildest, of America. In fact she is quite a new edition of *Backwoods Misselleny*.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

(*Imitated, at a respectful distance, from Owen Meredith's "Madame La Marquise."*)

The folds of her short-skirted latter-day dress
  Spread over her *chaise-longue*, fall on fall,
As she lounges in languorous loveliness,
  With a smile—and a frown—for all.

On her petulant face there's a boding shade,
  As her Phrygian cap in the air she flings.
She is hardly at home with herself, I'm afraid:
  In the firelight sparkle her rings.

As she lolls,—peevish fire in her Pompadour eyes
  The long, sleepy, soft silken lashes beneath;
Through her Rahab-thread lips, stirred to pettish replies,
  Breaks the gleam of white tigerish teeth.

As she lolls,—where your eye, by her beauty subdued,
  Droops—from under the drapery scanty and slight
The neatest of feet, *sabot*-slipper'd, protrude,
  Till one shoe she flings off—as in spite.

As one bends o'er her bosom to tell her the news,
  A *moue mutine* she makes; she is charmingly *chic*.
But what, had she really the power to choose,
  She would fix upon, vainly you'll seek.

So she sits in the fire's swiftly-flickering light,
  With a flickering smile, like Spring sunshine on flowers;
Ennuyée to death, you would say, weary quite
  Of life and its pleasures and powers.

What next? What new *amant* or *mode* may she try?
  What fashion for her has a permanent charm?
The purple, the tricolor? Peace will she cry,
  Or rouse at the summons to arm?

Attractive she is to the coldest beholder,
  A beauty to fascinate even her foes;
But that fidgety foot, and that petulant shoulder,
  Speak much more of pique than repose.

For Imperial sunlight some swear she is made,
  To loll upon purple with insolent smile;
Yet fanatics of freedom and servants of trade
  Have successfully wooed—for a while.

Can you find out her heart through that silk or that lace?
  You have seen her in every description of dress;
She'll show Amazon bosom, or Bacchanal face,
  But what her heart's like can you guess?

She has tried every man, every *mode* in her world,
  Soft Imperial sin, fierce Republican passion;
Still her weary red lips are with discontent curled;
  Is she thinking of changing the fashion?

She is fair!—but, when angered, she yearns to taste blood;
  She is sweet—but there's flame in her Lamia kiss.
Will Mars or will Mænad next master her mood?——
  Is it worth while to guess at all this?

The Grammar of Dissent.—The Scotch Professor—there is only one, and his name is Blackie—has broken out again; this time on the subject of grammar. He says, "Everybody who was ever worth anything" wrote bad grammar—which is quite true. There are lots of men worth thousands who have risen—risen from the ranks—far above Lindley Murray. The Professor doesn't believe in grammar—he "believes in soul." This is really spirited. Evidently Dr. Blackie is the grandly contradictory sort of personage who would prefer the "three are *nots*" to the "three R's."

MOST IMPORTANT;

OR, HOW WE INTERVIEW NOW.

(*Despatch from our Extra-Special High-Pressure Correspondent.*)

Paris, *April* 1.

I am writing this, hurriedly, in a dark and draughty corner of General Boulanger's corridor. I am writing it on a peculiar page—I may say a page of history. In other words, one of the General's pages, a little Hebrew in buttons, is "making a back" for me, upon which I write, as on a table. Should this MS. be difficult to decipher, you will understand that it is because the page's back is not so steady as it might be. It is, in fact, queerly convulsed at irregular intervals, *almost as though the little Hebrew in buttons were laughing at me!* But that, of course, cannot be!

The General receives in single file, as though his interviewers were Casuals, or applicants at a Soup Kitchen. To each visitor he accords a special *tête-à-tête*. But with those he receives first he converses for a longer period than with others. I was not among those he received first.

When I passed into the salon, I found the General alone, standing looking at a lot of photographs of himself. His motto is evidently *Nosce teipsum*. His back was turned towards me as I entered. He did not change his position while I remained. He simply glanced over his left shoulder at me now and again, *almost with courtesy*. His back is a very striking one, singularly expressive in its shrugs; emphatically the back of a Frenchman with a future in front of him, and an interviewer behind him.

"Shall you go to the Nord yourself, M. le Général?" I began.

"Ah," with a shrug of the shoulder, "that is *my* affair. It is a great principle on which I take my stand. That principle may or may not require my presence. If I go, I go. Otherwise, not."

I bowed my thanks for this important confidence. "May I ask you to define a principle?" I pursued.

"He who can rightly divide and define, is a god," said the General, oracularly. "Some Greek philosopher said so, did he not? I am *not* a god."

"Ah, Général!" I cried, deprecatingly, "the people are of a different opinion. At least you are an *idol*. Anyhow, can you give me your idea of Revision?"

(With explosive animation.) "That is my secret. I keep it to myself. Don't you wish you may get it?"

Again I thanked him with effusion for his exceeding candour. The General seemed more interested in the toe of his boot than in me. I hoped there was no connection in his mind between the two subjects. But, from prudential motives, I backed nearer to the door. I proceeded.

"Can you at least tell me if you contemplate abolition of the Senate, or any change in the constitution of that body?"

"I am constitutionally contemplative," he replied, looking at his plain honest *bourgeois* face in a mirror. "Make what you can of that. I can't tell you any more."

"Pardon me, M. le Général, if I say that your attitude—a very fine one, and most military, I am sure—reminds me of Mr. Gladstone when people try to draw him with regard to Home Rule plans. He says he won't be led into a trap."

"The Old Parliamentary Hand is right," said the General. "I'm only a Young Parliamentary Hand, but you won't play the political palmist with me, I can tell you. I'm not going to give myself away" (with growing animation, and swinging his right foot almost excitedly). "Why should I? If you declare your plans, they are riddled before they are ripe. I shall *unriddle* them myself—when the time comes. I prefer to play Œdipus to my own Sphinx. I've already put my policy into a nutshell, which let them crack who can. If I claimed to be the Saviour of Society I should be a madman; if I didn't make ready for that *rôle* I should be a fool."

"Delphic, indeed!" said I. "And now, as to the state of the Army, Général?"

"Subject tabooed!" said the General, curtly. "Besides, I'm a civilian now, you know."

"On only the retired list, M. le Général," said I, with native archness. "Free to play the Gambetta in Politics; free also, at a military crisis, to play the Napoleon in the field. I think you've scored twice there."

"Got 'em both," said the General, epigrammatically, looking at a comic billiard-sketch on the wall.

"And meanwhile, M. le Général," said I, insinuatingly, "what shall you *do*?"

"I shall reserve my plans, and I shall *wait*. *You needn't*," he added, with emphasis, turning towards me, for the first time, *right foot foremost*.——I didn't!

BISMARCK FORBIDS THE BANNS!

Elementary Teachers.—Bitter Easterly winds, Blackthorn winter, cold, frost, snow, and hailstorms, sleet, cyclones, and blizzards.

MR. PUNCH'S VERY QUEER STORIES.

PROFESSOR GUINEAFAT'S FIRST LECTURE.

It was a pleasant and select party that was assembled at the Shambles. The occasion was a remarkable one. Professor Sambo Guineafat, the newly-appointed Oxford Lecturer, was to deliver on the morrow his first popular address in the neighbouring market town of Bulkbury.

Now the Professor was altogether a distinguished and notable personage. Born in Africa, he had fallen early into the clutches of a *troupe* of wandering Negro Minstrels, who brought him to this country as a speculation, and all the impressions of his earlier years were acquired in the company of these musical children of his race, in whose performances he had taken a part, and whose lot, cast as it was in the rambling life of the caravan, he had shared.

From this, though, it must be added, at the time somewhat against his will, he was rescued by an enterprising agent of a local School Board, who, attracted by his peculiarly rich laugh and singular power of repartee, as evinced in his introduced conversations with the Banjo Man in the entertainment, foresaw how, if these gifts were properly utilised, they might be made to subserve the noblest purposes of educational advancement. Nor was the agent disappointed. Sambo Guineafat rapidly distinguished himself, and, securing a Triple First at Durham, in a very short time attracted the notice of the older University. The Chair of Phlebotomy fell vacant. The authorities offered it to him. He accepted it with alacrity, and was installed forthwith.

So Sambo Guineafat, M.A., filled the Oxford Chair, and as Sir Chivey and Lady Shivers introduced him to the select circle assembled to meet him in the great drawing-room at the Shambles, and they surveyed his dignified bearing, his faultless black suit, gold eye-glasses, carefully-brushed hair, and general professorial completeness, they could not but admit that, but for his rich black colour, he was as good and real a Don as any who at that moment happened to be parading the High Street of the great University town itself.

"You will take Miss Flyte in to dinner, Professor," remarked Lady Shivers, with an arch smile.

The Professor, who was discussing some abstruse theories of evolution with a scientific celebrity, gave a courtly bow, and offered the middle-aged lady referred to his arm. She had been standing coyly by, listening in rapt attention to his learned discourse, and blushed as she accepted the proferred gallantry. This fair though washed-out creature was the Governess of the household, and, during the Professor's short stay, had assisted him in his search for books in the library. He had spoken to her enthusiastically of his early African experiences. So the charm had been wrought. The swarthy University *Othello* had captivated the worshipping, scantily auburn-haired *Desdemona*. She felt that, were he to ask her, she could share with him his Professorial chair.

Only that very morning, when handing him a volume of *Blair's Sermons*, he had said, "Why, Missie, why do you call 'im 'Professor'? Why do you not call 'im 'Sambo'?" She had only replied, "Oh, Mister Sambo, how can you go on so!" and he had laughed a low rich guttural "Yeogh, yeogh, yeogh!" in response. She knew from, that hour, if she so willed it, she could win him. So, when Lady Shivers, whose quick feminine instinct had divined in which quarter the wind was blowing, had consigned her to his charge at dinner with a significant nod, she blushed.

"You are not nervous about to-morrow's lecture?" she asked, looking up at him with what was intended to be a little *moue*.

"No, Missie, 'im berry fit! 'Im never was more fit, Missie. Yeogh! yeogh! yeogh!" And he laughed again richly and deeply. Then they went in to dinner.

The entertainment went off as such entertainments generally do. There were awkward pauses at first. Still, as the "tinned" oysters and salmon and "canned rabbit," began to be washed down by the sweet, cheap, but rather heady, champagne, upon which Sir Chivey had not scrupled to regale his guests, the conversation gradually became general, and the Politics of the country, the state of the crops, the sporting prospects, the forthcoming Lecture, were all tossed helter-skelter together in the general onflow of the talk. Suddenly there came a pause, which left Lady Psyché Raffrail in complete possession of the field. She happened to be describing to her neighbour, Captain Washover, the performance of some Christy Minstrels she had seen at the Fair at Bulkbury that very afternoon.

"You really must see them, Captain," she was saying. "They are far and away the best Niggers I have ever seen. You know I go in for the banjo a little bit, but their right-hand man was so splendid on it that, really, he has quite taken the conceit out of me. I don't think I shall ever try to touch it again."

"By Jove!" responded the Captain gallantly. And then the interrupted flow of conversation again burst out on all sides, and was about to rattle on as merrily as ever, when it was suddenly arrested by the general attention being called in the direction of the Professor, who, with a dazed far-off stare, gazed, as if in some absorbed trance, at the Lady Psyché, and then, as if overmastering some powerful inward emotion, he addressed her in a husky voice—

"You saw dem Niggers playing at de fair, Maarm?" he asked, in a voice trembling with smothered emotion.

"Oh! yes, Professor, and very good they were, and they are going on with their performances now, no doubt; though I hear the Fair closes to-night," she added, with an inconsequent little laugh.

Then the conversation once more became general. The Professor, however, took no part in it. He sat in his seat as one thunderstruck, overwhelmed as if with some resistless inward reflection that compelled him to silence. Amidst the general hilarity of the table his condition passed unnoticed, but Miss Flyte had quickly detected it. She endeavoured to rouse him by directing his attention to the aspic of turkey's eggs that the servant was handing him. He made no reply, but, with his eyes steadily fixed before him, kept mumbling to himself.

Miss Flyte listened. She thought she caught the words, "Oh! Golly! Golly! Oh! Jehoshaphat! 'Im a berry good corner-man." Then she grew alarmed. She connected the weird change that had come over him with the mention of the Nigger Minstrels, and an unaccountable sickening sense of fear possessed her. At that moment the ladies rose. He was still mumbling "Oh! Golly! Golly!" absently to himself, and did not even notice her departure.

Cigars were produced. The smoke seemed at length to rouse the Professor from his reverie. He rose, and addressed his host.

"I think, Saar, I will just take a turn on the terrace. 'Im berry fine evening," he continued, approaching the window.

"Do, by all means," responded the genial Sir Chivey, hospitably shutting out his University guest in the bleak and sleet-driving October night.

In another minute the Professor was darting over the flower-beds in the direction of the Great Park Gates. At length these were passed. The lights of the market town shone in the near distance.

"Oh, Golly! Golly! oh, Jehoshaphat!" he cried, throwing up his arms wildly. "How 'im 'ab longed to meet dem Niggers; but 'im will to-night. Yeogh! Yeogh! Yeogh! But 'im will to-night."

Then, in leaps and bounds, dashing over ditches, past copses, and through hedgerows, the newly-elected Oxford Professor flew on the wings of the night, and, with eager gaze, in breathless haste, made straightway for the Market Fair at Bulkbury.

* * * * *

It was late in the evening now. There were shouts of uproarious merriment issuing from the principal booth, the crowded approaches to which showed that some unusual attraction within had evidently succeeded in suiting the public taste. A pale lady, with scanty auburn hair, whose dinner-dress was concealed by an old ulster, had just paid her two-pence at the doors, and entered the back of the reserved seats. This was Miss Flyte. When the gentlemen had joined the ladies the Professor had been missed, and the incident of the Terrace having been mentioned, she had, with a terrible instinct, conjectured *where she should find him*. She had crept out of the house, and, to verify her worst suspicions, made for the Christy Minstrel Show. With a terrible sense of shame and fear she cast her eyes towards the platform. She knew the worst. There, partly disguised with a huge burlesque white tie and collar, a long swallow-tailed white and red striped coat trimmed with buttons as large as muffins, going through frantic gesticulations and antics with the bones, so inspired with frenzy that they seemed to work up his audience to uncontrollable heights of enthusiasm, in the corner seat sat the Professor of Phlebotomy. And the whole forces of his nature, pent up for years in artificial restraints, appeared to have broken loose at last in one gigantic rush. The training of his early youth triumphantly vindicated itself. His bursts of wild and exuberant humour knew no bounds.

As Miss Flyte leant pale and staggering for support against the damp canvas back of the tent, he again broke into a rich chuckle and interrogated one of his brother minstrels with a banjo.

"When, Massa," he asked, "am a pigeon, not a pigeon? You give 'im up? Den I tell you. Yeogh! yeogh! yeogh It is when 'im am, Saar, a pigeon-pie!"

Thunders of applause followed this sally. Then he seemed fairly possessed. But matters culminated at last. At a call from the audience he threw himself into the fantastic extravagances of an *impromptu* clog-dance with such unrestrained gusto and aplomb, that he regularly brought down the house. After this Miss Flyte could witness the terrible sight no longer. She crept back to her room at the Shambles by a back way, but she knew that she had lost her Professor for ever.

When inquiries were made for him next morning at breakfast, she kept her secret. Meantime, the *troupe* of Christy Minstrels had moved on to another and a distant market-town with their

new recruit. At eleven o clock the Town Hall was packed with an expectant throng, but the Professor did not put in an appearance. There was search and inquiry for him, but the Committee were reluctantly compelled to admit that they "did not know what had become of him." "It's very awkward," they said; and the audience had sulkily to disperse.

And so ended what should have been Professor Guinrafat's First Lecture.

THE HAYMARKET POMP-ADORERS.

It is not an easy matter to exactly classify *The Pompadour* amongst the entertainments of the present time. I think I should not be very wide of the mark in describing it as "an almost extinct *Opéra Bouffe*"—that is, an *Opéra Bouffe* from which some violent convulsion, caused by the strongly antagonistic dramatic forces known as Wills and Grundy, had expelled nearly all the sprightly dialogue, the flowing rhythm, the comic couplets, the choruses and dances, and left only some broken poetry and ancient witticisms, the remains of a pretty ballet (in perfect preservation), one struggling for existence, the damaged materials of a comic trio called *Brookfield-Voltaire*, *Diderot-Vollaire*, and *Grimm-aldi-Allan*, one lonely, plaintive air trying to bloom alone in the Third Act, and a few shreds of Mr. Hamilton Clarke's melodramatic orchestration.

"A faithful picture of the manners of a period in French History" as presented on the stage of the Haymarket.

However, if this description be deemed inadequate, then I should call this piece of powder and patchwork not an effect of collaboration, but the result of a compromise between Messrs. Wills and Grundy.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree cannot be too heartily congratulated on his treatment of this Compromise when it was once in his hands. Poet and Humorist had done their work,—all the difference between "work" and "play,"—there was some tall writing, rather poetic than otherwise, and there were some rare old jokes,—one of them at all events older even than Voltaire himself, into whose mouth it is put, and which, during his visit to England, he probably heard told as a good story of what Lord Rochester once said to King Charles, when the latter spoke of himself as "the Father of his people," and which, perhaps, Messrs. Wills and Grundy may have remembered as always welcome whenever the play of *Charles the Second* (which used to be a great favourite with amateurs, *Captain Copp* being a highly popular character), was performed. The work also offered a fair chance of arriving somehow or other at a striking *tableau* at the end of each Act.

Colley-Cibber-Voltaire-Brookfield.

While Mr. Tree was thinking it over, there came a knock at the door. "Come in, Carr!" exclaimed the humorous Lessee of the Haymarket, and Com-ing Carr did. In a second this astute ex-governor of the Grosvenor saw what to do with The Compromise, and those who were to be the real collaborators were summoned. To work they went, and, at the descent of the curtain on the *première*, all the collaborators, Messrs. Telbin and Johnstone, scene-painters, the designing Karl, the executors (of the Wills), L. and H. Nathan costumiers, Collinson and Lock the Pompadour upholsterers, Katti Lanner the dancing-mistress, Clarkson the great Wig Minister, and the Machinist, Mr. Oliver Wales,—"gallant little Wales,"—should have been summoned before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the first-night audience on their individual and combined success.

Rarely has such a series of Pompadour pictures been seen on the stage. I question whether the courtier on the left side of the stage is wearing quite the right sort of buckle in his left shoe, and I should be disposed to doubt the strict accuracy of an inch of the trimming worn by the lady who stands at the back of the stage, almost hidden by Miss Rose Leclercq, who is the most winning and charmingly graceful figure, and the one experienced actress in all that crowd. I venture to draw the attention of Messrs. H. and L. Nathan to the third button of *Colley Cibber's*, no, I mean *Voltaire's*—*Voltaire*, mind, not *Vollaire*,—otherwise absolutely perfect waistcoat. Evidently the proverbial "*politesse de Louis Quinze*," was only a satirical phrase for the rudeness with which the courtiers treated one another at that period, that is, if the picture of life and manners, sayings and doings of *Louis the Fifteenth's* court, as shown at the Haymarket, are to be taken as seriously representing history. But I don't believe it does: I am still inclined to my first expressed opinions, that these materials are the remains of an extinct *Opéra Bouffe*, and should there be any doubt in Mr. Tree's mind as to the lasting attraction of The Compromise—there can be none as to the durability of the stuffs, which are of the richest and finest quality—one move is open to him, and it is this: let him call in Mr. *Dorothy* Stephenson, and Mr. Cellier, who has unpublished operas in his head, or in his desk,—not that I would intentionally suggest any comparison between the two receptacles,—let him engage Arthur Roberts, in the absence of Mr. Fred. Leslie, to play *Narcisse-on-the-Grin-goire*, and with Miss Florence St. John for *La Plumpadour*, the merry *Opéra Bouffe* would run "it might be for years, it might be for ever!" *À propos* of musical treatment, the prettiest thing in the piece is the song charmingly and most pathetically warbled by Mrs. Tree in the Third Act.

The Queen of France and Diamonds.

Jack-in-the-Box.

Jokinana.—George Jokin (who has been to see the revival of the *Run of Luck* at Drury Lane), is greatly pleased with the performances at the National Theatre. He says that "Not only are the cheaper parts of the house full every night, but also, as *might have been expected*, the dearer portions. The horses *were of course sure to look after their own stalls and boxes!*" He added, "You may well call it *Drury Lane*, as I never was more *delighted in my life!*"

THE WORST OF BEING TOO FUNNY.

Cheekstons (who is of a decidedly humorous turn). "I *say*, Old Man, that *was* a stuck-up set of Prigs at Old Brown's last night! By Jove, though—I *did* manage to Score off them a bit, eh!"

Host (his fervent admirer). "I believe you, my Boy! They *all* said what a beastly little Cad you were, when you 'd gone. And if you 'd have stopped Five Minutes later, you 'd have had a *regular Triumph*—for Old Brown was going to *Kick you Down Stairs!*"

MY PLAY.

Sir,—Having for some time past been devoting the whole of my time to the writing of a work intended for production on the stage, it is, I confess with some chagrin and no little astonishment, that I find I am unable to meet with a single Manager who is willing to accept it. And what makes this reluctance the more remarkable is the testimony borne almost universally to the excellence of my play by the leading Actors and Managers to whom I have submitted it. You can see from the following specimens which I subjoin, with what a general chorus of welcome and approval they have hailed my work. If, after reading these you are able to furnish me with any explanation to account for the fact that I have not only not been set upon on all sides with a view to the production of my piece, but have not even had one single application calculated to lead to any negotiation about the affair whatever, I need scarcely add I shall be glad to receive it. I herewith also enclose the plot in full, as I think it may interest you.* Begging your attentive perusal of the highly flattering opinions of my work which I append hereto, I desire to subscribe myself, Your much-surprised and disappointed correspondent,

Ben-Brinsley Shakspeare.

"I have read your piece, and have been quite carried away by it. The writing is magnificent. What a part, too, is that Policeman's!"—Wilson Barrett.

"A fine play. You ought to meet with no difficulty in finding some one ready to build you a theatre to produce it."—Henry Neville.

"Subtle, majestic, and immensely humorous. If it were not for that procession of elephants in the Seventh Act, I might have looked at the part of that Arabian thimble-rigging fellow myself."—J. L. Toole.

"Your five heroines are charming. I should like to play them all."—Madge Kendal.

"I never read such a piece in my life. Take my advice—write another."—Willie Edouin.

"The character of the Doge is grandly conceived, and his death in the hydraulic machine ingenious. I congratulate you."—Beerbohm Tree.

"A fine play. You certainly can *write*. Your dialogue alone ought to bring any house down."—Arthur Cecil.

"I 'm sure it 's quite splendid."—Lottie Venn.

"Very catching. Ought to go with a roar."—Nellie Farren.

"Full of rich tragic material. It has greatly impressed me."—William Rignold.

"First-rate; and what a chance for a clown in the last three Acts!"—Harry Payne.

"Powerful and sportive. That cataract scene alone ought to carry it through."—Henry Kemble.

"Strong in situation, terse in diction, and eminently dramatic, it ought to make the fortunes of half-a-dozen Managers. I regret, however, I can not produce it at the Lyceum."—Henry Irving.

"An excellent play. Altogether a very high-class piece of work. There are heaps of money in it. I am afraid, though, it is not suited to our requirements."—W. H. Kendal.

"A tip-top Drama, the takings of which, I should say, would be tremendous. I am sorry, though, I can't see my way to putting it up at Drury Lane."—Augustus Harris.

"Re-written, reconsidered, and reconstructed, it ought to cut up into at least five Comic Operas. I enjoyed it much."—Carl Rosa.

"Offers a great and unique chance. Why not take a theatre, and produce it yourself? Shall I see you on the subject. There's a part in it which, worked up a bit, might suit me."—Gilbert Farquhar.

* We have purposely omitted this, not wishing to discount the delight that the Public will probably feel on seeing the play when it is produced.—Ed.

Mr. Goschen's Home-Rule Policy.—His Plan of Champagne.

WHAT NEXT?

LATEST FROM ABYSSINIA.

"The Negus has retired into the Interior."

CHAMBERLAIN TO THE CAUCUS.

Was it for this I moulded "the Machine,"
Boiler and shafting, cylinder and piston,
That it should dare, out of pure party spleen,
Not to do any work that *I* insist on?
"A tatur stand on end at being biled?"
Bigelow, that's nothing to the Caucus kicking
At its creator—me! I'm really riled,
And *somebody* will have to take a licking.
Is the Caucusian indeed played out?
Nay, boys of Brummagem, they shall not baulk us,
I'll boss a *new* Machine, Unionists shout:—
"The Caucus (then) is dead; long live—the Caucus!"

NOT OUT OF THE WOOD.

(*A Page from an Anti-Whine Diary.*)

10 A.M.—As a Member of the Society to Watch Inebriates, I accepted an invitation to lunch with my friend Clarence Lush, who is a well-known habitual drunkard. The last time I saw my friend was a little late one night, or rather morning, at the Good Constitution Club, when he was asleep, and where I explained to him the story of a Three Act Drama I contemplated writing. He was then certainly intoxicated—very intoxicated—for he declared that what I had been telling him was "bosh." I hope he is better now. I shall take this Note-book, and, if possible, jot down my observations under the table.

11 A.M.—Have just sat down to breakfast with Clarence. He is as sober as a judge. We commenced the meal with a soda and brandy a-piece. So far from getting into our heads, it steadied us.

11·30.—Still quite right. Clarence most amusing. We have been trying various clarets, but without feeling the lightest—I mean slightest—ill effects.

12 noon.—Just had little *Punch à la Romaine*. Very good stuff. No sort of bad 'fect—I mean ef-fect—though why shouldn't call 'fect—don't know.

1 P.M.—Watching Lush carefully. We both taken lot of wine—yes, lot of wine. But whaterthat? Whaterthat?

2.—I'm happy—no, mean, ver unhappy! Making thish note unner table. Watched carefully. You're quite sober. You're sober as I am. Splendid 'sperment. Tired—going 'shleep.

New Reading of Shakspeare, Suggested by Mr. Goschen's Conversion Scheme.—"When shall we Threes meet again?"

MOT BY M. CLÉMENCEAU.

Dished, by a mediocrity! Great Heaven!
Méline is fifty, I'm but forty-seven!
"Youth will be served," the athletes say. No doubt!
But in my case, alas! youth is served—out!

SHOOTING NIAGARA.

It appears that on a recent occasion the crowds thronging to see M. Philippoteaux's famous picture of "*Niagara*" were so excessive, and on being appealed to by the authorities to "circulate," so absolutely disinclined to budge a single inch, that order had to be restored by the intervention of the Police, who finally established it by clearing the entire building. With a view, however, to dealing with further possible invasions, likely to result from the growing attractiveness of the show, Mr. John Hollingshead, its ever business-like and spirited Manager, intends, it is said, to issue the following notice, which certainly seems calculated to minimise the nuisance of which it professes to dispose.

Caution to the Public.

Every responsible person presenting himself for admission will be called upon to sign a contract at the door undertaking for himself, and if necessary for his family or the party accompanying him, not to pause for a single moment to gaze at any portion of the Cyclorama, but to keep moving continually *at a steady trot* through the building, which must be preserved uniformly from the moment of passing the turnstile to that of reaching the door of exit.

As this will probably necessitate some physical exertion, invalids and the infirm and aged, unless accompanied by their family solicitor, or by some other respectable person who will be responsible for their keeping up the pace, are warned off.

To ensure the unceasing and lively continuance of this movement, it will be supervised by an able body of Police provided with truncheons, assisted by picked and experienced Guardsmen, armed with fixed bayonets.

There will be a short comprehensive lecture every minute and a half, giving the history of America from the earliest times to the arrival of Columbus, the details of the War of Independence, the strife between North and South, the history of Canada, and the Statistics of the Fisheries and general population. As this will be shouted almost continuously, from a speaking-trumpet, every visitor, though hurrying along on his round, will probably catch some of it.

No flying questions may be put to the man in the rostrum. Anyone putting the lecturer out by his interruption, will himself be immediately put out by the Police.

It is believed that, by a strict adherence to the above regulations, the whole of the sight-seeing public of the Metropolis may in due time have an opportunity of visiting the show, if with some rapidity of movement, at least without the inconvenience attendant upon a struggle and a crush.

Finally, Mr. Hollingshead requests all those who do not feel themselves up to a bit of brisk exercise, have not a highly-trained ear, or a reserve of nervous energy, but who, most of all, lack a practised eye, capable of taking in instantly the widest ranges of distant country at one sweeping and comprehensive cycloramic glance, not to come and help to block up all access to his "Niagara," but quietly, reasonably, and wisely,

To Stay Outside.

SUNDAY DIVERSION.

Curate. "Good-bye. I must go in now. I've got to prepare my Sermon—and I don't know what I'm to Preach about."

Layman. "Oh,—about Ten Minutes,—and then come over to Lunch."

THE CHURCH AND THE STAGE.

It is expected that Convocation will be specially summoned, and as soon as possible, the case being urgent, to consider the sudden appearance of open heresy in the theatrical world. The statute *de hæretico comburendo* having been long ago repealed, application will be made to Parliament for leave to invent a second act—a very strong dramatic one—to meet the present situation. It appears that the contagion is spreading in the Strand, where it first attracted considerable attention at the Opéra Comique Theatre, when Mrs. Bernard Beere introduced *Ariane* to the public. Subsequently it cropped up in a fresh place on the opposite side of the road at the Strand Theatre, where it called itself *Airey Annie*. The Bishops, therefore, will probably consult together with a view to putting down this alarming growth of *Ariane-ism* on the stage. The Two Houses of Convocation will visit officially the two houses of entertainment above-mentioned, — Opéra Comique first and Strand the next evening,—in order to pronounce upon the merits of the question as a whole.

Holiday Motto for Sir John Lubbock.—"Shut up!"

HOW IT STRIKES THE CLOCK.

A Clock sees a lot who discreetly
  Keeps his hands well in front of his face,
While the dancers are footing it featly,
Or resting securely and sweetly
In the holly-hung nook, which so neatly
  Is not quite filled up by the case.

The candles stand straight in the sconces,
  The boards like a looking-glass shine,
And lovingly rubicund John sees
  To details of supper and wine.
An early arrival is taken
  By radiant hostess in tow,
And, with confidence shamefully shaken,
  He stands face to face with a row
Of flotsam and jetsam forsaken,
  Whose heyday is gone long ago,
Who now lie in wait, like the Kraken,
  To drag buoyant hopes down below.

There 's a youth who would gladly annul it,
  Though he sticks, now he 's here, to his tryst,
With a collar that presses his gullet,
  And a glove that is strained by his fist,
While the other, however he pull it,
  All efforts is fain to resist.
And he knows he is certain to mull it,
  As he gives a last desperate twist,
And the button flies off like a bullet,
  And the glove curls away from his wrist.

There 's a moody man out on the landing
  Who bites his moustaches and swears,
For *he* is in solitude standing,
  And *she* 's sitting up on the stairs,
And without any glass he can well see
  The story so prettily told,
That somebody else's is Elsie,
  As dainty in manner and mould
As a shepherdess fashion'd at Chelsea
  In charming choice china of old.

And the well-polished floor waxes shinier,
And feet that were tiny look tinier,
Like the white rose's wind-driven petals,
  Or the lawn by the blown apple-tree;
And the band to its business settles,
  And the dance is all glory and glee,
And rubicund John 's getting winier,
  And smiles with a courtesy free.
Like a heavenly dredger the 'cello
Scoops all the soul out of a fellow,
Till wildly he worships the snowy-neck'd fay
In her virginal white, like the blossoming May,
With her curls than the woodbine woodbinier,
More precious than spell-guarded metals,
  More bright than the eye of the day.

Then supper, with cracker and motto—
  Oh, the power of those sibylline leaves—
When you say what it 's much safer not to,
  In an ear that too gladly receives.
And two surreptitious young creatures,
With the backs of their heads for their fea-
  Like a Janus admiring himself, [tures,
Turn years to a moment of blisses,
Of heart-breaking, heavenly kisses,
Regardless of prudence's preachers,
  Papas, and position, and pelf.
And I turn on my time very slowly,
  To give the young couple a chance,
For there 's something in sorrow that 's holy,
  To a soft-hearted Clock at a dance.

Then the *chaperons* yawn, and regard me
  With wistful and sleep-reddened eyes,
And the youngsters would gladly retard me,
  As if it 's my fault that time flies.
And dreaming of dances and marriages,
  Of rivals, tobacco, or bed,
They seek in instalments their carriages,
  And the vision of pleasure has fled.
And, quiet as the chamber of illness,
  The ball-room grows dim and forlorn,
And I tick once again in the stillness,
  As the wind brings the rain with the morn.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 57.

ROYAL ACADEMICIANS CHEZ EUX. "THE VARNISHING POINT"—IN PROSPECTIVE.

POEMS FROM THE POLICE COURTS.

No. I.—FREDERICK, RICHARD, AND ROBERT.

It was an Easter Tuesday, and little Bob and Dick
Fared forth to take a holiday with Brother Frederick;
Now Richard, in the rash resolve more gilded youths to ape,
Came out incongruously garbed in a loose and ample cape.
(Full strangely clad was the simple lad in his aristocratic cape!)

"The Tower we will visit," they vowed, in eager tones;
"And read the lesson of the Past from its grim historic stones!
We'll press around the fatal block, and feel the dinted axe,
And study the construction of the thumbscrews and the racks!"
(For these, in sooth, thrill gentle youth—especially the racks!)

So on their way they wended, from Southwark to the Tower,
And heeded not the changing moods of sleet, and shine, and shower;
Until, in Queen Victoria Street, they halted at the doors
Of that august establishment—the Civil Service Stores.
("What if," they cried, "we went inside these celebrated Stores.")

Into the Stores they sauntered—and Robert's eyes are round,
While Richard's mouth is open wide in wonderment profound;
Their artless prattle wins a smile from hardened men who list:
Where'er they pass they leave behind a sense of something—missed.
(As if the joys of happy boys those Civil Servants missed!)

They cannot bear to lose them, and so detain the three:
Which, for some reason, seems to cast a gloom upon their glee.

Toys rattle out of Robert fast—while up the sleeve of Dick
Is ineffectually concealed—a silver-mounted stick!
(Now, the deepest sleeve can ne'er deceive by harbouring a stick.)

A model locomotive bad Bob disgorges next;
By which good Brother Frederick is sore surprised—and vext.
But Frederick's fraternal heart sustains a final shock
When from the folds of Richard's cape they extricate—a clock!
(Eight pounds and more was its price at Store,—he was quite a judge of a clock!)

See, from his shameless pocket bulges a pint bot-tel—
'Tis lavender—though he protests he can't endure the smell!
And the lad's ill-gotten gains include—*why*, nobody can think—
An unassuming china-pot, labelled "Pomade of Zinc!"
(What boyish eyes see aught to prize in ointments made of *zinc?*)

Next Frederick, all contrition, sobs how he, too, has sinned,
In se-creting a box of sweets, and oysters—only *tinned!*
And here they fancy they have probed the limits of his shame;
But, diving deeper, disinter a photographic frame!
(And he pulls a face—for a pencil-case has followed the photo-frame.)

The Mansion House they've entered, these young reluctant rips,
To hear their awful doom pronounced by Aldermanic lips:—
Their bad behaviour is described in terms extremely candid,
And Bob and Dick are both discharged—but Frederick is remanded!
(Should you care to seek, by to-morrow week, you will hear where Frederick's landed.)

House of Commons, Thursday, April 5.—Commons met again to-day after Easter holidays—at least, some did.

"Meeting of the Commons doesn't seem so common as commonly," said Goschen, whose jokes daily assume increased vigour and freshness.

Only three Questions on paper. But half-a-dozen Amendments on going into Committee of Supply. Most probable the whole of sitting would be appropriated to Amendments. Perhaps if Old Morality pounced at a few minutes to twelve, might get Committee stage *pro formâ*. But that the utmost hope. W. Redmond's Amendment about King Ja Ja enough to occupy sitting. Was reported that, since he had put Motion down, Redmond had ascertained who King Ja Ja is, where he lives, and what's the matter with him. Might consequently be able to say something on subject; though, as Gorst says, that not necessary condition with Redmond of delivering a long speech.

Courtney's "Quick Change."

However, things dispose themselves differently. Courtney looks in at Question Time. Shan't be wanted in Chair, at any rate before dinner-time, so turns up in morning dress. Seated on Front Opposition Bench thinking of long nights to come in company with Local Government Bill, when (as distinguished novelist occasionally writes) lo! a strange thing happened. Three questions on the paper disposed of in twice as many minutes. Orders of the Day reached. "Supply, Committee." Macdonald Cameron headed list of Amendments. Speaker called on him. Wasn't quite ready. Let opportunity slip. No one else in his place. Redmond proved faithless to Foreign Potentate. Before House could say W. H. Smith, it was in Committee, and Courtney in Chair *in morning dress!*

Speaker hastily fled from desecrated scene. Mace under the table distinctly seen to turn in its groove. Sergeant-at-Arms' amazed sword rattled in its scabbard all aghast. Cry of "The Constitution in danger!" quivered on pallid lips. Never before was Chairman of Committees seen in Chair without a white neck-tie and swallow-tailed coat. Great opportunity for Courtney. Would he be equal to it? He was.

Had heard or read somewhere of what is called at Theatres and Music Halls "the quick change" trick. Nothing yet done equalled feat now performed before excited House of Commons. Beckoning to Gorst to take Committee Chair, Courtney slipped out behind Speaker's Chair in morning dress. Whilst House still wondering what this agility might portend, he emerged from other side of Chair in evening dress. How it was done, whether single-handed, or with assistance, not known, and doesn't matter. That it was done was clear enough, for there was Courtney, white neck-tied and shirt-fronted, in seat of Chairman of Committees, and the Constitution was saved.

"Most remarkable illustration of the working of Proportional Representation scheme I ever saw," said Plunket. "Much better than the elaborate experiment the other night. Through one proportion of sitting Courtney represents Gentleman of the period in morning dress; throughout another proportion he represents ditto ditto in evening dress. Begin at last to see what Proportional Representation means."

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates voted.

Friday.—Another night of real work. Not particularly lively, but exceedingly useful. House tumbled into Committee after Questions, just as happened last night. Crowd of Members came in to see Courtney do the quick change trick again. Another success, but repetition had natural consequence of palling appetite. The audience quickly dispersed, and the few present began to vote money. Money being someone else's, most generous spirit prevailed. Grandolph has quietly but sternly rebuked absentees by being present since business was resumed. All very well for young fellows like Gladstone to be taking French leave in extension of ordinary holiday. The star of Grandolph's life is Duty. Led him straight to House of Commons as soon as doors were open. To-night proposed new Committee to inquire into expenditure of Houses of Parliament. Old Morality eagerly assented.

Head of the Dodd Family.

"Committee, more or less," he says, "is nothing. If Grandolph will be quiet on condition we feed him with Committees, provender shan't be lacking."

Dodds been roaming about all night, anxious for opportunity of repeating *his* like success of yesterday. Suddenly, in middle of sitting, *à propos* of nothing, moved to Report Progress. Didn't mean anything. At once withdrew Amendment, but felt he'd created a sensation, and done something to spread fame of *Dodd Family Abroad*. Deferred action too long. At Eleven o'Clock, Committee, astonished at extent of its labours, reported Progress. House immediately thereafter Counted Out.

"This is a Montagu—"
Williams Shakespeare.

Mr. Montagu Williams, though suffering at one time from extinction of voice, and even now not speaking in the full tone of yore, has contrived, since taking his seat on the Magisterial Bench, to "speak out" in such a manner as to make his voice heard throughout the length and breadth of the Metropolis, and, indeed, of the United Kingdom. The great orator, Bossuet, was known as the Eagle of Meaux. Mr. Montagu Williams will be remembered—especially by the Police of his district—as the Eagle Beak of Wandsworth.

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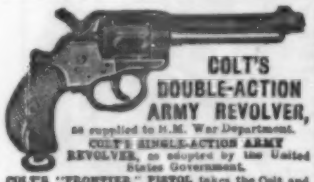

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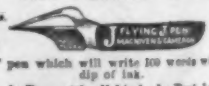

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"THE WIFE'S SECRET."

** *The Lessees, in answer to numerous inquiries, beg to state that "The Wife's Secret" will be strictly kept at the St. James's, and they cannot consent to "let it out" even for one night.*

ACT I. *The Old "Bower Saloon."*

Enter Lady Evelyn, *looking perfectly charming.*

Lady Ev. Joy! I expect my husband, Sir Walter Idyott, the Puritan Captain, home every minute. Oh joy! (*Music. Enter* Lord Arden *by window.*) Ah! my brother!!

Little Lord Kendal Fauntleroy's delight at seeing a Punch and Judy Show for the first time in his life.

Lord Arden (*gaily*). Let the audience know clearly that I am—your Brother! Good. Now, look here. A price is set on my wig, I mean on my head. My wig may be brought to the block. I must stay here.

Lady Ev. (*joyously*). My husband will be delighted.

Lord Arden (*with stern gaiety*). No, he won't. I am a gay Cavalier. He is a stern Puritan. I must emphasise this, as, when he comes on, he has such a startlingly brilliant costume, that the audience will make a mistake.

Lady Ev. (*hesitatingly*). Oh—no——

Lord Arden (*a trifle irritated by contradiction*). They will. He 's a stern Puritan. I 'm a gay Cavalier. He 'll have me shot.

Lady Ev. (*tenderly, but without conviction*). Not if I ask him not to.

Lord Arden (*more annoyed than ever*). Yes, he will. He 's a hard 'un—so am I.

Lady Ev. (*sadly*). You are—an 'Arden.

Lord Arden. Take your oath not to tell him I 'm here.

Lady Ev. I 'd rather not,—but I will. There! (*Takes her oath. Music. Shouts without, "Welcome to Sir Walter Idyott!"*) Here he is! (*Joyously rushing to window.*) Oh, what fun!

Lord Arden. Where shall I hide?

Lady Ev. Hide? Oh, I 'd quite forgotten all about *you!*

Comic Chambermaid (*who has witnessed all the previous Scene*). Hide? Where? Why, as usual, behind the curtain.

Lord Arden (*superciliously*). Oh, that 's been done so often.

Lady Ev. (*struck by an original idea*). Why not in the chimney?

Comic Ch. (*decidedly*). No; only Low Comedians hide up the chimney, and then come down with their faces all over soot.

Lord Arden (*resignedly*). Well then, behind the tapestry. Don't forget you've taken your oath.

[*Disappears behind curtain. Music, suggestive of hiding behind tapestry, changing to something joyous. Shouts outside.*

Enter Sir Walter Idyott, *bravely attired.*

Sir Walter. Dear wife!

Lady Ev. Dear husband!

Sir Walter. Dear wife! When in the camp, &c., &c., when on the battlefield, &c., &c., the thought of thy sweet face (*and so forth or something very like it*). You look ill?

Comic Ch. (*promptly*). Missus wants change of air, and the sooner this room 's shut up and the key lost, the better for the piece.

Sir Walter. Good!

[*They adopt* Comic Chambermaid's *advice. Exeunt* Sir Walter *and* Lady Evelyn, *lovingly.* Comic Chambermaid *shows key to* Lord Arden, *who comes gaily out from behind curtain. End of Act.*

ACT II. Scene 1. "*Outside.*"

Jabez Sneed. I am a wicked Puritan. Also I am Sir Walter Idyott's Steward. I hate My Lady because she has locked up my cooked accounts in the Bower Saloon. I must obtain them. How? it is locked. Ha! the window. [*Exit.*

Scene 2. *Bower Saloon as before.*

Gay Cavalier (*to Comic Chambermaid*). Being a gay Cavalier, I must, of course, snatch a kiss from the Comic Chambermaid.

[*About to embrace her. Wicked Puritan Steward's head appears at window. She screams. Wicked Puritan Steward's head disappears.*

Comic Ch. It was a man. (*Opens window.*) No it wasn't. I 'll go and see. [*Exit. End of Scene.*

ACT III. *View of Bower Saloon window. Night.*

Sir Walter Idyott (*to Jabez Sneed, who has been telling him that there is a man locked up in the Bower Saloon*). Villain—ha!

[*Half strangles him.*

Jabez Sneed (*in a corner*). Look there! Who 's right now?

[*Points to Bower Saloon window.* Sir Idyott's *Wife enters with candle.* Lord Arden *ardently embraces her.*

Sir Walter Idyott (*wildly*). Ah!

[*Guggle, guggle—whack; and he tumbles down, being literally "utterly knocked over" by the discovery. Wicked Puritan Steward gives a half-strangled chuckle. Curtain.*

ACT IV. *The Poetic Justice Room.*

Sir Walter Idyott (*to himself*). I didn't break into the room. I didn't go and collar my wife's lover. No. I only went indoors, and put on a different costume. That's all. Both costumes suit me uncommonly well, but in this I am told I look like *Little Lord Fauntleroy.*

Lady Ev. (*aside*). My husband doesn't know anything about my brother being in the Bower Saloon.

Sir Walter Idyott (*aside*). I won't tell her what I saw. If I do—there's an end of the play. [*Long scene between them about nothing.*

Comic Chambermaid (*entering*). The house is surrounded!

Enter Soldiers and Rude Officer. *Another long scene about nothing.*

Sir Walter (*expressing the general opinion*). We're all getting tired of this. (*To* Rude Officer.) Read this paper. I can do what I like with anybody.

Rude Officer (*after reading the paper*). You can.

Sir Walter. Then you get out.

Rude Officer. I will. (*Scowling.*) But a time will come!

[*Exit* Rude Officer, *with Soldiers.*

Sir Walter (*to his Wife and the Comic Chambermaid*). Leave me!—for ever!

Lady Ev. and Comic Chambermaid (*surprised*). For ever!

Lady Ev. Just as we were getting along so nicely too.

Sir Walter (*writing*). Here is a pass for two—for the front.

Lady Ev. (*examining it*). You haven't signed it.

Sir Walter (*with a sickly smile*). Always clear-headed. (*Signs and gives it to her.*) How's that for Huy?—I am alluding to the Acting Manager. It admits two.

Lady Ev. Good! (*Aside to* Comic Chambermaid.) Give this to my brother. You can go together.

[*Exit* Comic Chambermaid. *Shouts. Noise generally.*

Lady Ev. Ha! There he is——

Sir Walter. Who? I didn't mean it for *him.* (*He shouts to somebody from window*). Stop thief! [*Bang—bang! heard without.*

Lady Ev. Ah! (*Enter Servants with* Lord Arden.) Alive!

[*Staggers about anyhow.*

Sir Walter (*pleasantly astonished*). Lord Arden!!

Lord Arden (*sprightly as ever*). Yes; some fool fired—off went the horse—off I went—and here I am! Quite the gay Cavalier!

Sir Walter. It was only her brother, after all. (*To his Wife, reproachfully.*) Why didn't you say so before?

Lady Ev. (*deprecatingly*). Not my fault—the author's.

Sir Walter. True. (*To* Lord Arden). Your hand. And now (*turning to his Wife*) I will ask you——

Lady Ev. And you (*to audience*) will ask me too—why I induced the Managers, Messrs. Hare and Kendal, to produce this piece? Well—(*all listen intently*)—well—the reason why I did so, to our kind friends in front, and even to my husband, and our rightful Hare, will ever remain—The Wife's Secret!

Curtain.

New Reading for Next Time.

Should anything further happen to the ceiling in the Queen's Bench Division when the Last of the Barons is sitting, the scene, now thoroughly rehearsed, will be thus enacted:—

Last of the Barons. "*En iterum Crispinus!*"* Gentlemen, I will restate the old quotation thus, giving my own translation: "*Ruat Justitia*"—let every one engaged in the case get out as quick as possible—"*flat cœlum*"—let the ceiling be mended; and, to avoid having to send for Court Plaster to mend broken heads, let us send at once for the Law Court Plasterer. *Ruamus!*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* Here the name of any leading Barrister will be substituted. *B. H.*

THE INHARMONIOUS BISMARCK.

Empress (*sings*). What shall we do with our daughter?
Bismarck. Don't know. If the wedding's to be,
When over you hand her
To Prince Alexander,
You'll then have to do without *me!*

Ensemble.

Empress. } What shall we do with our daughter?
Bismarck. } What will they do with their daughter?

(*Spoken.*)

Bismarck. I think your Majesty is singing a little out of tune.
Empress. Pardon me, Prince; but it is you who are a great deal too sharp.
Bismarck. Um—well—we'll take two bars' rest, and then sing together——
Both (*in unison*). Vaterland! mein Vaterland!
La Li-e-ty! La Li-e-ty!

[*Left jödelling.*

O Templer! O Mores!—*Mr. Punch* thought so. He said so. The Major is a Good Templer, and not a Knight Errant. Perfectly satisfactory as far as the Major premiss is concerned. But how about "the Involved Muddle," *i.e.*, The Departments, and the conclusion? Now is the time for the Questioners Grandolph and Charles to rise as one man, and insist on being supplied with "further information."

"Be in Time!"—The Last of the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*" will take place when Mesdames Albani, Antoinette Sterling, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lloyd, and Santley, and other eminent songsters, unite together to give Mr. Ambrose Austin a Testimonial Concert on his retiring from professional life. He has all his life been giving Concerts, so now it is but fair that one should be given to him. This is good notice beforehand, as the Concert is not till June.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A TURKISH BATH.

Scene—*The Middle Room of a Turkish Bath. Subdued light. On benches, and in folding-chairs, Bathers are vaguely seen extended in various stages of limpness. The usual Turkish* Bathing Bore *is heard discoursing to anyone he can induce to listen. In a remote corner is a* Somnolent Bather *who knows him, but trusts, by lying low, to evade recognition.*

The B. B. Yes—(*more thoughtfully*)—y-yes. Extraordinary the freedom with which my pores act! I assure *you*, I'm not here one minute before——

[*Proceeds to describe result in detail.*

Enter an Elderly Neophyte; *he feels shy and strange, it being his first appearance, and, owing to the gloom, and his own short-sightedness, seats himself upon the* Somnolent Bather's *legs.*

The S. B. (*roused*). Conf——Really, Sir, I think you'll be more comfortable somewhere else!

The B. B. Why, bless my soul, I ought to know that voice—it *is* Dormer! To think of our being in the same room all this while, and never suspecting it! Wish I'd known before—makes it so much less tedious, meeting with someone you know, eh?

S. B. (*yawning*). Exactly—oh, very much so.

[*Crosses hands behind head, and closes eyes.*

B. B. Difficulty is to recognise fellows here, y'know.

S. B. (*to himself*). Can't *button-hole* 'em, at any rate! (*To the* B. B.) *You* seem to manage it!

B. B. Oh, I knew your voice in a minute—"That's Dormer's voice, I'll lay a hundred-pound note!" I thought. The wonder is, you didn't recognise *mine*—I've been talking all the time, more or less.

S. B. (*guardedly*). *Have* you, though? It *is* odd, as you say.

B. B. I've often found that some people's ears have an astonishing lack of delicate perception. For instance, there's a very dear and old friend of mine—you may know him——

[*Tells him a long history about his Friend's aural deficiencies. In the meantime the* Elderly Neophyte *has established himself, in some trepidation, on a bench, with his head resting on a little wooden block, which he tries hard to think comfortable. He has a dry roof to his mouth, a tickling nose, and a general sensation of singeing. As the* Bore's *voice ceases, a silence falls, which the* E. N. *finds depressing. A Stout Gentleman observes "Phew!" occasionally. A clock ticks, and water drips in the distance. A head close to the* E. N.'s *sighs in a heart-broken manner, and a* Restless Bather *rises, and begins to prowl up and down like a caged wolf.*

Enter an Attendant with pewter cups of water; the E. N. *drains one greedily, like a shipwrecked mariner, and then has another.*

The B. B. (*for the general benefit*). Never drink when I'm in the bath. Rinse the mouth out, yes; but drink? no. I had an old aunt—

[*Relates a fearful story of the effect of cold water taken internally upon an old aunt—the* E. N. *begins to be alarmed.*

The B. B. (*taking advantage of another silence*). 'Nother thing man ought to be *most* careful about, and that is—never take Turkish Bath 'cept under medical advice. Now when *I* went to *my* medical man—(*describes interview at length. The* E. N. *reflects, with terror, that he has omitted to consult* his *Doctor.*) Dormer, my dear fellow, you're getting drowsy—very dangerous practice that, slightest thing the matter with your heart, and phit—it's all over with you! Why, *I* knew a man once—(*gives an account of a man who nearly died, which decides the* E. N., *who has been just dropping off, to keep awake at all hazards.*) You can always tell if it agrees with you—if you've any singing in the ears, or dizziness, or labouring of breath, or faintness, anything of that sort—well, the sooner you're out, the better—that's all!

E. N. My symptoms! (*Thinks he would be shampooed at once, if he was a little more sure what it was like; decides to let someone else be operated on first.*)

Shampooer (*drawing curtain at arch, with a certain grimness*). Ready for two gentlemen now.

PICTURE SUNDAY.

"Don't run away yet. You've given me no Criticism. I have a few Days still before me—time to make any Alteration, you know."

"Oh, ah—but not time to Paint your Picture all over again!"

[*Two Bathers rise, with the air of "ci-devants" summoned to the Conciergerie, and pass between the curtains; the* E. N. *listens anxiously for what can be heard.*

First Shampooer (*apparently an austere character*). On that slab, Sir, if *you* please! Lay right down.

The Subject (*of a chatty disposition*). Eh? oh, yes, I see; to be sure, yes, yes. (*A dull hissing is heard.*)

The Chatty S. Soon have summer on us now, I—a—was noticing only yesterday how——(*his voice is suddenly extinguished by what seems to be a bucket of water splashing over him—splutters and gasps. Uneasiness on part of* E. N., *who longs to hear him speak again.*)

Aust. Shamp. (*ignoring this conversational opening*). On your *back*, Sir; it's your right leg *I* want!

Second Shamp. (*a talkative Person, to his Subject, who seems slightly reserved*). You've 'ad a reg'lar fine turn of it to-day, Sir—comin' off o' you beautiful! (*Reluctant growl of assent from Subject.*) *Now* over, Sir, please. Bin to this noo Panorammer—Niagrer, Sir? They tell me it's fust-rate. (*Inarticulate grunt from* S.) Water too 'ot for you, Sir? (*Tremendous splashing, with some puffing and blowing.*) No time for goin' sightseein' myself, Sir; got enough to do 'ere, Sir! . . Looks a little tender, that foot, Sir—chiropodist on the premises, Sir, send him to you? No, Sir? Very good, Sir—Now on your face, if you'll *be* so good!

The Chatty S. (*indistinctly*). I—er—ha, suppose you're pretty f-full just now, eh?

Aust. Shamp. (*shortly*). Always busy 'ere, Sir. Sit up!

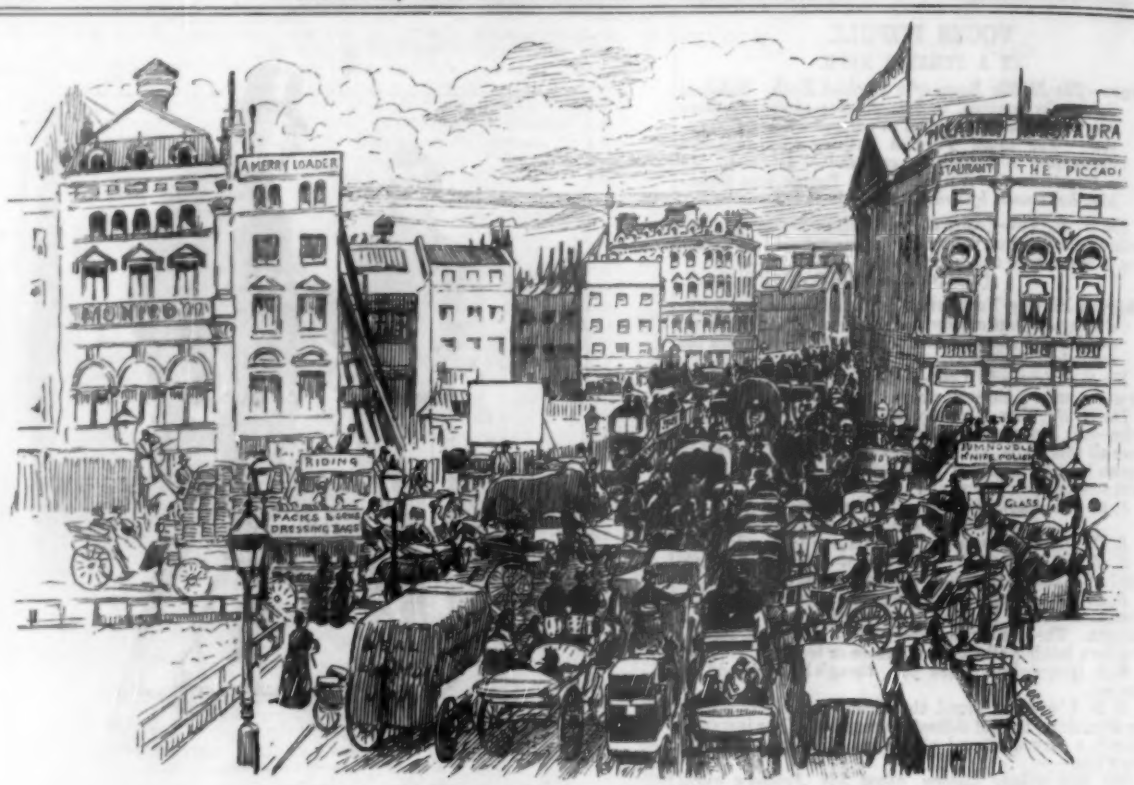
Talk. Shamp. (*affectionately*). 'Ave a little soap on your 'ed, Sir? Some of our gentlemen don't care for soap on *their* 'eds. Sing'ler, isn't it?

The B. B. (*bursting out again suddenly*). Capital cold plunge they've got here! one of the longest in London—go in directly they're done shampooing you, swim across, and close your pores, come out the other side fresh as a daisy—that's what *I* do!

E. N. (*to himself*). Cold water—and I can't swim, *oh*, Lor'!

[*From the Shampooing Chamber are now proceeding sounds more alarming than ever, as of a lively tune being vigorously thumped with fists upon an unprotected body, followed by what is apparently a smart castigation.*

The B. B. (*meditatively*). You'd think a man would be black and blue all over, after *that*, wouldn't you? But, except in a very few cases, I don't know



LONDON IMPROVEMENTS. AN "OPEN SPACE."

PRIZE PUZZLE. TO FIND HER WAY ACROSS.

that such an effect ever actually follows. I'm not sure, though, that the pressure on the ribs——

The Prowling Bather *claps his hands suddenly.* First Shampooer *appears.* "*Lemon Squash?—I'll order it, Sir.*" *Stout Gentleman calls for water, and is served by Second Shampooer. Cries of distress are heard from the Shampooing Chamber. The* E. N., *drawn by a horrible fascination, approaches the arch, and looks in. The interior presents a Morgue-like appearance, and on a grey marble slab the* Reserved Subject *is sitting, soaped from head to foot, awaiting the return of the Operator in sullen resignation. The* Chatty Person *is also neglected for the moment, and may be faintly perceived under the douche, staggering blindly, and gasping out—*"*That will do!*"

The Two Shampooers (returning by different doors). Called away for a moment, Sir. (*They perceive the* E. N. *standing petrified in centre of floor.*) Take you next, Sir? In another minute, Sir.

The E. N. (feebly). Er—very well (*with a desperate resolution*), I—I'm going upstairs to get my watch—I mean, my eye-glasses—back again presently!

[*Rushes upstairs, flies into his box, and dresses for dear life as scene closes in.*

Just One More.

Says George Jokin, "I call the Income Tax the 'tin tacks,' and, permit me to add, it ought to be paid on the nail." [Thanks. Can't put any more of yours in this week.—Ed.]

JAPAN IN LONDON.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO BRET HARTE.)

Which I wish to impart
And I make no mistake,
That for Japanese Art,
By town, mountain, or lake—
This new Japanee is peculiar,
And takes, as you may say, the cake.

Men-Pes is his name,
And also Mor-Ti-Mer,
With regard to that same
You could hardly infer
That his smile was so childlike and wily,
As I frequent remarked to Whist-Ler.

For in Bond Street were shows
By Whist-Ler, a great man,
Who, as everyone knows,
Holds the cult of the Fan,
And is nothing if not Japanesy—
Though he has not been to Japan.

But Men-Pes has been there,
And from famed Tokio
Has brought back very rare
Little paintings, and lo!
Here are dainty and delicate dry-points—
A thoroughly Japanese Show.

There 's a Japanese bloom
In a Japanese frame,
And a Japanese room,
And a Japanese game;
There are almond-eyed Japanese beauties,
And many more Japs I could name.

This is why I remark,
That Men-Pes sure must be
Just as fond of a lark
As the Heathen Chinee:
And if anyone ventures to doubt it,
Just drop into Dowdeswell's and see.

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

All the pleasure, with none of the discomfort and a saving of 99 per cent.!! Intending visitors to Paris who are going there merely to see *Les Surprises du Divorce*, will avoid sea-sickness and other miseries of travelling by taking a ticket for The Royalty Theatre, Soho, where M. Coquelin is this week playing in the above-mentioned laughable farce, which is just now the success in Paris. If you cannot get a *fauteuil d'orchestre*, or *balcon*, or any *loge*, ask for a *Boîte à Surprise!* Only a few nights more, so hurry up! And then *bon soir*, M. Coquelin, *et au revoir.*

A Song of the Lost Season.

(*A Long Way after the Laureate.*)

Winter hath us in his net,
Will he pass, and we forget?
April suns arise and set,
But we have not *seen* one yet.
Spring the gift is Spring the debt;
Even so!
Spring it is for which we fret—
Spring—'tis but a vague regret.
Still 'tis dark, and cold, and wet;
Winter habits garb us yet.
What *is* Spring?—for we forget:
Ah! woe, woe!

Merely a Suggestion.—A Conference of the Women's Committee of the International Arbitration and Peace Association is announced, at which the following question will be discussed:—"By what Method can Women best Promote the Cause of International Concord?" How would it be if they tried holding their tongues?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Long-expected come at last, and just now all the rage,
"Mister and Mrs. Bancroft both On and Off the Stage."
Two Volumes, on their pages will all eyes be fixed intently.
The binding is eccentric, and the Publisher is Bentley.

I dropped into pootry quite naturally, as may be gathered from the easy flow of the verse and facile rhythm; but "Woa,

"Turn and Turn about."

Pegasus!" or, if he doesn't "Woa," he may come to grief. Fascinating book *Les* Bancroft have produced. The arrangement is excellent. It reminds me of one of those duologue entertainments where the lady comes on the stage first, and does her speech, and solo; then *exit* "She," and enter on the other side "He," who immediately gives his speech, his solo, and then *exit* "He." Re-enter She; to Her enter He: dialogue, duet, dance, and *exit* one of them, and so on, until the final duet, and curtain. Most of it is mirth-moving; here and there is a touch of genuine pathos; all is interesting, and the narrative is directed throughout by the best possible taste. To quote one of our national modern ballads,—

"They wouldn't hurt a baby,
They're a pair as you can trust."

But the publication of this book is a death-blow to a great many theatrical *raconteurs*. It gives to the world nearly all the stories which were the property of a select few, and an annuity to their privileged possessors in the way of dinner-parties for many years past. Directly that storehouse of professional anecdote, Muggins McMymmick, shall at any time hereafter commence one of his many excellent stories about the amusing Comedian Bob Romer, he will be immediately interrupted by his fellow-guests with cries of, "Oh, yes, we've read that in the Bancrofts' Book." There is only one chance left for him, and that is to introduce his stock-in-trade by first mentioning the Busy B.'s Book, and then giving his own version of their stories, affecting to set them right on various points. The Bancrofts' reminiscences have already run to three editions. Who started the Reminiscensing Craze? "Kettle began it"—that is Edmundus Mundi, and his volumes went off like steam. There were many others: and then came Frith's. Now I hear that Mr. Toole is going to publish his reminiscences, which Mr. Joseph Hatton is Boswelling for him. The publishing season of 1887 and 1888 will be known as "Sacred to the Memories." Mr. R. Corney Grain has just concluded a short series of entertaining autobiographical anecdotes in *Murray's Magazine*. "Murray come up, forsooth! go to!" Why did he bring them to so abrupt a termination? But perhaps he did it on *Mr. Weller's* epistolary principle of "pulling up with a jerk," and then the reader "wishes as there were more of it."

I mentioned Joseph Boswell-Hatton just now; I'll do so again; for the sake of telling anyone who may be going a railway journey, that he will get quite sixty per cent. of interest out of his outlay of one shilling in purchasing *The Abbey Murder*, at W. H. Smith's bookstall. It is not so sensational as the title would lead you to suppose. But it is a good story well, picturesquely, and dramatically told.

An interesting and amusingly written little book—still little, though revised and enlarged by the author—is Mr. Blades' *The Enemies of Books*. Poor Books! What a variety of foes they have had, from their own authors downwards, and still have. There is one chapter devoted to the Bookworm, which is naturally historically interesting to the present writer; and I, *moi qui parle*, protest against our family title being included among the names of those who are "the enemies of books."

Good Books are, indeed, the Diet of Worms, for the Book Worms family are great devourers and digesters of books. And why?—because we love them. On my father's side I belong to the journal-devourers, or paper-eating species. My sire was Sir Pertinax Anorium. His father was the Erudite Anorium, and his grandfather justly celebrated everywhere as the Paniceum. My mother was the charming, severely critical, witty, and accomplished Œcophora Pseudospretella, with Greek and Hebrew blood in her veins. She could attack books—always justly. But none of the real worms were ever associated with the extinct grubs of Grub Street. This is the parentage of which I am justly proud, tracing it back, as I can, to the Ark, in the Arkives of which House-boat there were several most valuable works on navigation and natural history. If the Weritable

Worms had been the enemies of books, where would have been the Papyri now? I enclose my photo, taken of me some time since by Dr. Linnæus Samborniius, and am, Yours, most Wormly,

The Baron de Book Worms.

NEWS OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY.

It was recently rumoured that Mr. George Grossmith, so long one of the "props" and ornaments of the Savoy Theatre, was about to withdraw from D'Oyley Carte's Company, and take a Theatre for himself—and for an audience; as his modesty compelled him to admit (what would be "not admitted after seven" and "bonnets not allowed")—that he, by himself, could not fill the entire theatre. At first no reason was assigned for this rash act, but he has lately stated that he had for some time suspected his Manager of being in treaty with Mr. George Jokin G-sch-n, the Comic Chancellor, who, it must be owned, would be a dangerous rival of Mr. G. G. in the eccentric Opera and Short Entertainment line. Mr. D. Carte has explained that he was only corresponding with the Comic Chancellor on the question of taxes, and wanted to know if a "Gee Gee" retained on his establishment would be considered as a "Pleasure Horse." George Jokin immediately replied that he was sure a Carte could not get on without a Gee-Gee, and so the tax would not apply. Handshaking all round, and everyone satisfied.

MYSTERIES OF HUMAN GROWTH. (THREE CHAPTERS IN PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE.)

1882.

Jimmy Jones. "Ullo, Billy Brown! You 're cheeky! It strikes me you want Kicking!" [*Kicks him.*

1884.

Billy Brown. "Ullo, Jimmy Jones! you Kicked me Two Years ago! It strikes me it 's *my* Turn!" [*Takes it.*

1888.

Jimmy Jones. "Ullo, Billy Brown! about that Kicking! It strikes me my Turn 's come round *again!*" [*&c., &c.*

PERILS OF A PLEASURE-HORSE.

A Gilpinesque Ballad.

J. Goschen is a patriot
  Of credit and renown;
A bold financier eke is he,
  Trusted by London Town.

He is a brave equestrian,
  As all the world doth know;
And when he mounted his new steed,
  The world expected "go."

But saddle-tree scarce reached had he
  His journey to begin,
When turning round his head he saw
  That boy—an imp of sin!

That boy perceived him mounted fair
  Upon his gallant steed,
Slow pacing o'er the party-stones
  With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
  Beneath his well-shod feet,
The horse began to trot, and all
  Admired J. Goschen's seat.

"Gee-up!" he cried. The horse gee-up'd,
  To gallant Goschen's joy;
And all might have gone passing well,
  But for that horrid boy!

That boy at first appeared to be
  Upon his best behaviour;
Now he waved like a semaphore,
  And pounded like a paviour.

So "Fair and softly!" Goschen cried;
  But Goschen cried in vain.
Ah! now he 'll need a steady seat—
  A firm hand on the rein.

"Yah!" cries the youth, and also "Boo!"
  Irrelevant and rude.
What wonder if the charger shied,
  Or if the rider slew'd?

Like some young rascal in the Row
  Who waves his arms in air,
A swell equestrian to rile,
  His gallant steed to scare;

So William stands right in the way,
  And Goschen can but feel
He next may raise a hideous yell,
  Or turn a "Catherine-wheel."

Steady, good Goschen! Keep your seat!
  Remonstrances are idle;
William means mischief; spare the spur,
  And don't forget the bridle.

The perils of your Pleasure-Horse
  Are scarcely yet begun;
And lots of other urchins rude
  Stand by to watch the fun.

Oh yes, no doubt, to scare your nag
  In this way is a sin.
Fie on such horrid little boys!
  They ought to be run in.

But such is the equestrian's fate,
  Upon park-hack or hobby;
Prey to the ever-present boy,
  The ever-absent Bobby.

If you 're a *Johnny Gilpin*, blest
  With more of pluck than skill!
There probably will be a bolt,
  And possibly a spill.

But if you keep your nerve, and seat,
  You 'll add to your renown;
And Will will have to take great care
  That he is not—run down!

Another One!

A hard-working Government Clerk has been ordered equestrian exercise. "I shan't mind your tax so much, Mr. Goschen," said the official to the C. C., "if the Government will raise my salary." "I 'll inquire in the Department about it," replied the kind-hearted Geo. Jokin'; "but, in any case, your pleasure in riding will depend upon the sort of 'screw' you get."

The "Robert" (Or Shilling) Dinner.

Menoo.

Potage à la Robert.
Whitebait à la Robert le Diable.
Robert Dory.
Pig's Cheek with "Sauce Robert."
Kibob Kurry.
Welsh Robert.
Dessert—Bob Cherry.

Excuse for Drinking before Dinner.—To Whet the Appetite.

THE PERILS OF A "PLEASURE-HORSE"!

MY PRINCE!

(As sung quite recently at Charlottenburg.)

Where and how shall I manage to meet him?
What are the words they will make me say?
Shall I have with a shake of the head to greet him,—
Tell him to call another day?
Will the Chancellor, true love scorning,
Stand in the path, and never wince?
Must all my joy be turned to mourning,
Must I lose for ever My Prince! My Prince!

I will not dream of him crowned and ruling,
Mounting his late Bulgarian throne.
In Russian guile he has had some schooling:
He only asks to be let alone!
They talk to me of their "strained relations,"
Of the Czar who has hated him some time since.
But my heart is my own, and not the nation's;—
And I'll give it to him, My Prince! My Prince!

So it's only a matter of patient waiting,
And whatever scheme the Chancellor hatch
For him, since her strength he's under-rating,
He'll find that Mamma is fully a match.
And, though he may growl, she'll manage to tame him,
And tell him out straightway, plain words not to mince,
Alexander is mine, and as mine I shall claim him,
And hold him for ever, My Prince! My Prince!

AN AGGRIEVED TAX-PAYER.

Sir,—My income has been reduced by your friend and contributor, George Jokin', from £3 per annum to £2 15s. Would he have done it, even if he had had the chance some years ago? No. Certainly not. But recently he has taken to making puns. He commenced it publicly at Mr. Wyndham's supper. After that — the Budget. Now Dr. Johnson has told us of what crime a punster must be guilty. "Who makes a pun would pick a pocket." Sir, my three per cent. pocket has been picked. When I next record my vote, I shall ask if the Candidate ever made a pun. Defend us from George Jokin, who is "punny wise and pound foolish" as he would say. Yours,

Converted Against His Will.

Wheel and Woe.

By One of the Disappointed Deputation.

You'd tax our wheels to help the Common Weal?
No, Jokin' Goschen, we can see no joke in it.
Wheelwrights this wheel-wrong very sorely feel.
Look out Ixion, or we'll lock *your* wheel,
And put *our* spoke in it!

WITH ALL THEIR ART.

Sir,—Mr. Walter Besant's proposition, in regard to the Art of Novel Writing, that "no moving situation was ever yet depicted, the writing of which did not cost the Author anguish and tears," has somewhat perplexed me. Still, I own as a Three-Volume Novelist of some standing, my experience as far as concerns my own work, entirely coincides with Mr. Besant's. I have found myself frequently, not only sobbing like a little child over the pathetic portions of my works, but laughing myself into hysterics over the more humorous chapters. I am bound, however, to admit that they do not seem to have the same effect on my publisher and intimate friends, whom I have often caught laughing themselves into fits over my most serious and dramatic situations, while a perusal of my lighter and comic pages appears to consign them to the depths of a profound and impenetrable gloom. This, however, by the way; and I only direct attention to it, in passing, as a curious fact. Notwithstanding the opinion of some American authors to the contrary, Mr. Besant is, therefore, probably right, and we may take it pretty well for granted that the writer who moves others, must be first moved himself. I am going to interview all our distinguished writers myself, and will let you have the result next week. Yours inquiringly,

Fitz-Thackeray Bulwer-Scott.

APATHETIC OFFICIALISM.

Though it may take, according to the accepted computation, nine tailors to make one man, to judge from certain answers furnished in the House of Commons the other evening, it evidently requires something more than nine official men to re-make or rather to re-instate one *Tayler*. In his issue of last week, *Mr. Punch*, commenting briefly on the case of the sorely ill-used Patna Commissioner, and applauding the vigorous protest uttered by the *Times* on the subject, expressed a hope that the Government would speedily take the matter in hand, and, though at the eleventh hour, see the wrong righted, and something like justice done. This, however, they appear disinclined to do. To talk of an objection to "re-opening" the matter, as if it were an incident that had been put away and closed, is absurd, for, as a matter of fact, thanks to the historians who have carefully sifted all its circumstances, its details are thoroughly open to the light of day and patent to all.

Colonel Malleson, in his history of the Indian Mutiny, has fully investigated the charges made against Mr. Commissioner Tayler, and exposed their utter groundlessness and futility. Sir John Hayn, a writer likely to be on his P.'s and Q.'s, and Mr. Holmes, who is anything but "all abroad" in his facts, in their respective works dealing with the same period, have not only done likewise, but borne unmistakable testimony to the valuable nature of the services rendered by Mr. Tayler to his country in the very crisis in which his conduct had been officially attacked. To decline, therefore, in the presence of such experts, to entertain the "re-opening" of the question, is simply to refuse to look the facts of history steadily in the face.

To shirk this ordeal may commend itself to the official mind, but it is a proceeding that in no way finds favour with the public opinion of the country. That, the Government may depend upon it, holds that it is better that the routine traditions of thirty years should be utterly exposed and overthrown, rather than that a deserving public servant should undergo unmerited punishment and disgrace. That the official mind should be capable of taking any other view is preposterous; but that it shows significant signs of so doing, *Mr. Punch* much fears must be regarded as a melancholy fact.

THE SECRET OUT.

O Gladstone, rash Gladstone, pull up, or your fame
To zero will fall, and to nothingness dwindle.
It *must*, for the great Star of Science cries shame;
That true Boanerges, tempestuous Tyndall.
He says you're "not wise," and, dear William, you'll see
This alone is sufficient the matter to settle.
He's such a big pot is Professor J. T.,
And you—if *he* says so—of course are a kettle.
Balfour you may brave, or stand up against Joe,
Front even John Bright, that polite letter-writer,
But you are *not* in it with Tyndall, you know,
Why vainly contend with so smashing a smiter?
This Slogger of Science, this Sullivan, swears
He was—well, clothed in light when *you* wore "Tory shoddy."
Yes, malice might whisper that what he *now* wears
Must be fustian, could he but see it, poor body.
He girds at the Liberal Party as dogs
For following you when he cannot. Great Cæsar!
If Science could only see straight when it slogs,
This Tyndall, my William, might well be a teaser.
He chaffs you as pseudo-infallible. Oh!
One can see why he's wrath at your strong self-reliance.
You infringe *his* monopoly there, don't you know;
For nothing's infallible now—except Science!

Evident.

"I see by the paper," said De Mogyns, "that 'The Prince of Wales and Suite' visited some Theatre the other night. What do they mean by 'the *suite*?'"

"The Princess, of course," was the very natural answer.

Quid pro Quo.

"The sweet simplicity of Three per Cents"?
No, gone is that financial fine felicity!
Instead thereof, say the Rad malcontents,
We've Goschen's "dear duplicity."

At Mr. Christy Minstrel Moore's benefit, Mr. Arthur Roberts sang "*Queen of the Tarts*" with his usual success. In the last century the ideal subject of this song would have been celebrated in verse as "*The Reigning Toast.*" The "Toast" of the eighteenth becomes the "Tart" of the nineteenth century. What will she next be?—the Cheese?

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

Brown. "Shockin' Thing! You heard of poor Mullins getting his Neck broken in that Collision!"

Jones. "Ah!—it 's as-tonishing how lucky some Fellows are! He told me 'last time I saw him he 'd just Insured his Life for Three Thous'd Poun's!!"

NOBODY AT HOME.

An Interview à la Mode.

Nobody *was* "at home," and as willing to be interviewed as a pushing politician, a champion pugilist, or a Music-hall Mountebank. Nobody is a person of

Imposing Indefiniteness

of demeanour, of middle-age, of average height, of medium complexion. He produced upon the beholder much the same effect as a scientifically smudged in

Impressionist Portrait,

the most positive and salient point about him being his extra-large-size diamond scarf-pin, which blazed out like

Sirius from a Haze of Nebulous Star-dust,

or the eye-catching "Caps" in a specimen of modern reporting. Thence his extremities, head and heels, brain and boots, seemed to vaporise off into attenuated vagueness, quite consistently with the latest theories of Art and Advertisement. Salient and surcharged triviality, glaring forth like a Cyclops' eye from a misty muddle of

Circumjacent Nullity,

is, indeed, the open secret of success in the two chief branches of contemporary charlatanism. Notwithstanding this accentuated nebulosity, however, Nobody had an indescribable air of being emphatically All There!—what there was of him.

"No doubt," said I, "during your long and sensational career you have done many things——"

"*And* people!" interjected Nobody, with a delightful mixture of Whistlerian airiness and Slugger-Sullivanesque swagger. "Rather! I am found everywhere—in Parliament and the Prize Ring, at Burlington House, and in

Lady Lamia's Drawing-room,

on the Stage, and the Cinder Path. I am, in fact, the Champion Humbug, and to be that is, in these days, to be the Champion of Champions."

"Ah! Hercules, Apollo, and Mercury in one?" said I, with a sympathetic wink.

"Hercules be blowed! Apollo—not up to third-rate Music-hall form!! Mercury—a mere mug!!!" cried Nobody, contemptuously. "I should just like to have

Hercules in a Forty-foot Ring!

I'd Mitchellise him till he couldn't hit half an ounce, or 'land' within half a mile of a haystack.

"You have not confined your attention to the Ring, I presume?" said I.

"No, I've also had a cut in at the Book," responded Nobody. "I've written, with assistance—the most

Startling Sensational Shillingsworth,

on record, and had it log-rolled into sixty editions. Picked up a shady story in the side-walk of Swelldom, cooked it carefully with a weather-eye to the

Law of Libel,

and the Shilling Scan-Mag sold like Plumper's Skates or Tooth-paste

Puffed by Patti!

Beside that I've patented Pills, been appointed Special Commissioner on the Borrioboola Boundary Question, lectured all over England and America on

Art in the Nursery!

bossed a Sixteen-Acre Show, run a Conservative Caucus, started a Liberal Ladies' Lily League, founded

A New Religion,

and inaugurated a new School of Music, on the principle that not in Melody or Harmony, but in

The Uninterrmittent Æolian Wail

is found the true secret of transcendental Musical Art. I have also shown, in a book of six hundred pages, that the

Occult Double-Acrostics of the Odyssey

prove that Nebuchadnezzar really wrote the Homeric Poems. I have started a new Gallery for the exploitation of the great Neo-Teatray School of Art (first suggested by me), founded on the eternal esoteric principle of

Prismatic Smudge!!

I am now hesitating whether I will next secure the Billiard Championship, a Baronetcy, or the reversion of

The Leadership of the Liberal Party!

And still I am—Nobody!"

"Wonderful!" I cried, in gasping amazement. "And how—*how* do you manage it?"

"The Secret of my Success," he replied, "may be expressed in a simpler 'formula' than ever quack invented or tipster devised. That formula is

Bounce and Big Capitals!

The world being largely composed of Jugginses and Gapers, Credulous Geese, and Sensation-loving *gobe-mouches*, Humbug and Advertisement are the twin Arts to make Somebody, Everybody out of—Nobody!"

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Act III., Scene I.

Shakspeare once more adapted to the Situation.

Biron-Bismarck loquitur:—

I foiled, forsooth, by Love? I'll be Love's whip,
A very beadle to an amorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable,
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal hath more thwarted me.
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
This lord of love-rhymes, brave with baby arms,
The appointed autocrat of blood-and-iron?
This liege of loiterers and malcontents
Prince Bismarck baulk, venture to counter me,
Sole Imperator and great General
Of patriot policy? O my mighty heart!
Am I to be a corporal of his field
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop?
What, *I*! I sue to Love! I, for a wife,
A woman, so set back the German clock
Still a-repairing; getting out of gear,
And never going right, like a cheap watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be baffled, which is worst of all,
And, among three, to get the worst of all!
Am I to stoop to Love? to bend for him?
Make way for him? Go to, it is a plague
That Cupid would impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will watch his way to get my own,
I've whipped all foes; Cupid I'll face—alone! [*Exit.*

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 9.—Looked more like old times to-night. Benches well filled. A thin black line in Gallery facing Opposition Bench. In seat of Leader of Opposition, GLADSTONE, with flower in button-hole, and suspicion of pomatum-pot in coat-tail pocket. Sure signs of a big speech. GOSCHEN moved House into Committee of Ways and Means to pass Budget Resolutions. COURTNEY, not to be caught napping again, came down to prayers in evening dress. GLADSTONE expected on his feet immediately after Questions. But Old Morality, looking moraller than ever, and with quite fresh stock of copy-book heads learned off in case of emergency, had sold Opposition. Instead of Budget Bill standing first on Orders, had put what JOSEPH GILLIS (who still retains command of French language that carried him through the famous visit to Paris), calls "*le sale* Salary Bill." Poor KING-HARMAN gone away for brief period of rest. Pleasant surprise for him to find his salary voted when he returns. GLADSTONE prepared big speech cutting up Budget Bill. Main body of Irish Members over in Ireland, treading on the coat-tail BALFOUR dexterously spread for them. The few present not likely to take on themselves responsibility of bowling GLADSTONE over into dinner-hour by obstructing King-Harman Bill; so put it down first.

"Opportunity is Heaven's first law," said Old Morality, fortuitously turning up one of his copy-book headings. "They'll grumble; but still we'll get the Bill through a stage."

So they did. Irish protested; took two divisions; but by Five o'Clock all over. The evening breeze making ripples round the prow of the argosy bearing KING-HARMAN South might whisper that the Salary Bill was one stage nearer home.

All this involved hour's delay before GLADSTONE got his chance. An uncommonly bad four quarters of an hour for colleagues within reach of his forefinger. At them all round, prodding them in the ribs by way of enforcing remarks. Such larks with CHILDERS! Got up from GLADSTONE's side to put question to GOSCHEN. G. O. M. dexterously pulled HENRY FOWLER into vacant place, and began prodding process on new victim. CHILDERS, unaware of what had taken place behind his back, resumed his seat. Found himself on

Fowler's knees. So G. O. M. prodded *him* till positions were readjusted.

"Suppose he must get rid of subdued energy somehow," says Harcourt, who generally sits next to revered Leader, and is the principal sufferer. "Since he doesn't think it diplomatic in circumstances to pan out on Ministers, he prods us. Capital idea of Childers to wear copy of Votes inside his waistcoat over left ribs. But Hartington and the other fellows best off. Sometimes feel myself nearly prodded into dissentient Liberalism."

Business done.—Budget Resolutions.

Tuesday.—Old Morality had great triumph to-night. Everyone shares in it, for everyone likes Old Morality, and feels soothed by his moral reflections. Triumph came at midnight. But there was preliminary victory shortly after House met. Edward Watkin appeared on scene. Wanted to know when and how Ireland was to have Home Rule. Everybody been putting this question for two years. County Clare out *en masse* on Sunday shouting out the question. Comes up at every public meeting; severs some Families; has united One; political air thunderous with reverberating question; here is Edward Watkin, of all men, wanting to know. Up rises Old Morality, solemnly approaches table, gravely meets Edward Watkin's strained regard, and, slowly beating time on table as momentous syllables fall and rise, says:—"There will be no indisposition to extend to Ireland an improved system of Local Government when it is made clear that the people are prepared to receive and work it in a spirit of loyalty to the Crown and Constitution."

Copy heading a little longer than usual. Won't go into single line. But how fresh the sentiment! how terse the language! and with what indescribable air of morality it is suffused! Ribald Irishmen burst into shout of laughter. But on Treasury Bench not single dry eye. Grandolph, sitting in corner seat behind, nervously tugs at moustache. Chaplin, in corner seat below, thinks he hears a sob.

After this, House proceeded with chastened spirit to its allotted task. Crowd of Notices of Motion; afterwards full list of Orders. Bradlaugh's Oaths Bill looms low down in latter list. Wants to get into Committee with it. If business steadily worked through, this Bill would be reached in time. So at Nine o'Clock, Opposition, led by Tomlinson *vice* Grandolph gone over to the enemy, tried Count, which fails. Motions run through; Orders reached. Vagrants Act Amendment Bill disposed of after moderate discussion. Now Bradlaugh's chance. But enter De Cobain with two Bills in hand and every appearance of having a third buttoned inside his waistcoat. Moves Belfast Municipal Franchise Bill; takes Division and gets it rejected. Next brings on Wages (Ireland) Bill. Long discussion. Half-past Eleven struck. Oaths Bill in peril. At twenty minutes to Twelve Buchanan pounced. Just in time to be too late. Division on Closure followed by Division on Second Reading of Bill. Agreeably occupied time till Midnight struck, and then Oaths Bill shunted. Seraphic smile mantled over countenance of Old Morality as he watched Buchanan's blundering tactics. "They'd better leave it to me, eh? Don't you think so, Toby?" he said, quite gleefully, as he packed up his stray copybook headings and locked them in his box.

Problem: to Find the Third Bill.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Thursday.—Things beginning to look up. House of late grown so respectable that, regarded as a place of entertainment, quite out of running compared with vestries. Public deserting the place, and Members habitually play to empty gallery. To-night Bill entirely changed. A piece of the old kind put on. Scene, Ireland: *dramatis personæ*, those old favourites Parnell, O'Brien, Dillon, and Tim Healy. Joseph Gillis in the wings with old familiar smile on his face, and prompter's book in hand. Aspect of House suddenly changed. Benches filled up; Strangers crowded in; cheers and counter-cheers rang through theatre. For two hours and a half piece ran without a flaw.

T. W. Russell took opportunity of coming back again. Last time he spoke threw in his lot with Parnellites; denounced Government, and voted against them. Opportunity now at hand to pose as persistent Unionist and support Government. This the only dull part in the piece. As Balfour says, "There's no element of surprise about Russell. Taking the Session through, he's like a pendulum. Find him on one side at particular moment, quite sure that he's swinging to go back. The Prodigal's return all very well once in a life-time. But can't be always upsetting our domestic arrangements, and thinning out the most succulent from among our flocks and herds."

Everyone surprised to see Summers still going about, flooding waste places in Lobby with sunny smile. Thought Bright would have thoroughly crushed him with that ponderous epistle. Seems to have passed harmlessly over his head. If any effect is visible, his smile is a trifle more childlike and bland. Bright's heavy artillery not nearly so neat as "Bobby" Spencer's pop-gun. This also fired at Member for Huddersfield, when he was nominated additional Whip. It was before the bye-elections had begun to tell, and whilst yet the Dissentient Liberal ranks were unbroken. "Bobby," himself nearly a year in office, murmured, with far-away look; "Another Whip! Dear me, it seems that, the smaller the muster to be counted the larger the number of Whips."

"Goin' back agen."

Business done.—Debate on Second Reading of Local Government Bill commenced.

Friday.—Lords back to-night, like giants refreshed, after Easter holidays. Plunged desperately into business. Denman ("So like dear *Mr. Dick* is Denman," said Dunraven, back from Ireland, where he has been dropping his rents, and raising his salmon) moved Second Reading of Woman's Suffrage Bill. Cranbrook moved that it be read second time this day six months. What followed so interesting, made *verbatim* note of conversation. Here it is:—

Mr. Dick. May I ask the noble Viscount whether that would mean lunar or calendar months? If lunar, by yonder blessed moon I swear——

Cranbrook. Order! Order!

"O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb."

Besides, swearing's not parliamentary. Ask Halsbury.

Lord Chancellor (*admires* Balfour's *policy so much, imitates his Parliamentary manner with his legs. Just now got them astray under the table. After struggle, rises to his columnar height*). Ah—er—don't you think we'd better wait for Brother Herschell? More in his way, doncherknow. His grandfather in the moon and stars business. Spacious firmament on high, and all that; a little out of my way.

Mr. Dick. Must rule, or else I'll take division.

Lord Chancellor. Very well. Then, under circumstances, we'll say it's lunar months.

House then adjourned.

The Break-Down in the Queen's Bench.—A queer place for a "break-down," but the Judge, Counsel, and all engaged in the case "stepped it" with alacrity when the defective timber gave timely warning last Wednesday morning. At first the noise was thought to be occasioned by the Last of the Barons cracking a joke, or that some prisoner on his trial had just been "let off" by Mr. Justice Hawkins. But it was nothing of the sort. It was simply caused by "someone" concerned in building the New Law Courts. On inquiry, of course, it was found impossible to blame the Architect, or the Clerk of the Works, or the Foreman, or the Contractors. It was finally settled that as the green wood used in building had shrunk, the fault was attributable entirely to the "Contracting Party," which, in this instance, 'tis as clear as sunlight, was the beam. If they're all like the Queen's Bench, we can't correctly term any of the Divisions in the new building "Superior Courts."

"Happy Returns!"—A House crammed in every part welcomed our Henry and Ellen on the Faustive occasion of their re-appearance at the Lyceum. He has made a bag of dollars, and certainly as *Mephistopheles* he looked uncommonly dollarous.

Which Is It?—Recently the Gaiety advertisements have informed the public that "Miss Ellen Farren" is going to take a benefit, previous to her departure, &c., &c. A few days after this, the last nights (alas!) of "Miss Nellie Farren," &c., &c. We have never heard of "Ellen" Farren. "Nellie" is our favourite. But which leaves us? and, if both,—well, we shall grieve for Nellie, but we shan't Miss Ellen.

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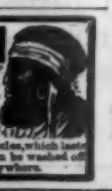

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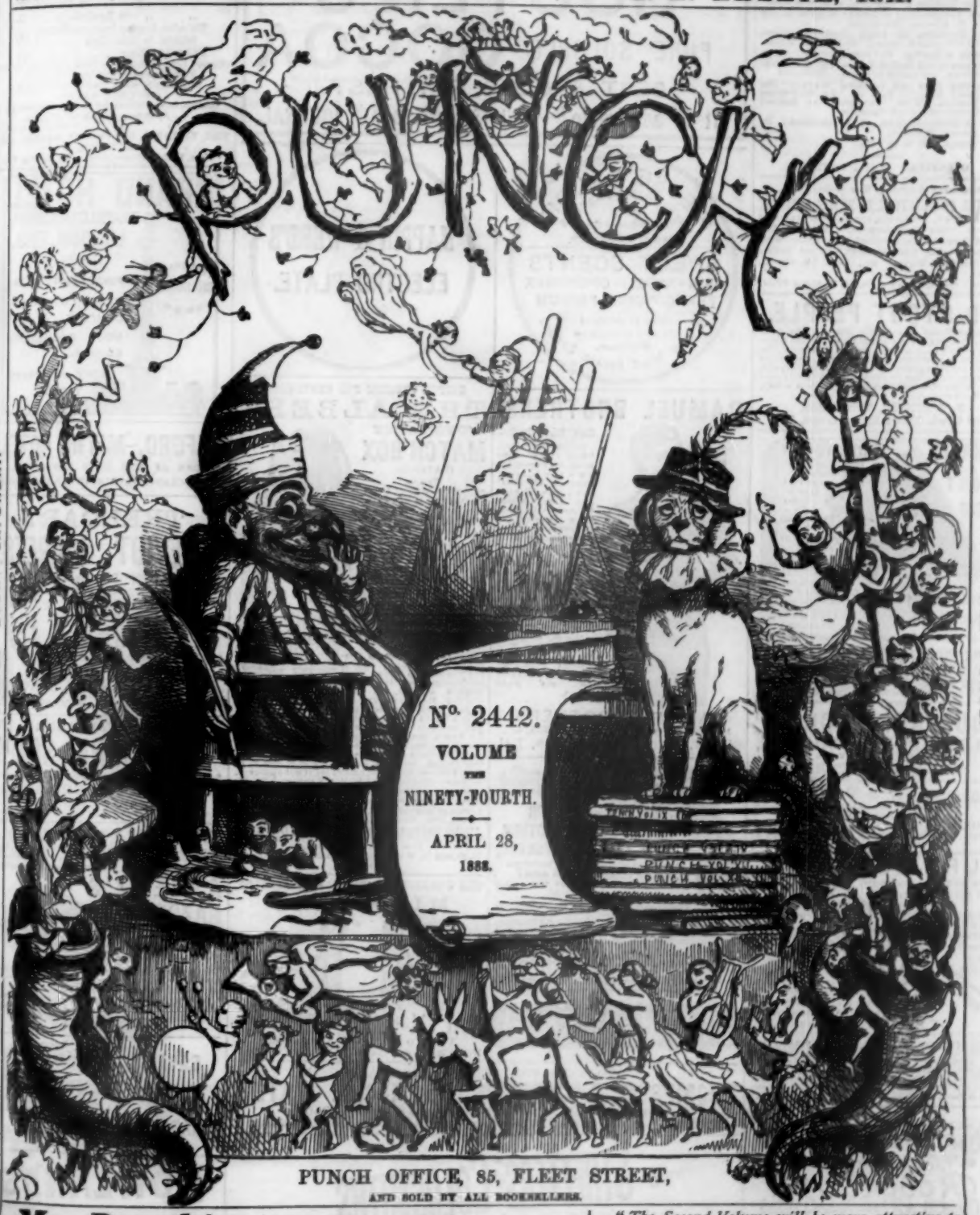

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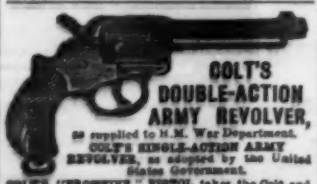

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Cubeba, Stramonium, and Cannab. Ind. Always relieve, and frequently cure Asthma, Throat Cough, Bronchitis, Influenza. One Cigarette insures a good night's rest. Box of 12, 1s.; 36, 2s. 6d. Full directions. All Chemists.

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QUITE "TAKEN" BY LES SURPRISES.

M. Bisson's "*comédie*," entitled *Les Surprises du Divorce*, which is now one of the great successes of Paris, was played to such big houses last week at the Royalty as would have been sufficient to warrant M. Mayer in taking on the theatre for another month at least. *Les Surprises* is an ingeniously-constructed and most amusing farce. The situations are so genuinely comic, and the dialogue so crisp and humorous, that the piece would "draw" in London

"Coquelinant" at the Royalty.

with even a less popular comedian than Coquelin, supported by the youthful Jean Coquelin and the competent company—including a M. Boulanger, by the way—whom M. Mayer has got together at the Royalty Theatre.

It is said that Mr. Hare is going to produce an English version of *Les Surprises* at his, at present unbuilt, theatre. If so, the adapter, if he lays the scene in England, will have a difficult task, as what is essential to the plot is impossible here, and much detail that is necessary to the humour of the farce an English audience would not tolerate in an English piece; though in a French play, acted by French comedians, "suggestiveness" is expected and condoned in advance by an English audience, who, as a rule, laugh the louder the more they see and the less they understand.

The old "business" of the low comedian, when overcome with emotion, falling on to the keyboard of the piano, of a quiet man bringing in a loaded tray only to be kicked over by the principal low comedian in order to end an Act with something brisk, and to bring down "a quick curtain," would be received by our capricious first-nighters with derision. But what in a French farce is considered by an English audience as "immensely funny," would be voted "old" and "stupid" in an English piece of the same kind. I doubt whether the ringing slap on the face given by the actor to the actress would be acceptable to an English audience, if the characters represented were English. However, these matters are for the adapter's consideration. Taken for what it is, a brisk French farce, played by a good light French company, with plenty of French *sauce piquante*, *Les Surprises du Divorce* is among the funniest pieces to which M. Naquet's Divorce Act has given birth.

Jack in the Box.

"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was"—ahem!—That Reverend Arcadian Welsh Shepherd who was brought up—(he must have been very badly brought up!)—before the Magistrate, at the instance of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for chipping pieces off some old stone table in the Abbey, in order to carry them away as relics, ought to be presented with a living near Chipping Norton. Perhaps "Mr. G." could find him convenient employment at Hawarden. He was fined a couple of sovereigns for the damage done. No doubt he considers he got off very chiply.

A New Heresy.—The week before last we mentioned the spread of Ariane-ism in the Strand. But what is "Plagiarism in the Pulpit," for which, in the York Convocation, Dr. Hayman wished to condemn Canon Fleming? Is it a misprint for "Pelagianism"? If not who was the Heresiarch? When did Plagiary flourish? Of course we do not mean *Sir Fretful*. Poor Canon Fleming to be gibbeted on "Hayman's gallows"! This would be "suspending" him with a vengeance. Let us hope the worthy Fleming will be acquitted of Plagiarism.

Appropriate for April.—Quite the Month for the Aquarellistes in Pall Mall East and Piccadilly to open their Shows. Plenty of Showers at both places.

MR. PUNCH'S INDIAN POSSESSIONS.

The *Indian Daily News* of Monday, March 26, has been received at our office, containing the following intelligence:—

"Moti Singh, the Rajah of Punch, has come into sudden notoriety by the imprisonment of his Prime Minister and family, and confiscation of their property, &c. The State of Punch lies about midway between Rawal Pindi and Srinugger, &c."

To interview Rajah Moti Singh, *Mr. Punch* has, of course, immediately despatched two of his best Rajahs-in-Waiting from his Home Office, Khan Singh and Mustapha Singh with A Note. *Mr. Punch* thinks it due to the Prime Minister to say that this is the first time he has ever heard even the whisper of any charge against him, and he is loth to believe that the present difficulty is due to Russian intrigue. The Two Rajahs will be accompanied (on the Tom-Tom) by the celebrated Indian Guide, Rita-Wazir; and *Mr. Punch* trusts that the meeting of the three Rajahs—Khan Singh, Mustapha Singh, and Moti Singh—who will enjoy the far-famed hospitality of the Nizam Anpeezah-Dinar—will be thoroughly harmonious.

THE RECOGNITION OF INHUMANITY.

What would be the reasonable chastisement to award for a misdemeanor no worse than an unprovoked assault by which a sufferer is but grievously injured and irreparably maimed for life? Well, as much, perhaps, as seclusion for a term of some not too long duration. Such was the sentence stated to have been passed by the Recorder of Sheffield on two betting men, one named Oxley, and the other Lambert, convicted of rather too rough horseplay on the person of a respectable tradesman. They had merely knocked him down, and four of his teeth out, broken his jaw, and inflicted injuries styled "serious" upon his head. For these acts of only unlawful wounding, Oxley was awarded no less than two months' and Lambert as much as one month's imprisonment. In this instance, justice, as usual in such cases, was tempered with mercy; and according to precedent not ridiculously too much of the latter. But certainly, the reverse of that view of it was taken by the people of Sheffield. At a crowded meeting of townsfolk convened by the Mayor, resolutions were passed actually protesting against the inadequacy of those lenient sentences! What Draconian judgment did the Mayor and his concourse wish to have been pronounced on a somewhat too forcible outbreak of animal spirits? Five years of penal servitude perhaps, and a whipping or two into the bargain? Why, the defendants couldn't have got so much as that unless they had aggravated mere violence with the graver offence of robbery. They seem to have been sent to prison without the option of a fine. Was not that sufficient to satisfy the rigorous requirements of the Men of Sheffield? An imprisonment of two months' duration for an assault upon a man is as heavy a penalty as that usually imposed on the assailant of a woman or a child. Isn't it?

Another "Mystery."—The Shilling Dreadfuls are having a fine time of it. All Murders and Mysteries. The Book-stalls of W. H. Smith—or "The Smithies," as they shall be henceforth termed—are full of them. Among the latest is *The Cliff Mystery*, by Mr. Hamilton Aïdé, who is also "among the profits." The more improbable the story, the greater the probability of its being read. Perhaps the Author wrote this shilling tale after a copious draught of what he calls "Château Margot." Does he remember a couplet of Charles Dance's in *Blue Beard*?—

Margot. For drink, O'Shackaback, you needn't far go.
O'Shack. I've searched for you through all the château, Margot.

The quotation may not be strictly exact as far as the first line goes, but the second is the one that may have lingered in the Aïdéan memory. Let him get some "Margaux," and write another Mystery. The greatest Mystery of all is, that there should be a public for all these 'orrible tales!

"Sure as Fête."—Last Wednesday, April 18, was about as bad a day as any of the Witches in *Macbeth* could wish for. There was thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, fog, sunshine, cold, heat. Quite a Variety Entertainment. Any Forecaster might have predicted it, or something like, without any great meteorological science, if he had only consulted the list of amusements for the forthcoming week in a Saturday or Sunday paper. For was not the First Show of Spring Flowers announced for this particular day at the Botanical Gardens? O cruel *fête!* Poor Flora in a mackintosh and under an umbrella!

Aids to New Dictionary.—Mr. Girling writes sensibly about corporal punishment, but "Girling" is hardly the appropriate name for a gentleman who has kept a Boy's School. "Girling" would be a very good telegraphic-codey word, meaning "Educating Girls." If this were adopted, then "Boying" would mean "Bringing up Boys." "I boyed him up" would signify, "I had charge of his education from his earliest boyhood?"

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 7. (After a Celebrated Picture.)

"RITCHIE'S HIMSELF AGAIN!"—(*Till further notice.*)

"Chair! Chair!"—The late Mr. George Godwin's collection of the Chairs of Great Men brought in a fair sum. "Theodore Hook's Chair with a curious back, revolving so as to serve as a table, sold for nineteen guineas"—"which sum," said George Jokin', with ever-ready wit, "ought to have been devoted to a chairy-table purpose."

Bradlaugh *v.* Peters.—At the request of Mr. Labouchere some Members subscribed the £500 damages and costs which Peters got out of Bradlaugh. "This," as the Comic Chancellor, Geo. Jokin observed, "is the first instance within the last four hundred years of a collection of 'Peter's Pence' in the House of Commons."

AN INOPPORTUNE FLIRTATION.

"In the Spring a Young Man's fancy lightly turns on thoughts of Love."

Matthew Arnold.

Born at Laleham, near Staines, December 22, 1822. Died, April 15, 1888. Buried at Laleham, April 19, 1888.

He who sang "*Thyrsis*," then, shall sing no more [notes!
This side the stream that stills all earthly
Whilst April wakes the woodland's tardy song, [floats
On morn's mild breeze the throstle's fluting
To ears long waiting and attentive long.
But near the shy Thames shore
Mute lies the minstrel who with mellowest reed [ways.
Piped of its sunny slopes and wandering
Singer of light and of large-thoughted days,
And the soul's stillness, art thou gone indeed?

Great Son of a good father, Laleham's Tower,
'Neath which thou liest, is not firmlier set
Than thy well-founded surely growing fame.
The budding briers with April drops are wet,
Anon the river-fields with gold shall flame;
The fritillary flower [feet
Shall spread its purple where thy frequent
Lovingly lingered. For thy Muse's flight
The Light of Nature's gift is yet more light,
The Sweetness of Earth's boon is still more sweet.

The Python of Stupidity is slain
By Phœbus' shafts; the Philistine must fall
To lucid wit and lambent irony;
And hot unreason yieldeth, if at all,
To arms of light. Well, the world owes to
This gospel, and its gain [thee
Perchance is greater than from all the noise
Of Boanerges. Men at least may turn
To thee the gracious ways of calm to learn,
High Culture's bland repose and blameless joys.

"The night as welcome as a friend would fall,"*
So didst thou sing, and lo! to thee it came
Like a friend's sudden clasp, and all was still. [thy fame
Sleep well by thy loved Thames; henceforth
With that of "*Thyrsis*" blent shall haunt
Each reach, each islet, all [each hill,
That spreading scene which Clough and
Arnold loved; [more,
And men of English mould will love it
Thinking, on silvery flood and verdant shore,
"Here Arnold sang, here gentle *Thyrsis* roved!"

* "*Thyrsis*," Matthew Arnold's exquisite Monody on the death of his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough.

Tried by the Furniss.—As might have been expected, the Fiery Furniss has been "making it hot" for some of them in his lecture as reported in last Friday's *Times*. No one could more appropriately do this than the Fiery Furniss. His instructive and amusing Lecture, evidently deals with burning questions. His next discourse will probably be headed, "Cremation by Furniss," in which he will discuss the utility of burning bodies, and the advisability of selecting one considerable body—that of the Royal Academy—for an initial experiment. If he cannot obtain the entire body, he will be content with roasting one member at a time. This Furniss burns brightly for nearly two hours, and no sort of interruption ever puts him out.

Goethe and the Very Dickens.

Mephistopheles, "The Spirit who denies," is the embodiment of Universal Scepticism. *Mrs. Prig*, who "didn't believe there wasn't no such person" as *Mrs. Harris*, is the illustration of the particular Sceptic. The first includes the second, and a term which shall be a combination of the two may well express modern scepticism; and this term is "Mephistophelian-Priggishness."

Mr. Arthur Roberts's Lament.

I cannot sing the old song
(Which line perhaps you've heard);
I do not like the old song
As sold by Messrs. Sheard.
My serious reputation I
Must keep up in Lon-*don*,—
That second line is halting, but
'Twill be correct if you don't put
"*The*" (proper) "*accent on*."

Something like a Conversion.—At the first conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association last Wednesday, when Mr. Spurgeon made one of his most telling and characteristic speeches, a Converted Devil addressed the Assembly. True he was only a Printer's Devil; but this is a step in the right direction, which would have delighted the Original Origen and generous Robbie Burns of Ayr,—of that Ayr, by the way, whence came the puir Printer's Deil in question. He was one of the "inko guid."

A Dilemma.—The Managers of St. James's Theatre have decided not to keep *The Wife's Secret*, but, on the other hand, they can't let it out.

THE WATER-COLOUR INSTITUTE.

Sir James Linton, you'll first notice, has a splendid "*Sacharissa*,"
Near it Thomas's "*Verandah*" has a most unpleasant shine;
But, as one great consolation, you can never fail to miss a
Clever "*Doleful Dumps*" by Tenniel, that's hung upon the line.

"Our Jolly Young Water-(Coleur)-Man."

Here's James Orrock's "*On the Solway*," Ernest Parton paints us birches,
Arthur Severn Mussel-gatherers who fly from Morecambe Bay;
While our Keeley Halswelle shows us quite the loveliest of churches,
And well Joseph Knight's depicted what he calls "*The Morning Grey*."

In the next room we've some Weedons, which are bright and realistic,
While Charles Green has made his Turveydrop as perfect as can be;
Would that Gregory's "*Marooned*" were far less hot and inartistic,—
As a contrast, note how Wyllie or how East has treated sea.

Hubert Medlycott's "*Fishmongers' Hall and View of London Bridge*" is
Neatly painted, and there's cleverness in Kilburne's old gavotte;
Edwin Hayes has shown us trawlers crossing heavy ocean-ridges,
While Stock's soul in contemplation rivals even Oldham's Stott.

Passing on, we note Count Seckendorf's "*San Remo*," then the haunted
Chamber Nash has deftly painted; and a picture tells the tale
Of how men are sore deceivers: there the Scot reads on undaunted,
In "*The Covenanters*" feeling that the bible will prevail.

There is Warren's "*Wealth of Woodland*," Terry's "*Interesting Story*,"
In "*A Chapter from the Koran*," lo! the auditors are mute;
And there's many another painter who deserves his meed of glory;
But the bard has spun six stanzas. *Quantum suff.*, O Institute!

THE "PRODIGY" SONS.

The infant Otto Hegner—a name very suggestive of a chicken scarcely out of its shell—has, it appears, been performing at the Philharmonic, a circumstance which the Musical Critic of the *Times*, who very reasonably urges that, as the Society is supposed to represent the interests of high-class music, it might be above yielding to the craze of the hour, confesses he views both with surprise and regret. That there is a regular flood of these musical prodigies threatening to sweep over every concert-hall platform, there is not a doubt; and while the public rush in applauding crowds to welcome them, it is not easy to see where it is to stop. As long as the fever lasts, their parents, whatever their weight, may be counted upon to keep hurrying them to the "scales," and set them down to the keyboard practising till they are often literally laid on their *Bach's*. Meantime, while the infants struggle, it is becoming a serious question for the regular adult performers, who will find their occupation gone, and certainly not know what to do with themselves, if the former are to have it all their own way. For them, whatever the public may think of it, the matter will undoubtedly be no mere "child's-play," and they will surely hail any signs indicating that this recent determined invasion of the concert-room by the nursery is at all on the wane, with every expression of unfeigned delight.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A BOND STREET GALLERY.

Scene—*Exhibition Rooms of a well-known Art Dealer's, where the main attraction is a very charming collection of Japanese impressions by a Rising Painter. In the first room are displayed miscellaneous landscapes and figure-subjects by other painters, which two* Prosaic Persons *are inspecting in puzzled silence.*

First Prosaic Person (*after examining pictures of coast scenery by "Mr. William Stott, of Oldham"*). I daresay it's all right—but it's not *my* idea of Japan! [*Feels vaguely defrauded.*

Second P. P. (*sensibly*). I expect, if the truth was told, most places are pretty much alike. Seems to be something going on in the further room, though,—better go in and see if there's anything to be seen there, eh?

[*They enter the inner Gallery, which is draped in dull carnation and pale yellow, and hung with sketches framed in old gold and dead copper, arranged in somewhat irregular order. Visitors are moving slowly from one picture to the other, making enthusiastic comments in a reverent whisper.*

First P. P. (*a little dubiously*). This looks more *like* it. Very eccentric, though, sticking the pictures about in patches like this!

Second P. P. (*shrewdly*). Oh, they naturally want to make 'em go as far as they *can*, but they might have hung 'em in *patterns*,—much neater-looking than this. Will you get a Catalogue, or shall I?

First P. P. (*without feeling in his pockets*). Well, I'm not sure whether I have any silver about me.

Second P. P. That little Japanese girl, who sells them, will give you change, if you ask her.

First P. P. (*annoyed*). How the dooce am I to ask for change, when I don't know the language?

Second P. P. Oh, *I'll* get it, then. I'll make her understand somehow. (*Goes up to little* Jap. Lady, *and proceeds to gesticulate elaborately with a shilling.*) You give me—one book, I give you—this. You understand?

Jap. Lady (*sedately*). I unnerstan' verri well. But the Catalogue is only seekspence—I can give you change.

Second P. P. (*returning to friend with Catalogue*). Wonderful how you can get along with signs! I never have any difficulty wherever *I* go. [*They proceed to examine the pictures.*

First P. P. I wonder why they've all got a little red spot on the frame?

Second P. P. Oh, they put that on to show they're sold. Same as a star, you know.

First P. P. But some of them are *ticketed* "sold."

Second P. P. (*staggered*). Well, you may depend on it, it isn't done without *some* reason. Pity he don't *finish* his things more, isn't it?

First P. P. I daresay he wasn't given time. I've heard the authorities are very particular out there. (*Pointing to sketch of village street.*) Those Chinese lanterns aren't bad, though.

Second P. P. N-no, but you can get *them* anywhere now.

An Ancient Amateur (*with loud voice, patronisingly to* Manager). I congratulate you—very attractive exhibition you've got here—exceedingly so, indeed!

Manager (*foreseeing a potential purchaser*). It's having a great success, certainly. Have you seen the Press notices?

[*Shows cuttings, mounted on pieces of cardboard.*

The A. A. (*waving them away*). I don't require any papers to tell *me* what to admire. And I say again, there is some remarkably good work here—I don't care who hears me!

Manager. Quite so—now here's a fine one, look at the purity of that colour, now? And not expensive.

The A. A. Isn't it, though? Well, if Mr. (*mentioning name of rising Painter*), was here, I could tell him something he might find worth his attention.

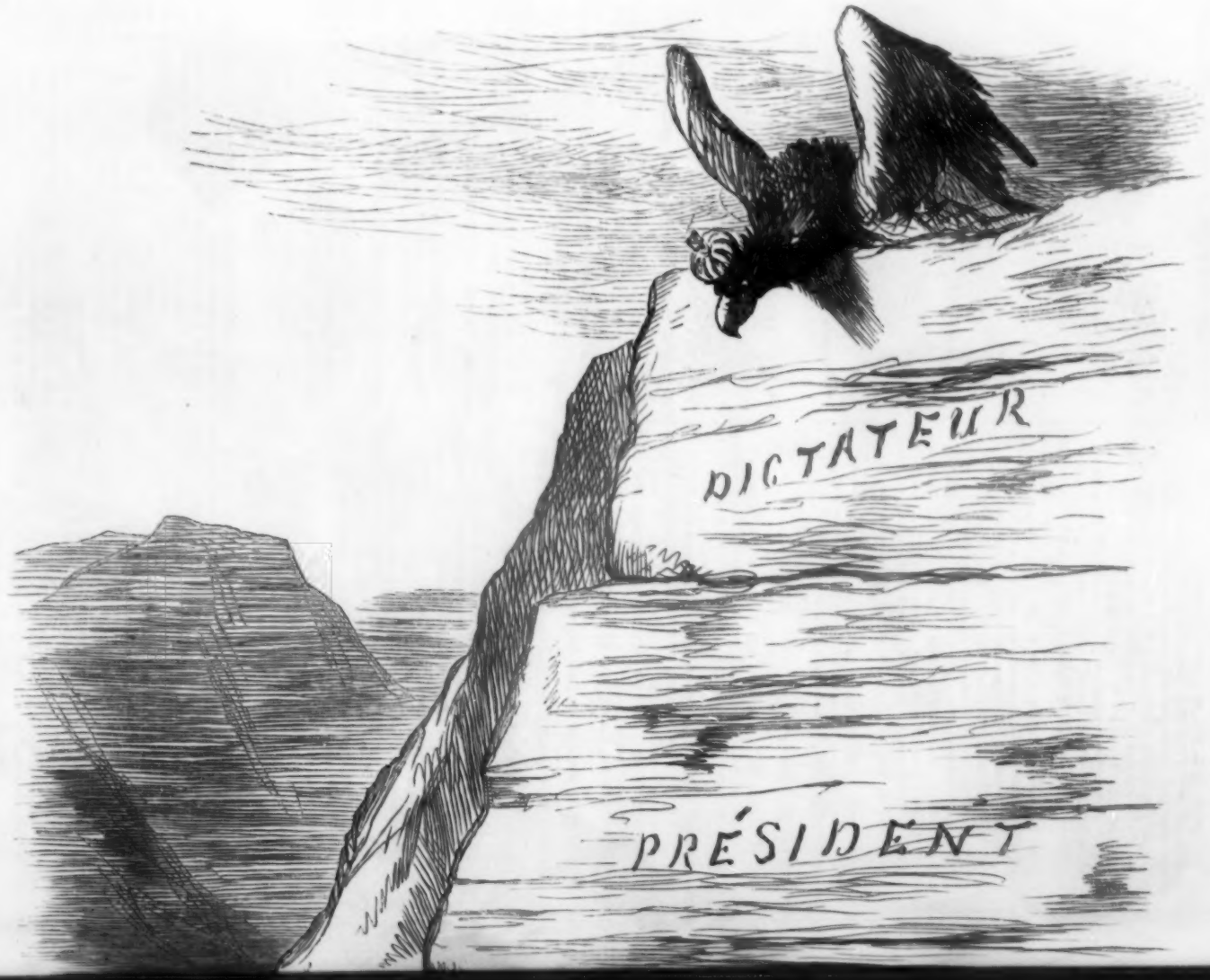
Manager. I think he is in the Gallery. Ah! there he is. Would you like to be introduced to him?

The A. A. (*with condescension*). Certainly, certainly, by all means! (*Introduction effected accordingly. Rising Painter slightly mystified.*) How are you?—how are you? Very glad to have this opportunity. Always glad to see the younger men succeeding. (*Rising Painter, more mystified than ever, wonders who the deuce he is.*) I know all about these things. I daresay you'll know my name when I mention it. (*Importantly.*) I'm Jabberley, Sir. I've *been* to Japan. (*As if the R. P. hadn't.*)

[*By this time a small crowd has collected, under the impression that the A. A. is the Painter himself.*

The R. P. (*courteously vague*). Oh, Jabberley, to be sure—of course! And you have been out there?

The A. A. (*louder than ever*). I have; and I may say I know something of the effects it is possible to get with that atmosphere. I sketched a good deal while I was there, purely for my own amusement, you understand (*the R. P. bows*), and I can give you a hint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WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE IMPRESSIONIST) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Our Impressionist. "Very *Sloppy*, isn't it?"

Our Lady Critic. "Well,—I should never have dared to say so,—but, since you mention it yourself, I honestly confess I think it's *very Sloppy indeed!*" *Our Impressionist.* "I'm speaking of the *Weather!*"

Our Lady Critic. "The Weather! Oh, the *Weather* isn't Sloppy!"

you may find useful next time you go. You get some rice—plain, ordinary rice—you follow me? (*General interest on part of Public.*) Well, you boil it, strain off the water, and put in your skies with *that*, d'ye see? (*Suppressed fury on part of R. P.*) You'll find it'll give a *glaze*, Sir, that it would take you a lifetime to get in any other way! And (*impressively*) there's this further advantage—when you've done, there's your rice, as good as ever. Now, you take my advice, and *try* it. Good day—most happy to have been of any service to you! [*Exit A. A., leaving R. P. perfectly speechless with indignation.*

A Well-meaning Lady-Visitor. They're simply too lovely, *all* of them. I could quite fancy myself in the Japanese Village at Knightsbridge, you know!

First P. P. (*to Second ditto*). Here, *you've* got the Catalogue—what's No. 56?

Second P. P. "The Tea-House of the Slender Trees"—at least (*cautiously*) that's what it's *down* as.

First P. P. (*blankly*). Oh, a fancy title, I suppose—and the next?

Second P. P. (*referring to Catalogue, as before*). "A Japanese Fifine at the Fair."

First P. P. A Japanese *what* at the Fair?

Second P. P. "Fifine" seems to be the native name for a girl out there. Here's an odd subject now—62. "*Two Singing Girls waiting for a Jimrickshaw.*" Don't understand what that means—sounds like nonsense to *me*.

[*Which is his way of saying that it is nonsense.*

First P. P. No subject in that. I like a picture that tells you at a glance what it's all about, but what are you to make of a "jimrickshaw?" What's this one with the umbrella?

Second P. P. (*reading*). "'*The Child and the Umbrella.*' The umbrella is pitched by the side of the stall to shade it from the intense sunlight."

First P. P. (*suspiciously*). Is that in the Catalogue?

Second P. P. (*hurt*). You can read it for yourself if you like.

First P. P. Well, he needn't have gone to Japan to find out *that!* Have you had enough of it?

Second P. P. *I* don't want to see any more. And (*with a show of humility*) it may be my bad taste—perhaps it is—but I'd rather have one good honest English oleograph than a dozen of these outlandish things. (*Proudly.*) I would indeed! [*They make their way out, with glances of wondering pity at the other Visitors, who* (*not being* Prosaic Persons) *are showing a very evident appreciation of the Exhibition—a circumstance which possibly consoles the Rising Painter and his Manager for any exceptions to the general rule.*

L'AUDACE!!

"De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!"

On the old quest, and after the old quarry?
  Audacity's *the* arm for such a task.
The sight is stale, from use, and something sorry,
  Of climbing Cæsar with the patriot mask.
Great Uncle, little Nephew, in such fashion
  Clambered and clutched; may not another scale
The steep whose fair first step is patriot passion,
  A splendid pretext seldom known to fail?
Ho for the eyrie! There the golden eagle
  Perches, a little shabby-plumed of late
'Tis true, not quite so obviously regal
  As when of old he sat in solemn state,
Pinnacled high, and spreading mighty pinion,
  Ready for arrowy flight or thunderous swoop;
Lord of the upper ether's large dominion,
  King of the mountain-haunting harpy troop.
Rome's mimic eagles "glared in gold;" this creature
  Glared at the sun with orbs almost as bright.
Age-dimmed? Perchance! But each Stymphalian feature,
  The brazen claw, the beak of iron might
Remain to mark the breed, sublime, predacious,
  And moulted plumes may be repreened in sooth;
Sweeping again athwart its air-realm spacious,
  The Imperial Eagle may renew its youth.

Cling, clutch, bold climber! Foothold most precarious
  Those crags afford; but there the golden prize
Perches alone—such birds are not gregarious—
  Peering down on you with half-curious eyes,
Those eyes that scanned the Corsican, and goggled
  Upon the lesser hero Hugo scourged.
So tough a task must not be botched or boggled,
  But with audacious caution should be urged.
"Be bold—be bold—be not too bold!" To measure
  Strength, skill, and daring artfully aright
Is not for bunglers. But that tempting treasure!
  The chance of lofty place and splendid flight!
A thought to fire—and dazzle. From below you
  Rings on your ear the fickle mob's acclaim;
They watch, they worship. Some day they will *know* you:
  Will the late knowledge safety bring, or shame?
Sedan and St. Helena tell their stories,
  But those seem old wives' fables when the chance
Revenge of snatching, of renewing glories
  Swims on the ken of splendour-loving France.
The Dove is a tame fowl; perpetual cooing
  Palls on the Gallic ear, what time so near
The strenuous Teuton the War God is wooing.
  The Eagle! Ah! Glad memories, triumphs dear,
Link with the Olympian fowl, and who'll remember
  The Bird of Jove is also bird of prey?
Oh, Man of Destiny, Man of December,
  Your Shades must surely watch your France to-day.
This scarcely looks the Eagle that once fluttered
  Europe's scared Courts from London to Berlin,
When Vulture, Hawk, and Falcon shrieked and scuttered
  Before its swoop with dire dismay and din.
More like the prisoned eagle, sick and sulky,
  That cannot rove or rend, and will not pair.
And yet our latest cragsman, bold, and bulky,
  With none too much of the heroic air,
The Boulevardier's Bourgeois-Bayard, struggles
  By the old steps to the old eyrie. Yes!
And will the old end crown the old, old juggles?
  Can France foresee, the World do more than guess?

Ominous Name.—When General Boulanger appears in public, he is generally accompanied by M. Laguerre. That Boulanger and La-guerre should be inseparables,—*ça donne à penser.*

"THE SERMON QUESTION."

Curate (Musical). "But why do you object to having a Hymn during the Collection?"
Rector (Practical). "Well, you see, I preach a good Sermon, which I calculate should move the People to an average of Half-a-Crown each; but I find, during a long Hymn, they seem to cool down, and it barely brings a Shilling a head!"

NOVELS AS THEY ARE WROTE.

Anxious to discover whether there were any grounds for the statement recently put forth by Mr. Walter Besant in regard to the work of the novelist, to the effect that "no moving situation was ever yet depicted that did not cause the author anguish and tears," and also with a view to ascertaining how far the writers of modern fiction, before they are able to impress their readers with the force of any particular situation they attempt to describe, are under the necessity of first practically realising it fully themselves, our Commissioner, in conformity with his announcement made last week, has been hurrying about, and interviewing several well-known authors, in the hopes of throwing some light on the subject. The following is a summary of the result of such inquiries as he has been enabled to make in the interval.

Mr. William Black thoroughly agrees with Mr. Walter Besant. He not only cries and laughs, but sings, and even dances and roars over his work, so completely is he carried away by it. This is especially the case in his description of natural phenomena. Sometimes, in depicting a storm, he has sat in his study with an open umbrella over him, and even rushed into an adjacent room to have a shower-bath, from which he has emerged dripping, to finish his chapter. This has frequently given him violent influenza. But he is sure it has enabled him to reach his public.

Mr. Rider Haggard is of the same opinion, and he cannot conceive a strong situation affecting the reader which has not powerfully affected the author. He wrote the famous apotheosis of "*She*" in a darkened room, with a flaming bowl of snap-dragon before him, and as he realised the full horror of the scene he was describing, he fairly yelled, and jumped round the room, leaping over the sofa, chairs, and tables in his wild excitement. Ultimately collapsing in a smothered heap on the hearth-rug and upsetting the contents of the snap-dragon bowl over him, he was discovered enveloped in blue flame by his Secretary, who finally put him out. He then crept to his chair and put the closing lines to the scene. All his best work has been done in this fashion. He believes it to be the only way.

Mr. Louis Stevenson always identifies himself with his own characters. When building up the peculiarities of his famous villains in his romance of *Treasure Island*, he used frequently to spend his spare time in creeping about the house stealthily and chuckling over their evil deeds, and he would often, when dining out, find himself, in the intervals of conversation, involuntarily singing "*Fifteen men on a dead man's chest! Yo ho! ho! ho! for a bottle of Rum!*" Even the episode of throwing the crutch was rehearsed. He flung a pair of drawing-room tongs through a conservatory at a parrot in a brass cage, and brought it down. That is how he got his inspiration. He felt intensely the necessity of realising every line he wrote, and his life had in consequence become almost a succession of gymnastics.

Mr. Marion Crawford never puts pen to paper without "tears and anguish." When in his recent novel, *Paul Patoff*, he began describing the eccentricities of the hero's mother, he had to be removed to Bedlam to finish it. He weeps copiously over every line he writes, and never sits down to a fresh chapter without being first provided with a large supply of pocket handkerchiefs.

Marie Corelli is powerfully affected by her own conceptions. When engaged in the production of her novel *Vendetta*, she was so engrossed in her subject that she felt herself several times impelled by an almost uncontrollable impulse to waylay the tax-collector and stab him with a paper-knife. Thus she nourished a real thirst for vengeance. Even her publishers were at last afraid to meet her.

Mr. F. Anstey, the moment he sits down to his study-table, is so conscious that he ought to put something funny on to paper, that he not unfrequently goes into such fits of laughter that he is utterly unable to hold his pen. When at work on his *Fallen Idol*, he was so often in hysterics from this cause, that he produced the greater portion of it in company with his Medical Adviser, who had to be perpetually lowering his spirits by the administration of powerful sedatives until the last chapter was finished. He wrote the whole of his first novel. *Vice Versâ*, at a scream.

Mr. Hawley Smart feels that, to reach his readers, an Author must put himself in the position he endeavours to describe; he has therefore written every line of his latest work, *The Outsider*, on the knife-board of an omnibus.

Mr. Lewis Carrol expressed surprise that it was not generally known that he wrote the greater portion of *Alice in Wonderland* while standing on his head. This was how he got hold of the "Jabberwock." He had recently been engaged on a new work, during the production of which he had turned frequent back-somersaults. He fully concurred with Mr. Walter Besant's proposition.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 16.—More debate on Second Reading of Local Government Bill. Courtney led off, dragging into his Memorial the reference to Proportional Representation which serves him as head of King Charles the First served another eminent man. After him came Chamberlain. Aspect of House suddenly changed. Benches filled up. Members became really interested. Seems to be, after all, something intelligible in Bill. A striking speech, fluent, concise, admirably phrased, and mercifully brief. Touched up, moreover, with some of those little thrusts at former friends, which so delights House. Courtney playfully chaffed; Gladstone who, fortunately, did not happen to be present, put hopelessly in the wrong. Mundella at one point ventured to say, "Oh!"; thought he would have been chawed up on the spot. Concluded to listen to remaining portions of speech in silence.

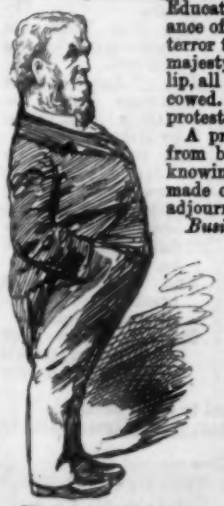
Hartington so far interested, that he didn't get more than forty winks' sleep throughout the speech. Quite exception this. Has profited immensely out of debate as far as it has gone. Looks forward to many peaceful evenings in Committee; doesn't mind an occasional late night or exceptionally hard work through the day. Whenever Local Government Bill is on goes down to House, settles himself in corner seat on Front Bench, crosses his legs, closes his eyes, falls asleep like a shot. Chamberlain's vivacity little disturbing. But Hartington made it up later, when Chaplin rose.

"Washington Mission nothing to this," said Grandolph, moodily regarding the scene. "Anyone could arrange a Fishery Treaty. Chamberlain the only man who has been able to make debate on Local Government Bill interesting since Ritchie brought Bill in."

Exit Stephen Mason.

Wilfrid Lawson poked fun at Chamberlain's championship of Selected Councillors. Objected only to name. Call them Aldermen, and all would be well, Lawson agreed. Drew moving picture of Alderman Chaplin and Alderman Bartlelot going to Church.

Writ moved to-day for election for Mid-Lanarkshire. So exit Stephen Mason. Pity he wasn't here just another night to take part in revolt against Lord Advocate. This burst forth after midnight. The Mackintosh moved Opposition to particular Scotch Endowment scheme. Lord Advocate rose, said not a word for or against scheme, but gave Scotch Members terrible wigging for coming to House and presuming to call in question a scheme approved by Scotch Education Department. Something in appearance of Lord Advocate that would have carried terror to Southron mind; the towering form, the majesty of wrath, the flashing eye, the quivering lip, all terrible. But Scots-wha-hae not to be cowed. Turned upon Lord Advocate; angrily protested against his scolding.



The Judicious McLagan.

A pretty scene. Joseph Gillis looking on from below Gangway, smiled approvingly. No knowing but what, in time, something might be made of these Scotch Members. House didn't adjourn till quarter to one.

Business done.—Local Government Bill.

Tuesday Night.—What a night we have had to be sure! Makes up for the ponderous performance through morning sitting. All began in little mistake. Everybody thought House would be counted when Speaker took Chair again at Nine o'clock. Consequence was, everyone, including Lord Advocate, settled down comfortably to dinner. But Teetotallers interested in Second Order, introducing Local Option in Scotland. Teetotallers don't want as much time for dinner as other people; so down in full force at Nine o'clock. Count tried; defeated. Bryce moved Second Reading of Access to Scotch Mountains Bill. Lord Advocate instructed to oppose measure. But where was Lord Advocate? Scouts sent out in search. Access to Lord Advocate even more difficult than access to Scotch Mountains. Bill passed Second Reading. McLagan moved Scotch Local Option Bill without saying a word. A good deal to say; but Lord Advocate might be in any moment; so the judicious McLagan pocketed his speech, and got his Bill passed. At this moment Lord Advocate arrived with shining face and dinner dress. Cordially cheered by Scotch Radical Members who had just passed most important stage of two Bills designed to undermine Constitution.

Thirty Bills on the Orders; all private Members' ventures; most of them horribly Radical; scouts still out; Ministers dropping in breathless and alarmed; Benches filling up on both sides; every man in dinner-dress looking as if he had just been torn away from dinner-table when cigars and coffee coming on. In excitement of moment, Richard Temple got locked in "Aye" Lobby; Rescued through "No" Lobby. Old Morality arrived just in time to see him emerge, offering observations understood to be Hindustanee.

By Eleven o'clock House quite full; threw itself with ardour into discussion of Steam Engines and Boilers Bill; here Jackson distinguished himself in quite unexpected fashion. Seems that, before he became Financial Secretary, spent his youth in a boiler; his early manhood among the flues. Old Morality gazed at him with unfeigned admiration. Edward Clarke began to think it was worth while being rushed from dinner-table to hear this.

"If," said Jackson, with air of conviction, "an employer of labour does not know that his boiler is subject to corrosion, where has he lived? Some one says 'No,'" Jackson continued, fiercely turning in the direction of Mundella. "As an employer of labour, I can say that I always looked after my own boiler. I have been in a boiler several times, and through all its flues."

House cheered enthusiastically. Jackson not quite the figure for a comfortable exploration of recesses of a flue. But as Clarke, jealous for veracity of his colleague, says, "He entered the flue before he entered the House." No resisting flood of Jackson's eloquence. "Speaks so fluently," said George Jokin. Using phrase in Parliamentary sense, Jackson burst the boiler. Bill rejected by overwhelming majority.

"*There's* a Government for you," said Addison, Q.C. "Hit them where you like, they ring out sound. Only Ministry of modern times that includes a Member at home in a boiler, and fluent about flues."

Business done.—Immense! Unprecedented!! Something like half a score of Private Bills debated and disposed of!!! Jackson emerged triumphant out of Boiler Flue!!!!

Wednesday. Full attendance to-day. Second Reading of Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on again. Lockwood says she 's the only Sister Bill he ever heard of. Supposes her full name is Wilhelmina. Seems a little familiar to allude to her as "Bill." But that familiarity of long standing. Been with House for many years. Members know all about arguments. Have come to vote. Will not remain to listen; so missed mincing speech of Home Secretary, in which he sedulously trotted out Cardinal Manning to sanction his illiberal views. Hughes-Hallett, sitting just behind, much impressed. Home Secretary opposed Bill on ground that it would lead to invasion of sanctity of domestic circle, and undermine social purity. "Ah!" said Hughes-Hallett, sniffing at scent of violets in his button-hole, "that will never do."

[Alderman Chaplin, M.P.

So when time came, he went out with Home Secretary, Chaplin, and other good men, to vote against Wilhelmina.

Simple John Simon met the Pieman, represented by Home Secretary. Utterly routed him on question of Jewish practice. Henry Fowler brought up reserves, pitting Cardinal Newman against Cardinal Manning, and throwing in Cardinal Wiseman. Fowler succeeded in adding rare touch of interest to well-worn theme by relating forgotten story of how the present law was established. All about a Duke who loved his Wilhelmina and married her. Lyndhurst brought in Bill in Lords, which said "Duke not guilty, but no one else must do it again." That 's the law in a nutshell. House decided to crack it. 239 voted for Heneage's Bill, 182 against.

Business done.—Deceased Wife's Sister Bill read Second Time by majority of 57.

Thursday.—Arthur Balfour really confused to-night. Generally thought that lowest depths of barbarous cruelty been reached when O'Brien's breeches were annexed.

Now Sweeney's braces are missing.

Balfour more than suspected. Clancy brings charge in form of question. Balfour, white to the lips, tries to assume easy air. But R. Harrington sternly pins him to the fact that when John Sweeney entered Galway goal he wore braces—("Suspenders" they were called in the printed question, braces not being a Parliamentary word); when John Sweeney woke up one morning he found his suspenders had disappeared, like the snow on the mountains, like the foam on the river, gone and for ever.

Where are those suspenders now? R. Harrington asked.

Guilty blood mounted to forehead of Arthur Balfour. No one even suggested that he had personally appropriated Sweeney's suspenders. *But where were they?* No satisfactory answer. Whole thing looked very bad, and Government gladly changed subject by resuming debate on Local Government Bill.

Business done.—Sweeney's suspenders solemnly sought.

Friday.—Fireworks at last. Sixth night of debate on Second Reading of Local Government Bill. A long, depressing experience. To-night, just when flickering out, Harcourt lighted up place with corruscation of impromptus. "Went for" his dear friend and late colleague Chamberlain with great gusto. Only pity Chamberlain not there to hear it. House enjoyed it immensely. Quite took shine out of Goschen, who didn't make single joke.

Business done.—Local Government Bill read Second Time.

VALUABLE LITERARY FRAGMENT.

It is with much pleasure that we publish the following extract from a new historical play, which, judging from internal evidence, seems to have been written by the joint Authors of the latest Haymarket success.

Scene—*Hampton Court. Wits of the period discovered laughing.*

Lady of the Court. Ah, Mr. Sheridan and you consider the poem I have read to you will have great weight with his Majesty?

Sheridan (*with a low bow*). It should, Madam—for it is decidedly heavy. [*All laugh.*

Dryden. Put that in your next comedy and bury it.

[*Takes a pinch of snuff and nudges* Cibber. *Some laugh.*

Colley Cibber. It would be safer in the Doctor's Dictionary—*there* no one would read it.

[*Takes snuff and nudges* Sheridan. *All laugh.*

Johnson. That is a matter of opinion, Mr. Cibber; but remember, as Boswell says, we cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

[Dryden, Cibber, *and* Sheridan *nudge each other and take snuff.* Johnson *scowls. Some laugh.*

Herald. The King!

Flourish of trumpets. Enter William the Third *and* Queen Anne *with Court.*

King. Where is the Duchess?

Colley Cibber (*with a low bow*). I presume, Sire, you ask for the *Duch-ess* as a *Dutch*-man? [*The King smiles. All smile, except the Black Page in the corner.*

Flourish of trumpets. Enter the Duchess of Marlborough.

King. So, my Lords and Gentlemen, you are in Hampton Court, and you are pleased with it? [*Only the Black Page smiles.*

Dryden (*with a low bow*). Certainly, Sire, we find no hamper in Hampton. [*All laugh.*

King. Quite so; but it is not every bird that knows his own nest on a market day in September. [*Half the Court laugh.*

Colley Cibber (*half aside*). That depends, your Majesty, on the company! [*Nearly all laugh.*

Defoe. But you forget that two 's company, and three none.

[*Nudges* Dryden, *who chuckles, and nudges* Colley Cibber. *Some laugh.*

Swift (*satirically*). Except on Ash Wednesday.

[*All laugh except* Boswell, *and the Herald with the trumpet.*

Lady of the Court (*curtseying*). Nay, your Reverence, you forget that a miller in a white hat has as much right to look at a cat as a king. [Dryden *nudges* Cibber, *who nudges* Johnson. *All three laugh aside.*

Sheridan. I am reminded by your Ladyship's observation that those ducks are putting their heads under the water for divers reasons. [*Everybody laughs.*

Oliver Goldsmith. What do you know about water, you impecunious one? Unless you take it in French as a *owe?*

[*He nudges* Colley Cibber, *who walks angrily away, using gold-headed cane. Some laugh.*

Steele. Which would be appropriate. You would expect to find a Ace near a *rake.* [*All laugh except* Johnson, *who nudges* Cibber.

Addison. Talking of rakes, I suppose you would buy one with a *spade* guinea?

[*Takes snuff, and offers box to* Defoe, *who pockets it. Exit* Defoe, *followed by* Addison. *Some laugh.*

Johnson. Well, and why not? A shilling is, after all, only twelve pence, and although I may be a penny wise, there is one close to me who would be a pound foolish—or a philosopher! [*All laugh.*

[*Exit the* Queen, *much annoyed, followed by the* Duchess of Marlborough, *using fan. Exit Black Page.*

King. I can well believe that, for I have often been to the Treasury and——

Dryden (*bowing obsequiously*). With your Majesty's pardon—found it empty!

[*The* King *laughs heartily, and slaps* Dryden *on the back. Everybody in convulsions and slapping everybody else on the back. Music.*

King. Well argued, Master Poet; but methinks good Colley Cibber, there is as much news in a hazel nut as an Intelligencer.

Colley Cibber. And so, Your Majesty, I take my leave——

Sheridan. Which is all you can take without the help of a French Dictionary!

[Colley Cibber *growls and exit slowly, as if not having got a repartee quite ready.* Dryden *and* Johnson *nudge each other, and try to conceal their laughter. All laugh.*

King. You press him too hard; remember that when a grub is broken on the wheel you cannot expect it to turn out a butterfly.

Sheridan. Saving your Majesty's presence—except it be well-bred. Like a half-open door—not only a door, but——

King. A Pomp-a door! [*Everybody roaring with laughter.*

Lady of the Court (*convulsed with merriment*). Nay, Sire, as you are strong be merciful! [*Swoons.*

Dryden. Merciful, Madam! In good sooth, your request, like your weight, should turn the scales—as a fish does! [*Some laugh.*

Re-enter Colley Cibber.

King. Well, and what is the latest news?

Colley Cibber (*with a profound bow*). I regret to say, your Majesty, that Queen Anne is dead! [*All laugh.*

Curtain.

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While Herbert Marshall's London Views are full of London tone,
And Miss Montalba's Venice is delicious you will own.
The "*Loiterers*," by Alfred Fripp, the "*Quay Pool*," done by Hale,
And Smallfield's "*Sleepy Sussex*," to view you will not fail;
With Hunt's fresh breezy landscapes how delighted you will be,
And Moore's pellucid breakers save excursions to the sea.
There is Andrews' View of Strasbourg, there is Parker's "*Harvest Time*,"

The Old (near) Waterloo Place Veteran, 5, Pall Mall East.

And a picture by Glindoni, which is hard to get in rhyme.
There are drawings by Miss Martineau, by Watson, and by Whaite,
By Beavis, Boyce, and Bradley—but allow me just to state—
There are many more you'll look at; 'twill repay you well, I know,
If you'll drop in some fine morning to this Water-Colour Show.

The Dramatist in the Lobby.—Mr. Joseph Nolan is said to be engaged on bringing out a new version of *The Stranger*.

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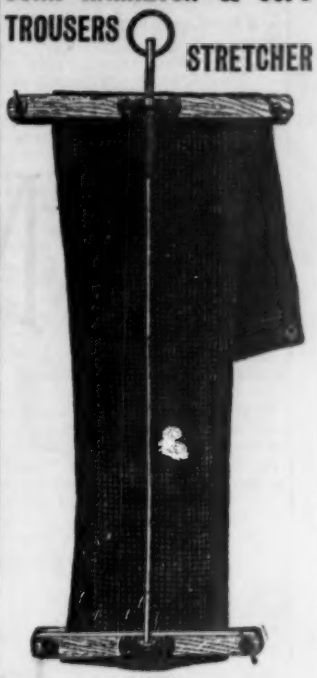

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VOCES POPULI.

AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

SCENE—*A British Theatre, on stage of which that irresistibly funny farcical comedy, "Les Vivacités d'un Vrai Lapin," with the celebrated* M. PATATRAS *in the principal rôle, is in course of representation. "Les Vivacités," though comparatively unobjectionable in its main idea, contains incidents and allusions by which British propriety would be painfully scandalized in a literally translated version, but which, in their native form, do not seem somehow to outrage the susceptibilities of the highly respectable Anglo-Saxons of both sexes and various ages who occupy all the best seats.*

On the Stage. M. PATATRAS *is piteously detailing the story of his domestic unhappiness to a cynical friend, interrupted by frequent merriment from the audience.*

In the Stalls. British Matron (whose mirth is far less restrained than it would be in any other Stalls). Oh, it is really *too* funny! I'm sure I don't know *what* it is that makes one laugh so!

[*And, to do her justice, she does not in the least, the only phrase she caught being—"Et c'est toujours comme ça!" But it is so silly not to laugh when everybody else is in fits.*

British Parent (to his Daughter, whom he has brought here with a view to discovering how far she has profited by that year at the Boulogne Boarding School—he himself is "a little rusty in his French.") Well, I haven't heard *you* laugh much yet! Thought you understood the language?

The Daughter (hurt). I *do*, Papa, I understand every word they say—only, I don't always quite know what the jokes *mean*.

B. P. (indignantly). And this is what they call education nowadays! Ah, well, I might have spared my money, it seems.

On the Stage. Mlle. MAQUILLÉE, *as "Mme. Gandinois," says to Visitor,* "Asseyez-vous donc, je vous prie; vous nous ferez l'amitié de dîner avec nous ce soir, n'est-ce pas?" *The Visitor.* "Comment donc—mais c'est moi au contraire qui," *&c., &c.*

In the Dress Circle. First Briton (with a smile of subtle appreciation). Very smartly written, this dialogue, eh?—that *last* bit!

[*He chuckles wickedly.*

Second Briton (who has been secretly wishing they wouldn't speak so confoundedly fast.) Full of *esprit*—full of *esprit!* We're no match for them *there!*

[*An aside is spoken on stage, which convulses the initiated; both Britons a little late in laughing, and resolve to watch one another's face in future—result being that before end of Second Act each darkly suspects the other of being a humbug.*

On the Stage. "*L'Ami de la Maison*" *to* "*M. Gandinois:*" "Froide? (*Aside.*) Ah, non, par exemple!" [*Roars of laughter.*

British Fiancée (who is determined JOHN *shall not think her dull, behind her handkerchief).* *Isn't* it killing?

John (who has been beginning to think her rather too lively, with a slight stiffness). Well, some people might find it a trifle broad—but so long as you're amused——

B. F. (in extreme confusion). Oh, I thought *this* piece was all right—or I wouldn't . . . that's the *worst* of French, you *never* know!

[*Wishes they had gone to "Dorothy" instead.*

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Lady in Box (to her friend). Enjoying it, dear?

The Friend (rapturously). Oh, so much! it's perfectly delightful! (*With a sudden impulse to candour.*) You know, I didn't *quite* follow everything they said.

First Lady. Oh, but one *doesn't*—you get into it by degrees, you know. You'll find yourself beginning to get more accustomed to it by the time they come to the end of the last Act—At least that's *my* experience.

In the Pit. Plain Man (to Quiet Neighbour). Comical kind o' piece, eh? Find you manage to catch the drift of it at all?

The Q. N. (who has spent much of his time abroad). Oh—yes, I—a—think so.

The P. M. So did I, first-rate, and without knowing a single word o' French either, mind you! I manage to pick up what it's all about as I go along, and I'll lay I'm not far out. I knew at once that that old chap in the smoking-cap was put out about the way his daughter carried on—that was very good, and then his old wife, *she* came in, and there was a shindy——

The Q. N. Oh, pardon me, but you're wrong there. The old lady was his *mother-in-law*, and the girl was his young wife. He has no daughter in the piece, and the idea is——

The P. M. Well, *I* made it out different myself, any way.

[*He evidently prefers his own interpretation, which the Q. N. does not make any further efforts to correct.*

DURING SECOND ACT.

On the Stage. Mlle. MIRAUDIÈRE, *as the inevitable ingénue.* "Si je m'amuse ici! Figurez vous que——"

[*She says something very* naïve *indeed, which is received with uproarious merriment.*

In the Stalls. Young Wife (who is always meaning "to take up her French again," to her husband, who has given her to understand that he is perfectly at home in the language). But, HARRY, what was there so very funny about *that?*

Harry (who has been laughing, solely to keep up his reputation). Well, you see—it's impossible to *translate* these things. (*Which it is, for him.*) It's Parisian, you know—very Parisian!

Close of Act. M. PATATRAS (*after peeping through curtains*). "Aie, aie! la dame de l'ombrelle rouge! Pincé! . . . Cette porte!" (*Opens door and shuts it sharply.*) "Mme. la Baronne!" (*Opens another, same business.*) "Le Général! lui aussi! ou me fourrer? Ah, sous le canapé!" (*Starting back wildly.*) "Quoi? Ma femme—ici!" [*Sits down heavily on a work-basket. Other characters rush on, and form tableau as Curtain falls.*

Chorus of Enthusiasts, in Stalls. It's all so perfectly *natural*, isn't it? So unlike *our* noisy horseplay—*did* you notice how neatly they do all their business? and the *ensemble!* How delightfully easy he was when he kicked the butler! Yes, and wasn't he *deliciously* funny when he came down to the footlights and told us what he meant to do! So thoroughly artistic! I shall *never* forget him trying to hide that photograph under his waistcoat. [*And so on.*

In the Upper Boxes. Portly Gaul, to Briton (who is laughing industriously at everything). Très égayante, la pièce, n'est-ce pas?

The Briton (who has a vague idea that the Gaul is apologising for being about to pass). Par de too, Mossoo!

The Gaul (astonished). Comment "pas du tout"? Et vous qui pouffez de rire!

The Briton. Le Buffet? c'est derrière—en dessus, I—I mean—au dehors!

The Gaul. Ah, vous riez donc aux éclats sans avoir rien compris? Vous êtes un original, vous!

The Briton (who feels that he may expose himself if he goes on much longer). Wee, Mossoo, vous avez raisong—say sar!

[*Escapes to lobby, and hears remainder of the piece from the back of the Dress Circle.*

Two Acquaintances, meeting at Refreshment Bar.

First Acq. Wonderful actor, PATATRAS! How good he was in that first scene when he was explaining that about the—you remember the part I mean? [*He doesn't mean* any *part in particular.*

Second Acq. (quickly). Oh, very funny, very funny! and (*not to be outdone*), then that scene with the—with the, bless my soul! where they—*you* know!

First Acq. (who doesn't, of course). Yes—yes; but it's all capital. By the way (*confidentially*), is there a book of the words to be got anywhere?

Second Acq. Just what *I've* been looking out for.

DURING THIRD ACT.

The British Parent (to his Daughter). What did he say *then?*

The Daughter. Oh, Papa, I can't explain *everything* they say!

B. P. You explain! I believe *I* know more about it than you!

The D. (demurely). Then you can explain it to *me*, Papa.

[*B. P. pretends he hasn't heard; triumph of Daughter.*

AT THE CLOSE.

Critical Playgoer (who has understood, on an average, about one word in fifty). I must say I was a little disappointed with the *dialogue*—nothing *like* so witty as I expected!

His Friend (whose average was one in a hundred). There were one or two good things in it, though—but, of course it's PATATRAS one goes to see!

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Is not a practical familiarity with the lives, circumstances, and necessities of the poor an essential condition precedent to competence to make rules for them?

Do some of our would-be Lycurguses know more about those things than they do about the price of pease-pudding, the flavour of "almond whelks," or the secrets of back-street supper-time?

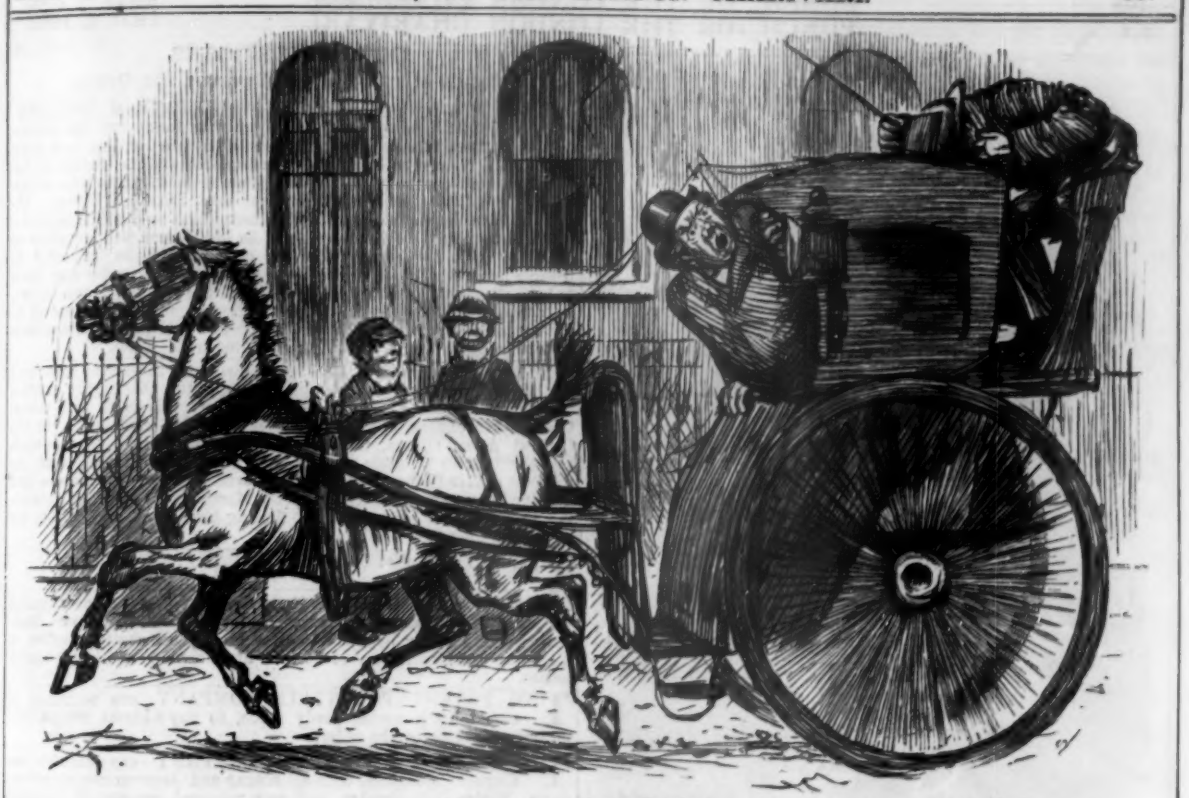
Should even a majority of shopkeepers—whom early-closing may chance to suit—necessarily be allowed to dictate to a minority whom it may inconvenience and injure?

May not the new evangel of Local Option be made the stalking-horse for much purblind tyranny?

If *everything* were submitted to "the voice of the majority," where would Liberty find a lurking-place at last?

Does not (so-called) "slight inconvenience" multiplied by millions amount to substantial injury and serious wrong?

Given a hard-up family, a chance "job," a late-paid father, and an early-closed shop, to estimate the exact effect of those elements upon domestic comfort amongst the poor, and the prosperity of petty traders.



"CROSS PURPOSES."

DOWN ON DONNELLY.

Dear Mr. Punch,

I must ask you to excuse my returning to the evergreen Shakspearian question (if colour may be predicated of a question, which some physicists would deny). Mr. Donnelly, however, began it, as usual; so it is all his fault. The contention that Shakspeare could not have written his plays, because he wasn't clever enough, might have done some time ago, but it will not hold water now. If it be admitted in the case of Shakspeare, we shall very soon have some wiseacre denying that I am the author of *Piccoviccius*, because, forsooth, I am not generally regarded as an Intellectual Force outside my own Family Circle. To balk the Donnellys of the future, I again register my title to my great work, in columns where no cryptograms would be tolerated. Your plain, honest, simple, Roderick Tweddle.

P.S.—This is an excerpt from Act II., where Dodson and Fogg discover their passion for Juliet—but you shall see.

Dodson. I love her! Dodson loves her!
What will Fogg, [Courts,
What Jingulus say, when, through the musty
On learned tongues, on tongues of flippant clerks,
'Tis nois'd that Dodson loves? A butterfly
Pois'd on the black cap of the dooming Judge
Is love in Dodson's heart. *Ne exeat*
Is served upon her image in my soul.
But soft! she comes, and like a smiling whale,
The portly Fogg attends, obesely spry.
[*He hideth, and enter* Juliet *followed by* Fogg.

Fogg. Nymph, in thy law concerns
Be my small fees remember'd.

Juliet. Oh! you beast.

[N.B. This also occurs in *Measure for Measure*, Act iii., 1.]

Fogg. Nay, lady, lady, do not frown upon
I am a lawyer of no common rate, [me!
For me flies open every prison gate;
And I will charm the surly ushers so
That thou about the Courts shalt freely go.

And so he urges his suit, until, in high indignation, she leaves him alone.

Fogg. Why was I born so fat, or why so fond?
What have I said, what done? I cannot stay. [speak?
Where can I hide, what do, whom meet, how
[Dodson *advanceth and toucheth him.*
Dodson!

Dods. Fogg!
Fogg. Then thou knowest all?
Dods. I do.
Yet fear me not; hath Dodson not a heart?
Fogg. But *thou* hast never loved!
Dods. "Hast never loved!"
I loved and lost—I loved and was betrayed.
[*He draweth a double-locket from his poke.*
Look here upon this picture, and on this.
That's me, Sir, five-and-twenty years ago,
And that's the man she married!
Fogg. Very likely.
This is a delicate matter.
Dods. Hear me, Fogg!
Fogg. Dodson!
Dods. Nay, hear me! Thus much I will say.
Thou hast a rival.
Fogg. Ha! his name, his name!
That I, as swift as summary jurisdiction,
Or mounting costs, may sweep to my revenge!

Dods. Stay—hither come they; now retire and watch
Their pretty dalliance. Nay, you must come
And be convinced and tutor'd. Quickly now.
Tread lightly, for the trodden worm would be
Lernæan strong who turn'd when crush'd by thee!

But what happens after this I may perhaps relate to you another time.

Our Comic Chancellor.—"No matter what the objections to the Wheel Tax may be, the Government says, '*We'll tax you.*' N.B.—Think I shall suggest a tax on puns. Why not a penny in the pun? Take care of the pence, and the puns will take care of themselves. Yours, in great form just now, Geo Jokin G."

Ixion.

Mr. G-sch-n loquitur:—

Tied to the Wheel, and not by angry Jove,
But by my own rash hands!—unlucky cove!
But I must stick to it, and make them feel.
That they must not talk to the Man at the Wheel!

Professor Herkomer, A.R.A., M.A., Oxon, and Honorary Fellow of All Souls, is making Hertfordshire artistically famous. Delighted as are also his pupils with the county of their choice, the Professor is now re-setting and adapting the well-known German song to be sung as verse and chorus, and to be entitled, "*Herts, mein Herts!*"

England's National Air.—The East Wind. (Blow it!)

A MOONLIGHTER AT BUSHEY.

PROFESSOR H-RK-M-R, A.R.A., INSTRUCTING MASTER HENRY IRVING AND MASTER GUSSIE HARRIS HOW TO ILLUMINATE "THE INCONSTANT MOON." (*"The Moon was not like the Moon ordinarily seen on the stage."—Vide general journalistic opinion on the "Herkomer Opera."*)

GUNS AND CHARGES.

FROM the admissions made the other day by the First Lord, in answer to the questionings of Sir WILLIAM CROSSMAN, it seems that, notwithstanding all the tall talk about energy and activity in high quarters, the Naval Administration of the country is still playing the same wretched old game. Everything is, as usual, at sixes and sevens. It was elicited that the *Camperdown* and the *Anson*, though they would be completed very shortly, will have to wait till next March, that is till next year, for their guns, while none are as yet forthcoming for the *Australia* and *Narcissus*, now ready to go to sea, but detained in consequence of being thus unprovided with any armament. Moreover, it transpired that the *Collingwood*, on board of which one of her 43-ton guns burst nearly two years ago, was still armed with the same type of ordnance, and this spite the fact that the Admiralty officials at the time had the effrontery to declare that the defective guns could be replaced in a very few weeks. Such revelations of mismanagement of "our first line of defence" rendering our famous protecting "silver streak" as nugatory, as if it were little more than a poetical expression, taken in conjunction with the recent utterances of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Lord WOLSELEY on the military situation, are not reassuring. Certainly something ought to be done, and it is to be hoped that the Commission now sitting will in some sense or other show the way. Meantime it may be hinted that if the required ordnance is not provided at our Dockyards, some of our "big guns" at head-quarters could be readily dispensed with. Better that an official reputation or two should burst than that the whole Navy should be suffered to go deliberately to the dogs.

IMPORTANT TO "MEN OF THE TIME."—Anyone who has served his country, no matter how or in what way, will be liable, if Lord SALISBURY's plan be adopted, to undergo a sentence of "Peerage Servitude for Life."

OUR ADVERTISERS.

COUP D'ÉTAT ORGANISING, DYNASTIC, AND OTHER.

WANTED, by a POWERFUL SYNDICATE of MILLIONNAIRES, who will furnish him with funds for the undertaking, an ambitious and middle-aged Adventurer, willing in a crisis of National frenzy, to overthrow the established Constitution of his Country, and by an adroit appeal to popular passions, to leap at one single bound, to a position of Supreme Authority and Power. He must be capable of issuing vague Manifestos, and well skilled in all the arts of acquiring a vulgar notoriety. As his Mission will be rather to convulse than to organise Society, he will not be expected to trouble himself with any scruples as to such means as he may have to take to enable him effectually to seize the reins of Government, or to hamper himself with the publication of any programme as to its future conduct. Character no object. Military antecedents indispensable. Apply to X. X., Café Americain, Paris.

THE LLAMA OF THIBET.—As, owing to the active intervention of an influential Newspaper Proprietor, this highly exalted and eligible post will shortly become vacant, this is to give notice that any intending applicant may forward his credentials to the Central Asian Offices, Cork Street, City, forthwith. A thorough familiarity with Thimble-rig and the Three-card Trick essential. As the post demands the exhibition of a certain amount of presence and dignity in its representative, a portly Member of a troupe of Bounding Brothers, who happened to be finding himself getting a little too heavy for the work, might apply.

THE PATENT POTENTATE COMPANY.

THE PATENT POTENTATE COMPANY has been Incorporated for the purpose of supplying any large or small European State desirous of kicking over its Constitution with a choice selection of all sorts and conditions of Rulers at the very shortest possible notice.

THE PATENT POTENTATE COMPANY are prepared to despatch a Monarch, ready made, to any address within half an hour of receiving the order.

THE PATENT POTENTATE COMPANY can furnish an Emperor complete, with all fitting and appropriate paraphernalia, Eagle, Orb, Sceptre, and any required amount of Imperial Purple to measure, by return of post.

THE PATENT POTENTATE COMPANY keep a large supply of Dictators always in reserve upon the premises.

THE PATENT POTENTATE COMPANY is in direct and immediate communication with all the discontented Pretenders in Europe.

THE PATENT POTENTATE COMPANY undertake to personally conduct any advertised *coup d'état* on the most reasonable terms.

THE PATENT POTENTATE COMPANY furnish their Tariff of Prices for Revolution on application.

MESSRS. SOLOMANS & CO., COSTUMIERS, beg to inform their Continental friends and patrons that with a view to meeting the requirements of any sudden European convulsion, they have recently supplemented their extensive stock of Royal and Imperial costumes by the addition of a large quantity of second-hand coronation trappings in good and serviceable condition. Several highly effective and showy crowns for sale or hire. The early inspection of intending Adventurers is respectfully solicited.

GREAT BARGAIN.—A full-sized and handsome THRONE to be disposed of. Being the property of an Eastern European Prince, who is parting with it owing to dynastic difficulties, no reasonable offer will be refused. The whole is covered with cotton-backed velvet, of a stout quality, which is as yet in excellent condition. If not required for immediate use by the purchaser, it could meantime be turned to account as a canopy to an ordinary half-tester bedstead, to which it would lend, with a little arrangement, a striking and imposing finish. Conspirators might communicate.

IMPERIAL EAGLE FOR SALE.—Warranted perfectly tame and docile. Has clipped claws and is of a sleepy disposition. As the bird, owing to several unsuccessful moultings, is not at present very full in the feather, no reasonable offer would be refused. Might be useful at a pageant. Advertiser would be glad to hear from any Military Pretender aspiring to the Purple. Apply to the "Menagerie," Mile End Road, E.

THE SURPRISE CROWN.—This unique comic European Novelty can now be supplied to any applicant on the receipt of a Postal Order. Clapped upon the head of anybody, instantly causes the outbreak of a Revolution. Light and portable. Can be carried with ease in the coat-tail pocket of an Adventurer, and assumed at a moment's notice.

"FIELDING" AND RUNNING.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Mr. BUCHANAN has had his innings with *Tom Jones*, and now once more he shows us how good he is at FIELDING. What probably first put him on the scent of *Joseph Andrews* as the subject for a play, was hitting upon the character of *Parson Adams* for Mr. THOMAS THORNE, and, in his mind's eye, Miss KATE RORKE for the charming simple English rustic maiden, *Fanny Goodwill*. Not that Miss RORKE closely resembles FIELDING'S *Fanny*, who, by the way, was a trifle too tall and too buxom a lass for even FIELDING'S own redoubtable *Joseph* to have carried about in his arms. And if such an author as FIELDING may be inconsistent with himself, surely Mr. BUCHANAN may be pardoned for exercising his own judgment when he has so captivating a heroine at hand as Miss KATE RORKE.

Mr. Buchanan Scoring off his own Bat after Fielding.

It will not now affect the success of *Joseph's Sweetheart* to remark that there is very little of FIELDING in it, beyond the name. Perhaps Mr. BUCHANAN'S reverence for the great Novelist prevented him from doing much more than this. "When he who adores thee has left but the name." *Joseph Andrews* turns out to be the heir to a title: FIELDING'S simple *Mr. Wilson* developes into BUCHANAN'S *Sir George Wilson, Bart.*, a considerable expansion of the original idea as represented by Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD. *Lord Fellamar*, the exquisite abductor of *Fanny*, is a character concocted by Mr. BUCHANAN out of *Bellarmine* (the hero of an episodical story in FIELDING'S novel), the sensual Squire and *Beau Didapper*. *Lord Fellamar* has nothing more characteristic of the fanciful oaths of the period than an occasional variation on "demnition," which reminded me forcibly of a *Mr. Mantalini* in a costume of the time of GEORGE THE FIRST.

Mr. BUCHANAN'S *Gipsy Jim*, a kind of *Tyke*, picturesquely played by Mr. BLYTHE, is not in *Joseph Andrews* at all; nor is *Llewellyn ap Griffith*, which character, as played by Mr. FREDERICK THORNE, is, after Mr. THOMAS THORNE'S assumption of *Parson Adams*, far and away the best performance in the piece. Here and there, in his simulation of drunkenness, in his artfulness, in his sudden bursts of passion, FRED THORNE'S quaint little figure reminded me of ROBSON. *Two Roses* bloomed here, and now Two THORNES are flourishing at the Vaudeville.

The scene at Ranelagh, with which the play ought to end, is not, in FIELDING'S story, and is one of the most amusing in the piece. I suppose it was suggested by an episode in *Tom Jones*. No better representative of *Mrs. Slipslop*—though 'tis a great compliment to FIELDING'S hideous *Slipslop* to say so—could be found than Miss ELIZA JOHNSTONE. The two THORNES, Miss JOHNSTONE, Miss RORKE, and Miss VANE as *Lady Booby*, are all excellent. But for being stamped "FIELDING," and having a kind of old-world *School-for-Scandal-and-Rivals* flavour about it, on account of the costumes, what critical audience could ever have accepted, without an outburst of laughter, the story of the Gipsy and long-lost son, which is managed somewhat in this manner:—

Muggins' Entire.

Sir George Wilson (*greatly agitated, of course—to* GIPSY JIM). You stole my child twenty-three years ago.

Gipsy Jim (*sullenly, of course*). I did—and from that day to this I've never set eyes on him.

Sir George Wilson (*breathing hard*). Here's a hundred pounds to find him—payable on delivery.

Gipsy Jim (*with dialect*). I'll find him. I've never seen him since the dark night I stole him out of the cradle—(*with increasing earnestness*)—but if he's alive I'll find him—(*moving towards door—then in a voice trembling with grateful emotion*)—I'll find him!

[*Great applause, and exit* JIM.

Long-lost Father pining for his Son.

Then follows Scene in which JOSEPH ANDREWS *is brought in by* Parson ADAMS.

Sir George Wilson (*more and more agitated on hearing* JOSEPH'S *age*). Twenty-three!! (*Gasping.*) *My* boy would have been twenty-three now! There are no other young men born twenty-three years ago, who are twenty-three now! Can it be possible—that this youth——

[*Gasps and staggers.*

Gipsy Jim (*rushing in wildly*). Yes, Sir GEORGE, that's him! I took him away twenty-three years ago—I've never seen him from that day to this—and I swear that he is your son!

[*Tableau. Curtain as quickly as possible, and no questions asked.*

Though FIELDING has provided some foundation for the introduction of the coat-and-gipsy incident, which comes in quite naturally, I do not remember in FIELDING anything about *Joseph Andrews* fighting a duel, and, if he had done so, I am sure the author's sense of honour would never have permitted his hero to pad his manly breast with a volume of *Parson Adams's* sermons, and so take a mean advantage of his adversary. However, "Saved by a Sermon" may appeal to the goody-goodiness of a mixed British audience. *Parson Thomas Thorne Adams* is a scholar. His pronunciation, following FIELDING'S accurate writing, of "*Heureka!*" was most correct. He must then have some scholarly reason for saying, "*Vade retro, Sātānas,*" instead of "*Vade retro, Sātāna!*" What may be *Parson Adams's* authority for this?

"Gallant little Wales."

What with "scoring a success," "getting another run," "making a hit," "having a good innings," and all the witticisms which the name of "FIELDING" suggests to the professional Mr. WAGSTAFF, no one will be surprised to hear that on this occasion "JACK IN THE BOX" stayed at home, and his place (by the kind permission of *Mr. Punch*) was taken by

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

BY OUR SQUASHED IMPRESSIONIST.—Our own "Private" View of "Private Views" at Art Galleries is that just half the number of tickets should be issued. At a "private view," the place is crowded, and there is neither "privacy" nor "view." Bigger crowd than ever last Saturday at the Grosvenor, so we spare our criticisms and defer our notice,—"COUTTS and come again." Is the "New Gallery" to be the name of the recently started Picture Show on the site of the old Meat Market in Regent Street? Why not call it The Rendezvous (or the Right Day View), or Fresh Meeting House? At all events, if they can't obtain their publican's licence, it will not be the Drinking House. Perhaps by an arrangement in black and white with JAMES the First P.S.B.A., the Burne-Jonesians may yet be able to affiliate themselves to "The Licensed Whistlers," and so keep up their spirits.

Ruin in Three Years!

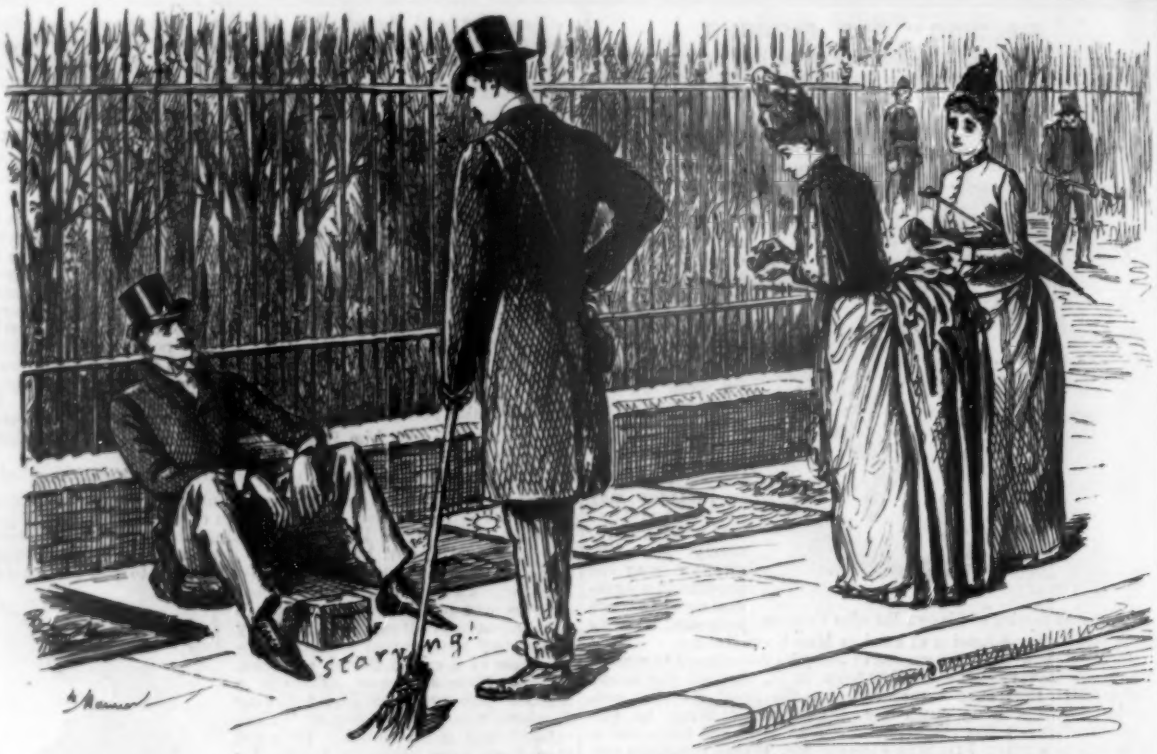
(*A Prophetic Vision of the Right Hon.* W. E. GL-DST-NE.)

1888. Imposition of a duty upon Bottled Wines!

1889. Protection permanently established in Europe and war with France!!

1890. Protection triumphant everywhere, and England invaded by the combined armies of the civilised world!!!

NOT A SEPARATIST.—The Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN was so pleased with his recent trip to America, that, as has been pretty generally announced, he now intends becoming naturalised—the most natural thing in the world—as a citizen of the United States. He has chosen the State of Wedlock, U.S. This (although denied by the *Daily News*) is not surprising, seeing that he is already a Unionist.



TWO VICTIMS OF THE TURF.

Lord Charles. "WELL, JACK, HOW'VE YOU GOT ON TO-DAY? I'VE TAKEN NEARLY TEN POUNDS—MOSTLY IN SIXPENCES AND SHILLINGS—AND YOU?"

The Hon. Jack. "OH, ABOUT THE SAME! AND THREE HALF-SOVEREIGNS! BETTER THAN STARVING IN THE COLDSTREAMS, EH?"

"TAKING SOUNDINGS."

On Board H.M.S. "Opposition."

Will G. (*in the chains*) *sings*—

"If, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear,
You must very well know how to hand, reef, and steer;
Yet a better manœuvre 'mongst seamen is found,
'Tis a tight little maxim to know how to sound;
Thus a sailor can tell from a bay to a shoal——"

Bill H. (*above*). All very fine, mate,—and you've a mellow pipe for an old 'un,—but if you'd remembered your DIBDIN a bit better when we first started on this cruise, it 'pears to me we might ha' made a better run, and lost fewer of our best hands. Took a shoal for a bay that time, didn't you, WILL?

Will G. Well, I was a bit out that cast, perhaps. But wait till the end of the cruise, BILL, before you pipe your eye. As to the "best hands" you talk of—rats, BILL, rats! Mutineers will be mutineers, and deserters will desert. Bless you, I'd seen that mutiny brewing, BILL, long before JOE and the rest of them parted company. (*Sings.*)

"I've sounded at land, and I've sounded at sea,
I've sounded a-weather, and sounded a-lee,
I've sounded my quine at the randevoo-house,
And I've sounded my purse without finding a souse;
What then? We've a brother in each honest soul——"

Bill H. Have we? Honest souls, then, must be in the minority, WILL. As to not finding a souse in our purse,—well, the chaps as have piled the shiners and made lots of prize-money *do* seem to fight shy of us, sure enough. Poverty's no crime, WILL, to be sure, but it's a precious inconvenience, especially to a Party out in the cold, eh?

Will G. Ah, quite so. The old story, BILL. (*Sings.*)

"I ben't, you see, versed in high maxims and sitch;
But don't this same honour concern poor and rich?
If it don't come from good hearts, I can't see where from,
And if e'er a tar had a good heart, it was TOM.
Yet, somehow or 'nother, TOM never did right;
None knew better the time when to spare or to fight:
He, by finding a leak, once preserved crew and ship,
Saved the Commodore's life—then he made such rare flip!
And yet, for all this, no one TOM could endure;
I fancies as how 'twas because he was poor."

Bill H. Well, how are we now, WILL?

Will G. Blest if I quite know. But it's ticklish steering, anyhow. While this fog lasts, I must keep on sounding every minute or so, or we may be aground any time. But *you* are not down-hearted, are you, BILL?

Bill H. Do I look like it? Haven't I put a bold face on it from the first, and stuck to the old barkey like beeswax?

Will G. You have, BILL, you have. (*Sings.*)

"Tight lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er so sightly
As honest BILL HARCOURT, so kind and so true."

Though there was a time, BILL, there *was* a time—but, no matter; let bygones be bygones. If JACK and JOE had been as staunch this turn as you have, we should have made better headway.

Bill H. Aye, aye, WILL. But don't run us aground, shipmate. We're in shoal water still, I fancy.

Will G. Well, my last three soundings have shown me that, BILL. But, harkye, friend! 'tisn't so bad as it might be, or, maybe, as it looks. It's deepening under us, BILL—it's deepening under us; and if this fog lifts a bit presently, who knows?——

Bill H. Ah! who indeed?

Will G. Wonderful how the depth shifts in these latitudes. BEN BEAKEY thought he was a rare hand at the lead; but, you remember, one heave gave him full fifty fathom, and before he could take the next he was slap aground. I'll keep on a-sounding, BILL. I'll keep on a-sounding. (*Sings.*)

"All men try for soundings wherever they steer,
Spite of fog and of shoal we may yet reach Cape Clear,
And there isn't a tar with sea-dangers could cope,
If it wasn't for sounding the Cape of Good Hope.
No fear, then, nor danger, our hearts shall make craven;
Though at sea, we're in soundings, and yet may make haven."

Bill H. (*aside.*) Well, he always were a hopeful cove, and he pipes like a throstle. But I do wish this fog would lift!

"TAKING SOUNDINGS."

PLEASURE (!) HORSE, AND TAX ON WHEELS.

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

(NEW VERSION.)

Rejected One Sings:—

Ah! my heart was weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the crowded scrambles,
Where the critics, thorny brambles,
At the Private View come "slating"
In the usual way.
Ah! my heart was weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart was sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing canvasses to study,
Portraits ruddy, pale or muddy,
And the many thousands thronging
On the opening day.
Ah! my heart was sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing at the May—
Sighing at the sure returning
Of *my* picture, hotly burning.
Hope's bright flowers are dead or dying,
Hopes of fame and pay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing at the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing at the May—
Throbbing on my lonely pillow,
For my hope must wear the willow.
The R. A. 's all fraud and jobbing,
I 'm inclined to say.
Ah! my heart, my heart, is throbbing,
Throbbing at the May.

Sitting sad, dejected, weary,
On this first of May.
What to me are "popular" pictures,
Ladies' gushes, critic's strictures?
My look-out is dark and dreary;
Buyers turn away.
Art *is* long, and life is weary—
Oh! *confound* the May!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

I HAVE been reading *Robert Elsmere*, by MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. So has MR. GLADSTONE, who has reviewed it, superficially of course, with his light and airy touch, in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. So I will go just a little deeper. It is in the conventional form of three volumes, but it is an unconventional novel. Three-fourths of the first volume will interest the majority of novel readers, especially those who admire GEORGE ELIOT'S scenes from Clerical Life and TROLLOPE'S *Barchester Towers*.

The party at the Vicar's in the opening chapter is very Trollopian. In a way, it reminds me of the musical evening at the Deanery in *Dandy Dick*, which was, to my mind, one of the most genuine little bits of contemporaneous comedy ever placed on the stage. The character of *Rose*, the only one of the three sisters of whom I did not become tired in the course of our three-volume acquaintance, also seems to me to be a development of the auburn-haired, posing, and imposing girl, the Dean's pet daughter, who, by the way, was rather too emphatically represented by Miss NORREYS at the Court Theatre. There is one line which I must quote as indicating the authoress's sly humour. *Agnes* is expecting the return of her sister.

"Wheels!" exclaimed AGNES. "Catherine, I suppose," &c., and the sprightly and eccentric *Rose* is not permitted by MRS. WARD to seize the opportunity of replying,—

"Yes! Catherine Wheels! Oh, don't I wish I were at the Crystal Palace, instead of in this dry-as-dust, sleepy old village of Westmoreland!"

This is an instance of the self-restraint which MRS. HUMPHRY WARD can exercise when inclined so to do. During my perusal of the work I occasionally wished that she had been so inclined when dealing with the unfortunate Parson *Robert Elsmere*, who, like the man in *Hard Times*, finds everything "all a muddle," and who wanders about, a married *Hamlet* in clerical attire, undecided as to his mission to set things right, and dying a victim to the Mephistophelian-Betsy-Prig spirit—"the spirit who ever denies"—of the present age, to which allusion was recently made in *Mr. Punch's* pages. "I don't believe there ain't no such person," said *Betsy*, and so says *Robert*—not *Mr. Punch's* "ROBERT"—but *Elsmere*. I, not being Mephistophelianly-Priggish, do not reply to MRS. WARD, that "I don't believe there ain't no such parson." I dare say there are, plenty of them. MRS. WARD knows best. Only if there are, their captivating and brilliant society must be just the sort of thing one would choose on a wet afternoon in the smoking-room of a country Inn in some out-of-the-way district. Delightful!

Yours ever, BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

GEORGE JOKIN (*à la Française*).—My version of "*En revenant de la Revue*,"—*En rêvant du Revenu*.—Yours, G. J. G. (N.B.—Am getting up some funny things in Italian and German.—G. J.)

AT the Royal Institute Mr. KARL ARMBRUSTER is delivering a series of six Lectures on WAGNER. As a novelty, the Ring Series will be practically illustrated by a couple of Pugilistic Champions.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Aunt Jane. "UGH! WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MATILDA, LADIES OF RANK AND POSITION DIDN'T HAVE THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS EXPOSED IN THE SHOP-WINDOWS."

Matilda (always anxious to agree). "OF COURSE NOT, AUNT JANE. I SUPPOSE PHOTOGRAPHY WASN'T INVENTED THEN!"

THE APPEAL OF THE ADJECTIVE.

"The natural and insupportable anguish which any man must feel at being charged by Mr. GLADSTONE's reptile press with exceptional violence of expression and unique unseemliness of language is, of course, only less acute than that of a man who should be taxed with disloyalty by Judas Iscariot."—*Mr. A. C. Swinburne.*

DEAR PUNCH,

WE have borne it for years, and without the least sign of a protest;
But silence, of true satisfaction, or even of patience, is no test.
It really is time we spoke out, for our foes most remorselessly go it.
And lately the worst of our foes, I am sorry to say, is the poet.
We Adjectives, dear *Mr. Punch*, are a modestly useful community;
Why should we be thus abused, robbed of our good name with impunity?
"An Author in search of an Adjective!" *There* is a subject for narrative!
The positive strikes him as tame, and he rather disdains the comparative,
Superlatives only attract him; and oh! as an invalid yearneth
For Spring; or as poor HOWARD VINCENT for Trade Reciprocity burneth;
As Amandus for word from Amanda pines, railing at Time the despotic,
Nay, as a French Novelist strains for a theme that's uniquely erotic;
So—poet or mere party scribe—doth the penman with positive passion
Strain after the epithets strong, which I am sorry to say are the fashion.
The temperate measure and fitness of phrase which hysterical women hate,
Our scribes now abjure; they are equally furious, hot, indiscriminate.
As the waters come down at Lodore, as described by the voluble SOUTHEY,
So the epithets shower from the lips of our Mentors immodestly mouthy;
Till Reason is whelmed in the flood, until Courtesy goes down to zero,
And Truth is as hopelessly drowned as LEANDER when swimming to HERO.
Mr. Punch, we're a numerous tribe are we Adjectives. I, for my fellows,
Appeal to the Scribe when he screams, make my plaint to the Bard when he bellows.
Where, where are your "sweetness and light," when the whole dictionary you [rummage,
In the temper of rancorous *Goody*, the spirit of querulous *Gummidge*,
To rout up reptilian epithets—just as boys rout in the gutter—
Or entomological phrases at foemen to spatter and sputter?
Pathology furnishes terms which give voice to vulgarian rancour,
But where are the fitness and finish that used to be Sense's sheet-anchor?
To call a man leprous or leech-like, a Statesman to dub as vermicular,
Because your opinions and his are unlike in some paltry particular;
To rave of his cancerous spite, and to shriek of his scorpion malice,
When you *mean* that a trifle of bitterness surges sometimes in his chalice;
When Genius makes a mistake to declare it a crapulous crude ass,
Or brand it a bestial Belial, or dub it a scrofulous Judas,
Is strong—yes, as onions are "strong," is as fit, and as fine, and effective
As a Coster's unbridled abuse, as a fishwoman's vulgar invective.
Dear *Punch*, in the name of sound sense and good taste, not to mention that knightly
Old spirit of tournament times which could pitch foe from saddle politely,
Do urge our great militant penmen to battle like men of condition,
And listen with courteous heed to your Adjectives' humble petition!

A PHENOMENAL SEASON.

LITTLE JOSEF HOFMANN is followed by little HEGNER, and then a lot of others on the piano, violin, and all sorts of music. The chorus for the season will be—

"Boys and girls, come out to play!"

And not only on instruments, but on the stage. Two *Little Lord Fauntleroys* and a *Bootles' Baby!!* And there's scarcely a piece nowadays produced but has a child in it. Even *Airey Annie* has a model child from Lieutenant COLE's nursery-grounds, who cole-laborates with Mr. NEVILLE EDOUIN.

MAY MINSTRELSY.

"It is in May that our wandering musicians delight us with their sweetest lays."—*Daily News.*

Wandering Musician, loquitur:—

SOUNDS pooty! Perhaps it's kerrect;
A cove on the Press *oughter* know.
Nuts on music that bloke I expect!
Sweetest lays in the Maytime. Jest so.
Werry true I've a cold in my 'ed,
'Cos the wind, dontcher see's, in the beast.
I should like to pass *my* May in bed,
For the month is a regular beast.
But I 'ave to turn out, yes, in course;
And if *he* doesn't care, why should I,
If my vice is that 'usky and 'oarse
That I takes my top notes at a fly?
Wish I knowed where he lived, that 'ere chap,
For his street I would jolly soon start;
He would tip me a bob I'll go Nap,
If I tipped him "*You're Queen of my 'Art.*"
It begins with a 'owl, I'm aware,
And it ends with a staggery squeak;
But if he likes May music—well, there,
It ain't for this party to speak.
Sweetest lays? Well, he *must* be a "sport"
To like wandering minstrels—and May!
But I wish there wos more of his sort;
I should nobble more browns—that's *my* "lay"!

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'ENRHUME.

Sympathetic Friend. You've got an awful cold. How did you get it?

Mr. Grigsby (huskily). Do you want the receipt? Well, I'm not much of a hand at "parleyvooing," and I had to keep up a long conversation in French last night with a distinguished foreigner. I fancy I must have caught cold while I was fishing for words.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 23.—Grand Old Man had grand old time to-night. Budget Bill came up for Second Reading; moved Amendment involving reconstruction of Bill. A full House. Expectations of great speech not disappointed. At outset

NOVELTIES IN THE UPPER HOUSE.

Lord Salisbury, the Art(ful) Decorator. "Think they'll freshen up the old House. *Ars longa—Vita brevis.*"

G. O. M. a little hampered by rash promise given on Friday to be brief. Pretty to see him, with quite unnecessary fuss, wriggling out of engagement which no one attached importance to, if, indeed, any but himself remembered it. Argued round the point. Put it in all ways. Finally convinced himself that when he said he would make a brief speech didn't think he should live to make a long one. Ground thus cleared, pounded away in highest state of delight. Usual three courses loomed into five points, with one over to stick into HARTINGTON.

HARTINGTON, on the whole, had a rough night. CHILDERS followed up G. O. M., mildly butting at old colleague. When all seemed over, House about to go into Division, HARCOURT turned up. Heavily belaboured HARTINGTON. Conservatives howled, Liberals cheered. STONEWALL HARTINGTON sat with countenance absolutely impassive. Couldn't have looked more unconcerned had HARCOURT been simply continuing his attack of Friday night on CHAMBERLAIN.

"Hush! I hear the Pieman."

"It'll be my turn next," said HENNIKER, with gallant attempt to smile. "He's cudgelled CHAMBERLAIN, jumped on JAMES, harried HARTINGTON, and I only am left. But I warn him, there'll be a terrible rumpus when he attacks *me*."

Before larger Budget Scheme came on, Serjeant Sir JOHN SIMON had opened the Bottled Wine question. Warns GOSCHEN of danger of touching this question. Everyone much impressed.

"Curious," said ARTHUR BALFOUR, momentarily resuming old mental attitude, which led to Philosophic Doubt, "how heredity shows itself. Generations ago, in dim ages of poetic fancy, the first and simple SIMON met a pieman; and here, in House of Commons, we have the learned SIMON involuntarily throwing himself into listening attitude, as if he heard in the distance the falling footsteps of the itinerant purveyor."

Tuesday.—Don't often hear from Colonel WARING. Not likely to hear from him again for some time. To-night, in access of desperate valour, tried a fall with JOSEPH GILLIS. JOSEPH has for weeks retired to back Bench, and, save for occasional interjection of "Hear, hear!" has been quiet. Only at Midnight he rises. Then Members in various parts of the House, having little Bills in hand, get up with furtive glance towards quarter where J. G. sits, and propose to take a stage. Up jumps JOSEPH with shrill cry of "I object!" and there an end of the business. After Twelve, no opposed Bills can be dealt with; within the ten minutes that follow stroke of Midnight are crowded joys which compensate for BALFOUR's supremacy throughout earlier part of sitting. Up to Midnight BALFOUR rules supreme. After Midnight, JOSEPH GILLIS is monarch of all he surveys. Content with this division of dominion, he lets things slide from Four to Twelve.

WARING, unwary, taken in by this appearance. Thought he might bully J. G. B. by suddenly springing on him question, "When was he going to move writ for seat vacated by DWYER GRAY?" House held its breath to watch result. JOEY B. rose lightly to his feet at sound of challenge. Cheers and laughter welcomed his rare appearance. JOSEPH commanded silence with long lean hand imperiously outstretched, and then came the answer, ready, shrill, and cutting.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," said JOSEPH, who never omits this courteous reference to his Right Hon. friend in the Chair. "I intend to move a writ as soon as I get instructions from my chief."

Then he sat down, and one of the broadest smiles ever seen in British House of Commons illumined his countenance in gracious acknowledgment of the Senate's applause.

Quite a lively debate on amiable habit of Irish County Court Judges, who, when appealed to to revise sentences passed under Coercion Act, humorously surprise prisoner by increasing them. JUSTIN MCCARTHY moved Adjournment. DARLING, Q.C., ripe with knowledge of Quarter Sessions and hoar with frost of advancing years, threw himself into breach, and staked his legal reputation in support of his learned brethren the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and the HOME SECRETARY. Pretty to see Lord Advocate surveying out of corner of his twinkling eye his learned brother from Deptford. GLADSTONE couldn't stand it at all. Presently dashed in, threw off mask of benevolence, rent the robe of friendliness, and spent an exceedingly lively half-hour. Argument, reiterated from Opposition Benches and addressed to Treasury Bench, was, "Have you got a parallel case you can cite in English practice?"

"Have you?" Old Morality nervously asked ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

"Not a single case," WEBSTER muttered, under breath.

"No case!" cried Old Morality, tugging at his stock of copybook headings. "I remember something. Ah, yes—here it is. 'No case. Abuse plaintiff's Attorney.' Get up and walk into GLADSTONE."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL accepted brief and did his best. Nagged at GLADSTONE very much in earlier manner of STANLEY LEIGHTON. But STANLEY LEIGHTON used to do it better.

"ATTORNEY-GENERAL's invective lacks finish don't you think?" I said to TREVELYAN.

"Yes," said GEORGE OTTO. "It lacks the finish of Wig and Gown. Listening to him one always finds one's self wondering how much the brief was marked."

Business done.—Still harping on Erin.

Wednesday.—This has been GRANDOLPH's day, to be marked in Ministerial Calendar with white stone or anything that is heavy and comes handy. GRANDOLPH, basing his manner on that of JOSEPH GILLIS, has for some weeks cultivated great gift of silence. Been pretty regular in attendance on corner seat behind Treasury Bench, but content with conveying to Old Morality exceedingly unpleasant sensation of knowing he was there. Listened for two hours to-day, through Debate on Bill proposing to extend reform of Local Government to Ireland. Five o'clock close at hand. Everybody had spoken. GLADSTONE made now inevitable speech. BALFOUR replied in airy-Alfy manner. Nothing to do but to dismiss Bill with rattling majority; when up jumps GRANDOLPH. Opens terrible fire on Ministry. Rakes Treasury Bench fore and aft, amid enthusiastic cheers from Opposition. Nothing so sudden, so swift, so dramatic, seen in House for many a day. Old Morality put on the "gashly" look he sometimes wears when at critical moment he cannot remember appropriate copy-head. BALFOUR, but late so jubilant, bent his head—"Like some tall lily that droops its head and dies," said WILFRID LAWSON, whose stock of quotations is as extensive as it is peculiar.

What made situation unusually exciting was pressure of time.

When GRANDOLPH sat down, having given wholly fresh turn to debate, it was twenty minutes past five. At half-past debate must

ANCIENT FRIEZE.
Josephus Chamberlainus protecting Balfourius against the fierce onslaught of Grandolphus Churchillus. *Wednesday Afternoon, April 25.*

necessarily close. Only ten minutes for all responsible to face the new and critical situation.

"Our fellows once constructed a Reform Bill in ten minutes," said PLUNKET. "But that not long enough in these days for everyone to turn about and dance a political Jim Crow. Glad I'm out of it."

CHAMBERLAIN said a few words, leaving five minutes for JOHN MORLEY. JOHN MORLEY took four, and then there was one. Old Morality, amid shouts for Division, rushed in. Began to recite copyhead. Got some way through, when JOSEPH GILLIS appeared on scene, and, a wild joy gleaming in his eye, moved Closure.

A bitter moment for Old Morality. The pouncer pounced on—and by JOSEPH GILLIS!

Nothing to do, however, but to sit down, and Division taken. GRANDOLPH, meditatively twirling moustache, walked out without voting. But where was JENNINGS? GRANDOLPH re-forming his Party. At present consists of one. Where is that Party now? Everybody asking, "Where was JENNINGS when the GRANDOLPH went out?" *Business done.*—New Gatling-Hotchkiss-Nordenfelt-Grandolph Bombshell exploded.

Thursday.—Fresh depth of iniquity discovered on part of ARTHUR BALFOUR. Last week it was SWEENEY's suspenders. This week it is "Mr. SMITH's Christian name." O'HANLON brings forward case. Appears that two Policemen were charged with breaking the law at Letterkenny on 18th inst. "Mr. SMITH, who seemed to be in charge of the forces of the Crown, refused to give his Christian name, having been told such was needed to assist in the prosecution of the two Policemen."

Education.

"Will the Chief Secretary," O'HANLON thundered, "state the grounds of SMITH's refusal to furnish prosecutors with his Christian name?"

ARTHUR BALFOUR dumfounded. Moves restlessly on Bench, and makes no sign.

"What was SMITH's Christian name?" O'HANLON shouts across the floor.

"H. W., or W. H.—really never can remember which," BALFOUR murmurs, in broken voice. And this is all they could get out of Chief Secretary. O'HANLON's compatriots tried to pacify him by suggesting that "praps the haythen hadn't got Christian name." O'HANLON not to be trifled with. Means to raise question on Civil Service Estimates, moving to reduce Chief Secretary's salary by £1,000.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee.

Friday.—Morning Sitting; Budget Bill in Committee—couldn't quite finish it; ILLINGWORTH speaking when sitting suspended. At Evening Sitting, ARTHUR ACLAND brought on discussion on Educational System. Not quite finished. T. ELLIS speaking when House adjourned. So the morning and the evening were talked out.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee.

ANOTHER!—"I've just thrown this off. It's first-rate. You must have it. This is it:—The Butcher won't be able to put up the price of his Meat, as I don't put the tax on his Weal."—G. J. G.

BOULANGER'S MENU-FESTO.

No one can expect a General to be particular. Yet if such General be a Frenchman aspiring to conquer the hearts of his compatriots, he must first of all master the arts of a *Chef* and *cordon bleu*. From this point of view he is, at present, to be judged by the menu of his banquet given last Friday, at the Café Riche. To begin with, he is as well come to his *Hors d'œuvre à la Française* as to the usual *quatre mendiants*,—and there'll be plenty of these about

GULLIVER BOULANGER. C'EST LA PAIX!

should he attain to the Dictatorship. Was "Caviare to the General" included in the *hors d'œuvre*?

We pass his *Consommé à la Valenciennes*, his *Velouté d'écrevisses*—he's not "on velvet" yet—and we glance suspiciously at his "*Quartier de bœuf à la Générale*." Is there any bony part in this quarter? The "*Cailles à l'étouffade à la Clermont*" is a most decidedly Royalist dish; "*Canetons du Nord*" are suggestive of "*canards*"; the "*glace nationale*" is ominously opposite to *enthousiasme national*. As to the wines, the *Mouton Rothschild* (1870) means money and the sinews of war, and though *Old Clos Vougeot* may appropriately follow as a specimen of another, but a much lower and almost extinct class of Hebraic vintage, yet what does that here deserve of his own, or of any other country, who finishes up with "*Pommery et Gréno, frappé*." Is it possible? "*Frappé*"! To "*frapper*" Pommery, or, indeed, any champagne worth drinking, is to kill it,—yes, we say deliberately, to kill it. And if this be Boulangism, then the cry of all veteran Champagners will be, "*à bas* BOULANGER!" "*Vive Pommery et Gréno!*" So we will leave his champagne *frappé*, and "*revenons*" *pas à la revue, mais* "*à nos moutons*"—*Rothschild.*

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OUR old friend, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, who, our readers may remember, informed us some time ago that her nephew had been made a Debenture of the Inner Temple, tells us that this same nephew has just returned from a visit to Scotland, and that he travelled all the way in a Coupon.

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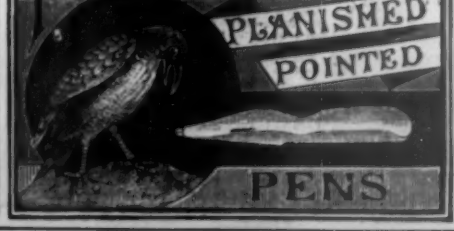

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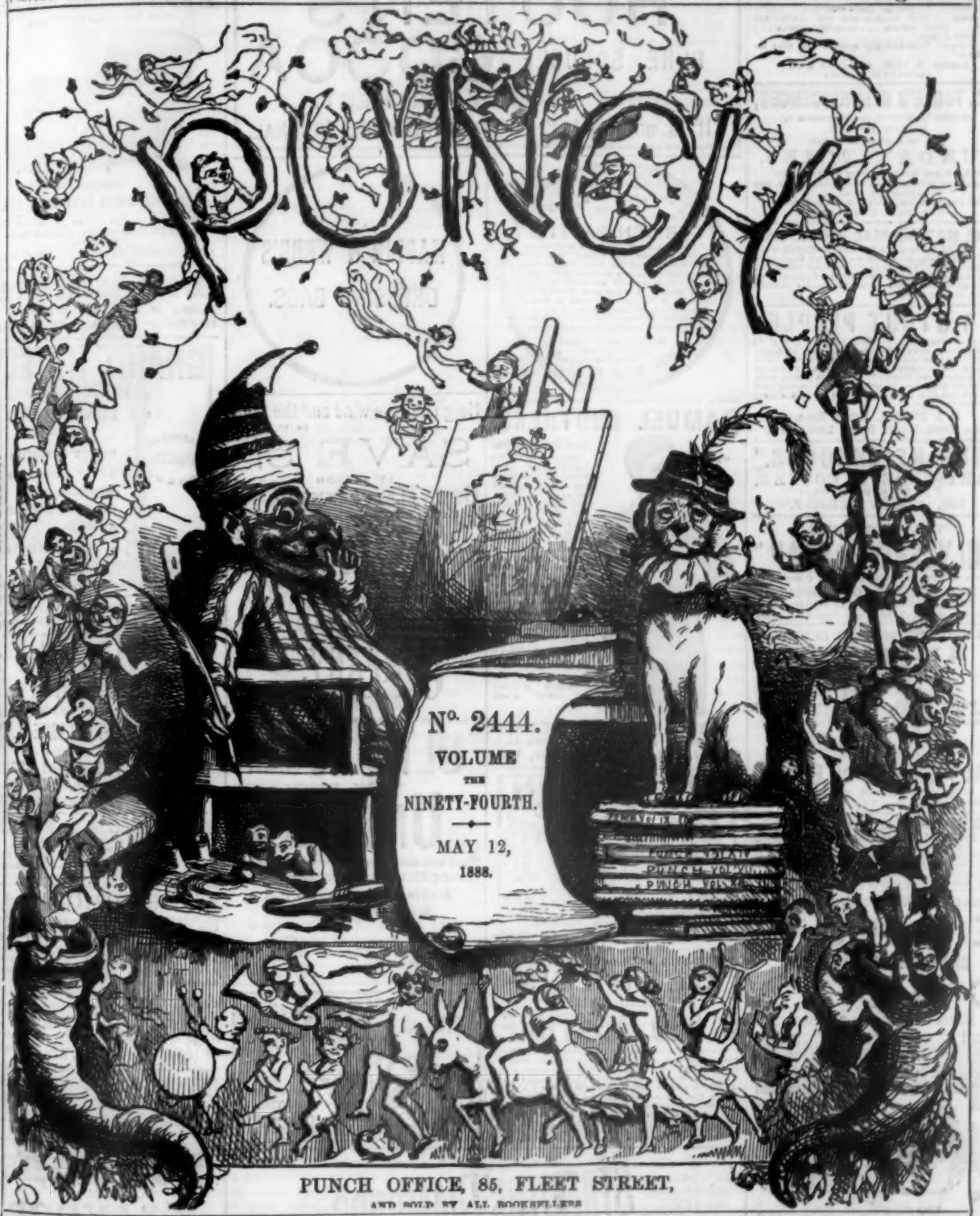

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THE THEATRE OF THE FUTURE!

SIR,—Don't let Professor HERKOMER and Mr. W. S. GILBERT think that their notions are new and original as to building theatres and lighting stages. Long ago, I drew out designs for a theatre, which every expert who had the privilege of inspecting pronounced

SIMPLY PERFECT.

The auditorium will be lighted by infinitesimal jets of the incandescent electric light so craftily contrived that no one can possibly make out where the light comes from, and, to speak lightly, the audience will be entirely in the dark on the subject. There is no heat; the ventilation is so managed that on the coldest day in winter, or on the warmest in summer there can be no perceptible change in the temperature. All the seats are so contrived that every one can enter and leave the auditorium without causing the slightest inconvenience to his neighbours.

THERE ARE NO BOX-KEEPERS,

no refreshment people; no hat and cloak nuisances;

ALL IS DONE BY MACHINERY

on the "Put-in-a-penny-and-take-out-a-chocolate" principle applied to refreshments, hats, and coats, &c. During the day the box-office is managed in the same mechanical manner.

There can be

NO DANGER OF FIRE,

as on the slightest alarm the entire theatre will come to pieces—[as to pieces coming to the entire theatre, more anon]—by anyone touching a button in the centre of the seat in which he happens to be sitting. The Theatre being built on the "Revolving Wing" principle (my sole invention), can be literally turned inside out at a moment's notice, and so be *well aired and dusted*. There is a sliding roof which collapses like an umbrella when required so to do. Everybody is brought up and down by a series of

AUTOMATIC LIFTS,

and the top gallery is therefore as accessible, without crush, as the lowest stall. This is a distinct advantage. Refreshments are brought in the same manner by *Dumb waiters*; the visitor to the auditorium has merely to touch a button labelled tea, coffee, ices, oranges, lemonade, or what not, at the back of his *fauteuil*, and there is before him whatever he requires—the amount in payment having been previously dropped into the slit labelled with the tariff of prices.

In rainy weather the "revolving walls" will be utilised, and a passage opened into the Stalls to admit carriages. In fact I have so arranged that all the year round the stalls shall be collapsible (this is the simplest thing possible), and the space thus opened, to a depth of from 4 ft. to 16 ft. gradient, will be at once filled with the purest filtered and boiled water, at a delightful temperature, the private boxes serving as dressing-rooms, so that persons waiting to take seats at the box-office, where there will always be a considerable crowd, can amuse themselves with water gymnastics, swimming, bathing, and so forth.

The entire theatre will be as capacious as

ST. PETER'S AT ROME,

a trifle wider if anything, to admit of certain novel stage-effects, and the production of historical pieces on a scale hitherto never attempted, or, if attempted, doomed to failure for want of adequate space and appliances, and, I may confidently add, of Genius capable of carrying to a triumphal finish the designs which, after all, though I am loth to dwell upon this theme, only True Genius—of which MICHELANGELO had more than a mere spark—only True and Unlimited Genius can originate. Then as to

ORCHESTRA AND LIGHTING.

The band is under the guidance—under the thumb—of the composer himself; it is out of sight, it is out of mind. It is mechanical. It will be

THE WONDER OF THE MUSICAL AGE,

and the effect is as of the hand of one master-mind playing all the instruments. As I compose my own music I know what this will be. "*Plaudite!*" But on their own merits modest men are dumb, and if I said more you would begin to shrewdly suspect that I had some ulterior design in appraising my own wares.

REAL SUN, MOON, STARS.

Light diffused, dispersed. *Real Light.* How this is managed is my secret. I will only hint at it thus:—"Sound" can be bottled up (that is how I manage my real thunder, and rain and hail,—I am now sampling several bottles of good sound thunder)—well, *so can light.* It is very easy for those who know how to do it, as I do, to get a supply of

BOTTLED LIGHTNING

—forked and summer—to be sent to any part of the country. Now while I use *artificial light for the auditorium*, I use real light, bottled sunlight, moonlight, starlight—fog mixture, mist mixture, and so forth, for the stage. Every effect will be regulated by the

"TOUCH-THE-BUTTON SYSTEM."

I will not further trespass on your space. I think it necessary thus to protect my rights. I have not mentioned the manufacture of applause—nor the Intelligence department, also mechanical, for the use of the audience. Another time. But I am yours—ever for ever,

The Hatch, Kolney. INIGO A. BUSTER.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE been so greatly pleased and struck with Mr. DONNELLY'S excellent discovery of BACON'S "Cryptogram," that I have taken the trouble to solve another for myself. Are you aware that Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE'S *Complete Concordance to Shakspeare* contains one? Probably not; and yet it does, and no doubt the puzzle was inspired by the Bard of Avon himself. It is very simple. All you have to do is to prepare two alphabets, and take the proper number of words and lines. This is so easy that I will not insult your intelligence by explaining to you "how it is done." Working out this plain problem, I have already made the following discovery:—

Turn to page 191, and finding the third column, you must count 67, when you will come to "Don." Now go to page 527, and passing your finger down the first column, you soon arrive at "Nell." Add "Don" to "Nell" and you get "Donnell"; and *in the very same page* you will find "Deputy." Take away the "y" from this last word, and add it to what you have already acquired, and there you are—"DONNELLY"! Is this not extraordinary?

But this is not all! Turn to page 681, and towards the end of the second column you get "rounding Sicilia is a so forth." Take away the first two words and the last two words, and "is a" remains. Add what we have before, and now we obtain, "DONNELLY is a." But after all this is not complete—it is a broken sentence. We must add something more before we have a perfectly satisfactory result. Well, it is simple enough. All we have to do is to turn to page 271 (which is easily selected by a simple mathematical calculation), and counting 3 from the bottom of the third column, we come to a quotation from *Love's Labour's Lost*, which runs as follows:—"The hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy." Now add one word from this line to "DONNELLY is a," and the mystery is solved. But what that word should be I must leave to your readers' sense of the appropriate to discover.

Yours enthusiastically,

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

THE HARBINGER OF SPRING.

SIR,—I write this to inform you that last night as I was sitting in my library, I heard the clear note of the Cuckoo. I think I counted it nine times. Soon afterwards I retired to rest with a thankful heart. This is indeed a sign and a Harbinger of a really fine Spring!

Yours gladly,

PATER FAMILIAS ORNITHOLOGISTUS.

Private and confidential, by same post.

I know the Governor has been writing to the papers about hearing the Cuckoo. Such a lark! I mean such a Cuckoo! It was our old nursery clock, which had been out of order for ever so long. Yesterday, we got the Winder-up, who comes here once a week, to mend it, and out came the Cuckoo. The Governor had his door open, and we had ours open up-stairs at nine o'clock. That's what he heard. But he's right about its being "a sign of a really fine spring." So it is, for the Winder-up said it was a first-rate spring when he mended it. Don't tell, only I don't want *you* to be gammoned.

Yours, TOMMY.

ROYAL ACADEMY COTILLON AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

FROM OUR WHISPERING GALLERY REPORTER.—It is said that soon a New Gallery Club will be started as a rival to the Grosv. Gal. Club. A New Gal., if a nice one, must always be an attraction. Should the surmise that it will be opened with a Ladies' Night be correct, then equally so is the rumour that Sir COMYNS CARR—*Mr. Punch* gives him the *title d'avance* because he is the personification of The Ladies' Knight—will dance the *minuet de la cour* in full Court costume, accompanied by Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ. The report that the New Gallery will be open on Sundays to the Hallélujah Lasses of the Salvation Army, is simply untrue.

'ARRY AT A RADICAL RECEPTION.

Dear Charlie,—This Spring's a dashed fraud; beastly wind still blows 'ard from the North;
But Society 's fair on the shove, and the buds is, at larst, bustin' forth.
The Two Thousand's bin run, and the Picture Shows open all round like green peas;
So I s'pose we must sing "*Spring's Delights*,"—when we ain't on the bark or the sneeze.

Went larst night to a Opening Show of another guess sort, my dear boy;
Not my regular form by a lump, nor the spechies of sport I enjoy.
Got dragged into it, though, by a pal who's a Radical kind of a cub,
And who got me a ticket—don't larf!—for the National Liberal Club!

You know Tommy Trotter,—pale face, ginger hair, and nose-pinchers, old chap,—
An awfully "earnest" young mug, mate, and not the least mite up to trap.
He is mashed on old Gladstone no end, as his sort always is to a man,
And his Club, Charlie, 'ad a "Reception," which means a big crowd and cold scran.

Poor Tom looked all corners and crumples, and so did a jolly lot more,
For it ain't every sportsman, dear boy, as can chuck on the war-paint and score.
But I saw by the looks of the ladies as ogled my sweetly-iled air,
And my claw-hammer coat and cuff-shooters, that 'Arry was simply all there.

Swell building, old pal, and no kid, marble staircase all colour and shine,
à la Restorong, Charlie; the 'Olborn ain't 'ardly more spacious and fine.
Rather too many tiles for my taste; shiny walls may be all very nice,
For a dairy or fishmonger's shop; but a Club ain't a place to store ice.

But 'twas 'ot, Charlie, thunderin' 'ot. I got jammed in the Libery crowd,
I'ad shoved to the front like a shot, but a crummy old Liberal dowd
With bare shoulders by acres, dear boy, and a twenty-stun white-'aired old Rad
Nearly made me a pancake between 'em; I tell you, old man, I felt bad.

'Owsomever, I sweltered and listened. They stuck the Old Man on a chair,
'Cos the parties behind couldn't see, and they didn't mean missing their stare,
"'Igher up, Sir!" they shouts, "'igher up!" afore two or three words he had spoke.
And he hists 'imself up in their sight, like a jolly good-natured old bloke.

Well, you know I 'm not nuts on 'im, Charlie; Society 'ates him like sin,
And I goes with Society, slap, mate; but when the old boy did begin,
Though his patter I wasn't arf fly to, his meanin' I couldn't quite keeh,
Still—well, mate, he may be a fraud, but I 'm blowed if he isn't a "fetch."

'Ad me fair upon toast, the old sinner; his figgerhead isn't arf bad,
Sez I, "he 's the sort of old toff as a cove would be proud of for dad."
Tommy Trotter he stared. "Ah!" sez he, "my dear 'Arry, I know'd you 'd come round.
That 's the wicked old traitor you Tories so 'iss at, and 'owl at, and 'ound!"

"You shut up, Tommy Trotter!" I sez. I could see he was fair on the froth,
And jest wanted sitting on sharp, or the butter would be in the broth. [fiddledee,
"He *has* got the gift o' the gab, but it's all blooming
And the way you mugs foller 'im round jest like spaniels is sick'ning to me."

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Todeson (who has grown his Moustache, dropped his G's, and got into Society again). "Fact is Society 's gettin' much too mixed, Duchess. It 's not amusin', after spendin' a pleasant evenin', to find you 've been hobnobbin' with a Shopkeeper, or sittin' next his Wife at dinner, you know!"

Her Grace "Oh, dear me! Why, my *Husband* 's a Shopkeeper, Mr. Todeson. He keeps that great Bric-à-brac Warehouse in Conduit Street!—and the Toy-shop at the corner, that 's mine!—and the Confectioner over the way, that 's my Mother, the Duchess of Hautcastel!"

[*Todeson feels he has been puttin' his foot in it.*

So it wos Charlie. "Very absurd! they quite make 'im a hidol, and why?"
Sez a lady in pink at my elber. "By Jove, right you are, Mum," sez I.
"I was tellin' my mate, Tommy Trotter"——but here she slung off like a shot,
With her nose 'eavens-high in the hair, Sir. And that's your dashed *Radical* lot!

Wy, a prime Primrose Dame, well wuth ten on her, tipped me her sweet little paw,
At a Brixwood Bazaar, t'other day, and she chatted that chummy—oh law!
I felt, well, I 'ardly know 'ow, mate, all 'oney and oder colong.
Yet they say Tories ain't demmycratic, Rads *are!* That 's a trifle *too* strong.

Well, we took a turn round and a quencher, mate, arter the wust of the crush.
Sich lots of she-spankers, my pippin, large order in satin and plush,
With spreads of pink shoulders; slim twisters with touzles of tow-coloured 'air,
And bilious-hued frocks like green bedgowns, a-floppin' on couch and on chair.

Fair sprinkling of "Stars" Tommy told me, but rayther small sparklers *I* think.
They ain't in the hunt with *hus*, Charlie; no, neither for style nor the chink.
Tommy Trotter he gushed most tremenjus; bowed here, nodded there, and all that;
But *I twigged that the toppers left early:* yours truly ain't 'cooked for a flat!

As Tommy and me trotted 'ome he was at me, the silly young fool,
To turn up my Primrosing game and go in for his Club and 'Ome Rule.
"Way oh! Tommy Trotter," sez I, "that's a motion, old man, you may carry
When Toffdom and Gladstone jine 'ands and you make a fair juggins of
'Arry."

OUR PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 1940. A Statue at Large. Illustrating by mechanism "The Descent of the Crown." By Alfred Gilbert, A., and "A 1," Empressionist.

No. 15. *A Storey illustrated.*

No. 26. *Frith's Rummyniscences.* 100th edition.

No. 97. *The Countess of Cottenham.* "Quite La Cheese!" Herman Schmirchen.

No. 100. "*I'll have your Breakfast!*" Sulky boatman thinking how he shall get hold of small boy's breakfast, who has been served while he has to wait. The expression of Cunning on the boatman's face is well depicted by Craft.

"Neighbours."

Old Gent at No. 433 (*Alfred Aublet's*). Well!! Only an open door between us! I shall complain to Mr. Horsley.

Quiet Young Lady (*without name or a dress, except No.* 438). Don't think any one can see me. So cool. What "Joy!"

No. 110. "*Happy.*" Rather inclined to call it "Fanny." Thereby hangs a tale; nothing to be ashamed of, though whoever placed it here, must have hung his (B. G.) Head.

No. 119. "*Across the Heath.*" Ah, how many years one remembers this poor old fellow! He has advanced—in years. The title should have been, "A Step Farther," but this did not occur to Alfred A. Glendening.

No. 179. "*H. R. H. Prince of Wales, K.G., as an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. Painted for the Corporation.*" Frank Holl, R.A. F. Holl is very nearly at his Holliday best here. Quite the Courtier. The Prince is not a bit like an "Elder Brother," but looks as if he were the Youngest Son. As for "the Corporation," for which it has been painted, there's not a sign of it. He is the very slimmest of Royal Highnesses.

No. 189. "*Very Goodall, R.A.*" What does our dear old friend J. Clothes-Horsley say to this, eh? Ahem! Probably, No Goodall!

No. 195. "*Much Moore, A?*"

No. 198. "*You should see me Dance the Polka!*" The Right Hon. Sir Reginald Hanson, as Lord-Mayor, giving a Dancing Lesson. The first step of the Polka. This new start is painted with considerable finish by "Hon. John Collier." Brayvo, Hon. John!

No. 236. "*Here We Are Again!*" Very glad to see old friends again when introduced by Marcus Stone, R.A.

No. 286. "*Her Mother's Voice; or, The Distracted Husband.*" Here Mr. Orchardson has forcibly depicted a very telling scene. The elderly man in the chair has married a young wife, who is at the piano flirting with a gentleman who is pretending to be assiduously engaged in turning over the pages of music. The moral painter here suggests the hope that this young man may soon turn over a new leaf. The young wife has one eye—the left—on the lover, and the right is slyly veering towards the long-suffering husband, whose left eye is surreptitiously glancing at her, while his right is steadily gazing at the footstool, as though he were meditating picking it up and flinging it at the heads of the enamoured couple. He is distracted by the simultaneous performance on the violin of the lady next door, No. 281. But what especially irritates him is the sound of his wife's voice, which so reminds him of the tone of *his* late mother-in-law, and, therefore, of *her* mother. The room and the accessories are the same old but always admirable properties, but the tale is new and the title most subtly and sarcastically chosen—"Her Mother's Voice."

No. 292. "*Still Life! or, Missed Again!*" An Academy J.E.M.! Sir John, with characteristic modesty, has omitted himself in the picture; but as there is no mistaking a brilliant J.E.M., and as everyone "sees Millais in it," we have introduced him into the scene. Birds uncommonly wild.

No. 298. "*Sub Rosâ; or, The Blooming Blizzard.*" The artist is probably having a sly hit at the Operatic Bouquet nuisance. (N.B.—This is Alma Tadema's picture, of which you've already Aird tell.)

No. 346 "*James the First Escaping with the Great Seal.*" By W. H. Bartlett.

No. 350. "*The Pool of London.*" By Vicat Cole, R.A. Admirably painted. Probably intended for a Club Billiard-room.

[No. 281.—"THE DISTRACTED HUSBAND."—No. 286.
(*Vide explanation of the two pictures, p. 220.*)

No. 292. "Still Life!"

No. 298. Sub Rosâ; or, The Blooming Blizzard.

No. 357. *Mrs. Ernest Moon.* By W. B. RICHMOND, A. Romantic combination. "The Moon, Richmond, and Ernest!" Not the "Inconstant Moon," but the "Ernest Moon." O *Romeo* and *Juliet!* O my Star and Garter—at Richmond!

No. 365. Not much of the "Colour Sargent" about this.

No. 413. "*Requiescat.*" Visitors will see that Mr. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., has only given half the title. It is evidently "*Requiescat-and-dog.*" To be corrected in next cat-a-logue.

No. 439. *Type of Womanhood.* By W. B. RICHMOND, A. What do his initials stand for? Evidently, "Wouldn't-you Be Richmond, A?"

No. 508. "*No Partners, and the Last Dance!*" JAMES ARCHER.

No. 1038. *J. M. Levy, Esq.* By HUBERT HERKOMER, A. To the life. So characteristic too of the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph.* Fine healthy tone in the cheeks, suggestive of the very best circulation. Who could have done the hair so perfectly? *Who but Hair-comber*, A.?

THE WINES OF OLD.

"Messrs. SPIERS AND POND have secured from the royal cellars of the late King of BAVARIA some Steinwein of 1540, the days of HENRY THE EIGHTH; Leistenwein of 1631, the reign of CHARLES THE FIRST; Steinwein of 1731, when GEORGE THE SECOND reigned; Johannisberg of 1811, the beginning of the Regency; and Rudesheimer and Hockheimer of 1822, when GEORGE THE FOURTH was King. The wines are on sale at the Criterion."—*St. James's Gazette.*

OH, what is Port of 'Thirty-four,
Not much of it remaining,
To Steinwein of the days of yore,
When bluff King HAL was reigning!
And here, from Sixteen-thirty-one
A Leistenwein comes splashing;
Ere CHARLES's troubles had begun,
Or RUPERT's sword was flashing.

Here's Steinwein of a good age too,
The days of GEORGE THE SECOND;
When FIELDING wrote and HOGARTH drew,
And WALPOLE smart was reckon'd.

Johannisberg we find that dates
Just after Eighteen-hundred;
Ere we lost the United States,
And France's cannon thundered.

These come from Warzberg cellars, where
Bavarian Kings would hold them;
But strange King LUDWIG did not care
For ancient wines, and sold 'em.
And now they travel far beyond
Where Rhineland realms are hilly;
And flow for us from SPIERS AND POND,
Near pleasant Piccadilly.

A NEW NATIONALISM.—The flower of the Boulangist Party is the Carnation. If the general opinion be favourable, the movement will be known as "Car-nationalism."

LETTS BE CORRECT.—LETTS' *Commercial Tablet Diary* states:—"*Tues. May* 1. *Royal Academy opens.*" But it didn't. Many persons thought it did, not remembering, any more than the Letts' Compiler, that the Royal Academy opens on the first *Monday* in May.

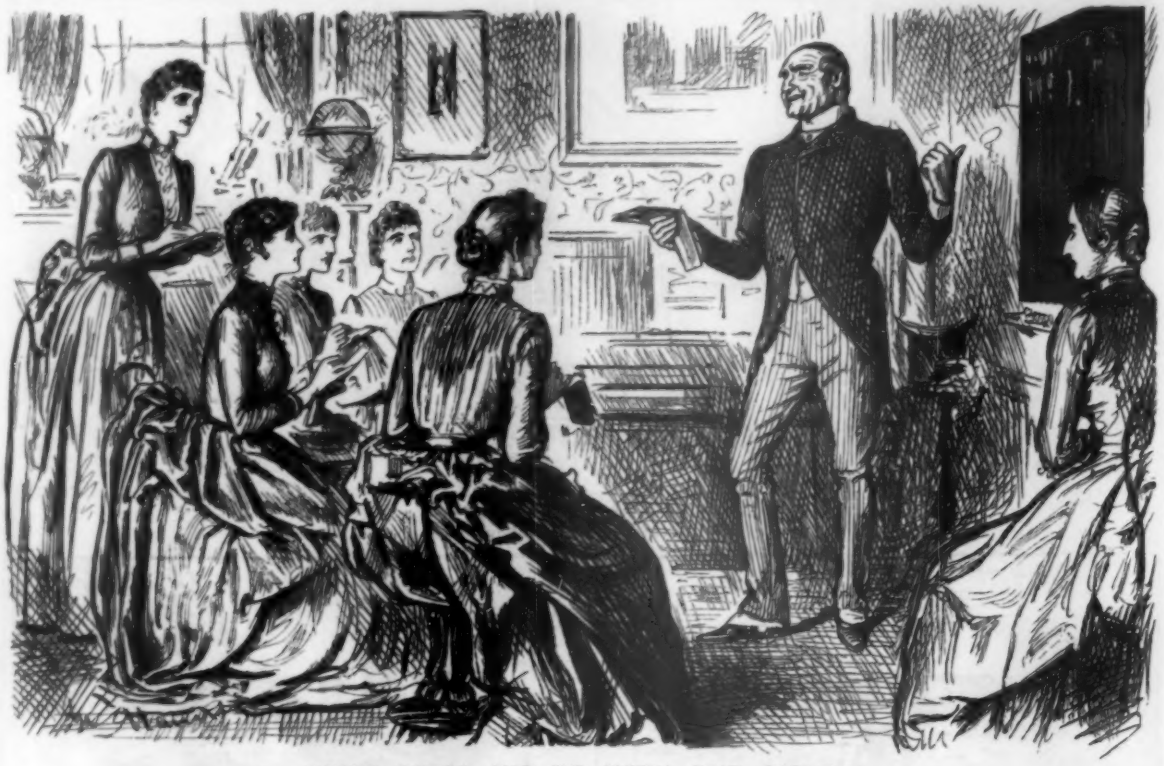
THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

(*Summary of the Speeches, by a late Guest. Saturday, May 5. Midnight.*)

PRINCE, pithy, pointed,
CAMBRIDGE disjointed,
SALISBURY humorous,
HALSBURY gloom o'er us,
HAMILTON prosy,
TYNDALL so dozey!
Lord Mayor DE KEYSER,
Voice pitched too high, Sir,
Speech Ostend-tatious;
LECKY loquacious,
Rooms very spacious,
Banquet splendacious,
All there voracious,
President gracious,
Touching, vivacious,
Him our R.A.'s
Heartily praise.
Here's to Sir FRED!

* * * *

Now, Home to bed!



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

(*Why not give them a few Lessons in the Science of Book-Making!*)

Mr. Professor. "AND NOW, LADIES, HAVING CLOSED OUR BOOK ON THE FAVOURITE, AND THE BETTING BEING SEVEN TO THREE BAR ONE, I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO WORK OUT THE ODDS AGAINST THE DOUBLE EVENT."

PIGS IN A PANIC.

(*With Mr. Punch's acknowledgment for a suggestion in Mr. Stanley Buckley's picture, "Routed."*)

Woohoo! Wirrasthrue! Here's a hullaballoo!
Talk of darkness at mid-day, a bolt from the blue!—
What are they to this startler portentous?
It comes like a comet, it spins like a wheel,
The placidest porker must falter, and feel
That the moment is truly momentous.

Irish pigs on a hill-side, they rummage and root,
With snouts all unringed, each Hibernian brute
Grunting low in serene satisfaction.
Hrumph! hrumph! But at sight of that swift spinning [wheel,
How soon the grunt turns to an agonised squeal,
The calm to precipitate action.

W-r-r-r! whiz-z-z! What is that? Gracious goodness, look [out!
Every tail quivers quick, every tremulous snout
Snuffs imminent danger instanter.
The herd, like the Gadarine lot, fill with fright:
Some crouch and some scuttle, some shrink at the sight,
And others are off in a canter.

"Queak! queak! This is most unexpected, this is!
What a terrible thud! What a horrible whiz!
What palsying circumgyration!
From the crest of the hill 'twas unkind to dislodge it!
'Tis plain we can't stop it, *perhaps* we may dodge it,
And lessen our foes' jubilation."

More frightened than hurt? That remains to be seen;
At present that hillside presents a queer scene
Of catastrophe almost volcanic.
An avalanche suddenly launched, it is clear,
Could hardly produce more amazement and fear
Than are shown by our pigs in a panic.

ITALIANO IN COVENT-GARDENO.

THE Organising Committee, consisting of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, Earl DE GREY, The Hon. OLIVER, MONTAGU and Messrs. HENRY CHAPLIN, A. de MURIETTA, and HENRY OPPENHEIM, that has been formed for the purpose of backing up Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS in his spirited Italian Opera enterprise that he is about to inaugurate at Covent Garden, met last week to discuss details. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS in the Chair.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD wanted to know why they couldn't open with *Black Eye'd Susan?* Wasn't there an Opera called *Britannia?* At all events *Britannia* sounded Italian, and would be highly popular.

Lord DE GREY wished to inquire if cigarettes and light refreshments could be served in the stalls? Wasn't there a song in something about "*Il Cigaretto per Esser?*"

The Chairman here reminded the meeting that the subject was distinctly Italian Opera.

Mr. CHAPLIN thought the Sporting Element ought to be brought in. Country Cousins came up to town and liked to go to the Opera. He could do a lot with his constituents in the way of stalls, if "pleasure horses" were introduced. He had not seen the list of promised Operas, but he would be glad to know if in any of them there was any approach to a sporting situation.

Mr. OLIVER MONTAGU said the only approach to a sporting situation he could recall was in *Ernani*, where some fellow, near the end of the Opera, blew a horn. (*Laughter.*)

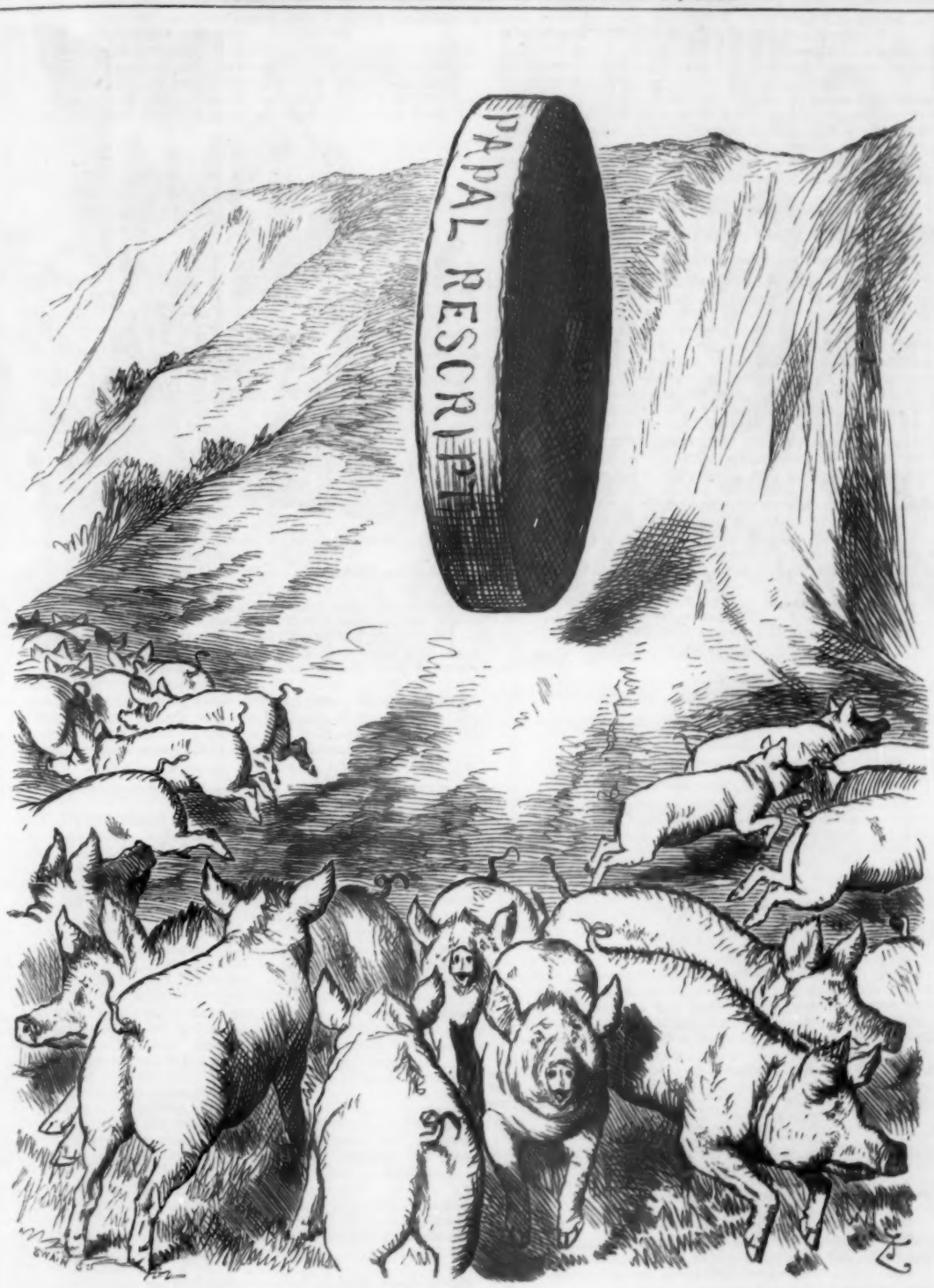
Mr. CHAPLIN: Did that bring on a pack of hounds? ("*Oh! Oh!*")

Mr. OLIVER MONTAGU said he didn't recollect very clearly, but he didn't think it did. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. CHAPLIN wished to ask whether there was not an Opera called *The Flying Dutchman?* Surely that was an old Derby subject? ("*Oh! Oh!*" and "*Question.*")

Mr. DE MURIETTA thought that they had better let WAGNER alone.

Mr. OPPENHEIM wanted to know why they had better "let WAGNER alone"? The sole question they had to ask themselves was, "Did he draw?"



"PANIC AMONGST THE PIGS!"

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD never heard that WAGNER professed to "draw." Thought he only composed. ("*Oh! oh!*")

Mr. OLIVER MONTAGU thought if the Opera could be played at a reasonable time—he meant at such a time as wouldn't interfere with his dinner-hour—it would be a sort of attraction, and help to fill the place.

The Chairman then rose. He said he had listened with profound respect and attention to the suggestions that had fallen from the

The Italian Opera Organising Committee, under the direction of Signor Augustus Druriolanus.

members of the "Organising Committee" assembled around him, and he thought, on the whole, he could not do better than advise them to leave the conduct of the matters they had been discussing entirely to him. He flattered himself he knew a thing or two about stage management, and the Operas he was going to take in hand he would undertake to turn out in such a style that their own composers would hardly recognise them. ("*Hear, hear!*") His *troupe* with ALBANI, NORDICA, ARNOLDSON, the DE RESZKE Brothers, and a host of other eminent *artistes*, would rival the palmy days of LUMLEY, and the less remote, though not less brilliant, epoch of GYE. He hoped to show that Italian Opera was not only not dead, but was more flourishing and vigorous than ever. (*Cheers.*)

THE EXHIBITION-LOVER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Do you intend to visit all the Exhibitions?

Answer. Certainly. I have on my list the Anglo-Danish, the Italian, the French, and the Irish.

Q. Are you very fond of these collections of all that is excellent in Nature and Art?

A. Very; especially the lamps, the bands, and the American bars.

Q. You are most discriminating. At the Anglo-Danish Exhibition you would select something from *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark?

A. Remembering the English Village, I should like to see a Danish *Hamlet*. Also, I should like to examine the hobby-horse to which he refers in the Third Act. I think, too, that some of *Ophelia's* Columbines might appropriately appear in a *ballet*.

Q. I find you know your Shakspeare by heart. Is there anything else you would desire to see at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition?

A. The "quadrant dinner" on a fine summer evening.

Q. What do you expect to see at the Italian Exhibition?

A. The ground hypothecated last year to the Wild West Company in someone else's occupation.

Q. Do you expect anything else?

A. On a fine evening the inconstant moon mentioned to *Romeo* by *Juliet*. And no doubt we shall have "ancient Rome," and "ancient Venice," and "ancient SPIERS AND POND," or "ancient BERTRAM AND ROBERTS," or some other well-known refreshment caterers.

Q. And you will be able to fancy yourself in Italy?

A. Oh yes. My imagination will be assisted by the close proximity of the District Railway and the beautiful climate of West Kensington.

Q. And what do you fancy you will see at the French Exhibition?

A. Chiefly the Royal Westminster Aquarium.

Q. And at the Irish?

A. Some new tenants for that unfortunate hall, with the evidently Irish name, "O'Lympia."

Q. And what do you expect to learn from all these exhibitions?

A. That "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Q. What do you mean by "one touch of Nature"?

A. The usual shilling admission to all.

Q. But supposing that the Anglo-Danish, Italian, French, and Irish exhibits were eliminated, and only the music, lamps, and refreshments remained, would you not be sorrowful?

A. I should be very, very, very sorrowful! As my reasonable and always satisfactory "self-improvement" excuse for going there, unaccompanied by my wife, would be removed.

Q. Would this loss affect the number of your appearances?

A. Yes, and the attendance of the highly respectable Public.

Q. But if only Anglo-Danish, Italian, and Irish products were exhibited, without music, refreshments, dining-rooms, and variegated electric-lighting effects, would it not be a great success?

A. No doubt such an Exhibition would be a very great success—*but no one would go and see it.*

STRANGERS FOR THE STRANGERS.

(*Revised Rules for Admission to the House of Commons.*)

1. Every Member shall be entitled to give previous to the sitting of the House two Orders of Admission to the Strangers' Gallery for each day of the Parliamentary Sitting, thus enabling each Member at the end of the Session to have about 180 orders out for the last day.

2. An Admission Order Office, under control of the Police, shall be provided, as near as possible to the foot of the staircase leading from the Central Hall to the door at the end of the corridor near the entrance to the passage leading from the room beyond the steps in front of the hall at the back of the ladder reaching to the Gallery, and in electric communication with the latter, the former, and the other one.

3. Every Member desiring to give Orders of Admission to the Strangers' Gallery shall make application, either personally or by writing, or through a third party, or by proxy, or, in cases of absence, by cypher telegram, at the Admission Office, stating:—His own name and address. Name and address of anyone he pleases. Name and date of *The Stranger*. Where it was played last. Who appeared in the character of *Mrs. Haller*. Date for which the Order is required. Name of the Theatre where it is to be available. Whether the Order is to give admission after Seven o'Clock.

4. The clerks in charge of this Office shall register and number this application, and give to the Member applying a ticket of admission in the following form:—

No. ____ THEATRE ROYAL

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ADMISSION ORDER FOR TWO GOOD SEATS FOR _____

To be presented not later than Seven o'Clock

EVENING DRESS INDISPENSABLE.

Umbrellas, Dynamite, and Revolvers must be left at the doors. Opera Glasses, Half-a-Crown for the whole evening. Orders of the Day 6*d.* each. No Fees. Apples, Oranges, and Ginger Beer to be had on application. N.B.—You are requested not to crack Nuts during the Speeches of the Leader of the House and the Rt. Hon. Gentleman at the head of Her Majesty's Opposition.

5. A Stranger, on coming to the House on the day and date entered on his ticket, should produce it to the Police, who should inform him whether he can be admitted. If he cannot be admitted then he will be detained until there is room in the Gallery for some one else. If there is not room in the Gallery for some one else, then he shall be balloted for until he is found to be in the minority. Upon this he shall be taken to the Clock Tower to be examined before two Justices of the Peace, who shall ask for the names of his father, brother, uncles and aunts, together with the addresses of his bankers, his dentists, and his solicitors. After this, his butcher's book will be carefully examined, and a copy made of the bill for his last week's washing. He then will be deprived of his hat, overcoat, purse, watch and chain and cigar-case. He will be then released from custody, and allowed to return to the Admission Office.

6. The Stranger, having complied with these requirements, must then proceed to the Gallery, at the door of which he will give up his ticket and the rest of his property to the door-keeper, who will immediately pass him on to the Police. 7. He will then be chucked out.

A Legacy to the Nation.

THE leading article in the *Times* of last Saturday on the publication of Lord DARTMOUTH's family papers by the Historical Manuscripts Commission contained this line:—

"The LEGGES for many generations have occupied a conspicuous position."

Apart from the context, it sounds like a history of the Ballet. Taken with the context, recounting how the members of the family have ever been in most responsible offices, we may well ask—"What would BRITANNIA have been without her *Legges?*" And among them hardly a black Legge, or a Legge that couldn't go straight.

THE PICTURES. 1888.

Portly Visitor. "I enjoy these Private Views so much, Dear! None o' those horrid disagreeable Turnstiles!"

ROBERT'S SILVER WEDDING.

What a werry strange suckumstance it is that so many sillybrated people has all managed to have their Silwer Weddins this here yere. All along of the Prince of Whales. But the most strangest thing of all is, that my much better harf went and found out that this was our Silwer Weddin Year as well as so menny other people's, and that it came dew on Sunday, larst fust of April! Now the fust thing as we found raather a little orkard, wen we had made up our minds to keep it up with dew conwiwiality, was the day. The 1st of April ain't at all a bad day for to go and git married on, if so be as you must git married at all, in fact I have herd it sed by a grinning old Bacheldore that, it being All Fools' Day, it ort to be speshally reserved for sitch ocashuns! So we both agreed to put it off to the nex day, witch being a Bank Olliday, all our reglar set wood be sure to be dishingaged.

I was so wrapt up a thinking all about my grate speech for the Second of April that I quite forgot all about the Fust, so when I set down to Brekfust on that morning with the Fammily, and my yungest boy, little Tommy, cum up, and sed to me "Lor, Par, sumboddy's bin and gorn and chorked a large D for Dunce on your bak!" I natrally dragged my coat hoff with hindignashun, when he shouted tout, "Ah, you April Donkey!" and there was a good larf all round. I coudn't be angry with the little deer, wen he xplained that he didn't like to call me the *other* name, cos it woodn't ha' bin true. I was glad that he had not forgot my rule, allus to treat his Parients with dew respect, and speshally to onnar his Father and his Mother.

The sun didn't shine werry britely on our kept Silwer Wedding day, and there was jist a leetle too much Nor-East wind to suit either me or my fond partner, that werry particklar embracing wind not being particklar faworable to sumwhat used-up complections, speshally when they wants to look at their werry best, but at any rate it didn't rain, so off we all started for Grinnidge by one of the new old Steam Botes, as I 'm glad to see is a running again as ushal.

It was my own dear partner's romantick serrgestion that we shood re-wisit on this, our silwer anniwersary, that particklar seat in the Park where, a quarter of a Sentry ago, I had boldly arsked her to jine her fortunes with mine, and where she had blushingly consented so to do. So, after a nice little lunch, we all started for the Park, and after a raather long and dampish search, we found it, but jest as we had set ourselves comforably down to injoy the nateral fond rummynissenses of our romantick sittywashun, the rain began for to cum down with that cruel wiolence as it seems speshally to reserve for Bank Hollidays and Pick Nicks and Silwer Weddins, and drove us to the Railway Stashun, which, of course, was a long ways off as ushal. We got home werry damp and not werry partickler cheerful, but as Silwer Weddin days don't come ewery day, we soon pulled ourselves together and awaited the arrival of our warious gestes.

In they all came to an arty supper at 8 o'clock, and tho' we was jest a leetle scrowged, it wasn't suffishently so as to purwent us from hindulgin in plenty of arty larfter. Brown was in great force, and his pressentashun to my fare spowse of a reel silwer Broch, subscribed for by all the staff of a certain Otel, in a reglar gushing speech of amost hinspired heloquence was one of the ewents of the heavening. The famerly had put their little mights together and bort their Ma a reel silwer Thimbel, which William presented to her in a few words of such reel natral feeling that I prowdly quotes 'em. "Ma, this is for you, with your childeren's love, and ewery time as you puts it on to work with, or takes it hoff to leave hoff with, remember them as guv it you!" Of course poor Ma began for to cry, as was ony nateral on sitch an appy occashun, but a nice little drop of ot Rum and water administered at jest the rite time, put her all to rites again, and she wore the silwer hemblem of her hoffspring's love all the rest of the ewentful heavening.

As for myself, I had dewoted several ours to trying for to learn sum of the best pints of the Prince of Whales' speeches on like ocashuns, but, strange to say, when the himportent moment cum, my memery quite failed me, and I stumbled like a hold horse, or a werry green Cheerman, rather than a well-machewrd Waiter, witch I atributes to gitting so wet in Grinnidge Park that all my best ideas was quite washed out of my pore branes. However, I pulled myself together at the hend, and boldly arsked 'em, wun and hall, to come again to our nex Silver Wedding, which I wood take care to have a little later in the Summer, so as to be freed from North East Winds and soking showers, and all like wexations. And so, with "*He 's a jolly good Feller!*" our ewentfool Silver Wedding Day came, untarnished to the werry hend.

Robert

Etiquette.—It is correct to address the Lords of the Admiralty collectively as "My Lords," but it would be equally appropriate to add, "I hope your Warships are getting along satisfactorily."

House of Commons, Monday, April 30.—No limit to resources of Irish Members. All night long ARTHUR BALFOUR stands with his back to the wall, on guard. Sometimes on offensive. Manages to deal out smart raps, that resound on tough hides. But Airey-Alfy not invincible. Irish Members had him to-night. JOSEPH GILLIS told me all about it. JOEY B. is sly, dev'lish sly, but strictly truthful. WASHINGTON, even in earliest boyhood, not in it with JOSEPH. Seems that, before House met this afternoon emissary of Irish Party had interview with Black Rod. Black Rod an amiable, elderly gentleman, who lives in constant terror of Sage of Queen Anne's Gate getting his salary cut down. Black Rod gets £500 a-year for sitting in uniform in box by Bar of House of Lords; another £500 for walking up floor of House of Commons; a cool thousand a-year for walking backward when he retires.

"And little enough too," Black Rod says. Sage retorts he knows a man who would do it quite as well for 30s. a week. Means to abolish Black Rod, salary and all.

Emissary worked on Black Rod's fears. Promised him Irish vote when Motion comes on in Committee on Civil Service Estimates. What Black Rod was to do was, to wait outside till he got tip that Airey-Alfy was on his legs, then to walk in, and summon Commons to Bar of House of Lords to hear Royal Commission read.

Black Rod managed it beautifully. Airey-Alfy up snubbing HARTINGTON. Door flung back. Messenger bellows "Black Rod!" Enter Black Rod and Airey-Alfy peremptorily shut up in middle of sentence. Obliged to sit down. Irish Members cheered, and laughed at success of little plot.

"You should have seen Black Rod wink at me as he retired backwards. It was quite *O revoire*," said JOSEPH GILLIS. "We must really do something for him when the Salary question comes on."

Meantime, House engaged again on King-Harman Salary Bill. A "two-penny-halfpenny measure," HENEAGE called it, in burst of surprising eloquence.

"Nay," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, "it 's at least a thousand a-year. Sort of thing, one would imagine, that GRANDOLPH would oppose on economic grounds." GRANDOLPH, strange to say, not in his

place. When I come to think of it, never *is* here when King-Harman Salary Bill on. *Business done.*—Salary Bill and Land Commission Bill read a Second Time.

Tuesday.—Quite a curious thing happened to-day. Dr. CLARK had on paper question respecting condition of Scotch Crofters. Lord Advocate answered in usual crusty manner. When questions were over, CLARK rose; asked leave to move Adjournment. Expressed regret at interference with ordered Debate, but explained that he would not have taken the course but for unsatisfactory answer of Lord Advocate. Here's where the happy accident intervened. CLARK, putting hand into pocket in meditative mood, thinking how he should begin oration thus suddenly and unexpectedly called for, found voluminous notes of speech already prepared! Eagerly seized bundle. With its assistance talked for three-quarters of an hour. Of course, wouldn't do for average Member to expect similar luck on ordinary occasions. A pure accident, upon which CUNLIFFE BROOKS, stepping out of his portrait-frame at the Royal Academy, begged heartily to congratulate him.

Congratulatory Cunliffe.

Rather a dreary Debate, save for one of those flashes of pellucid speech with which CHAMBERLAIN occasionally varies proceedings. Lord Advocate very petulant. As WILFRID LAWSON says, has of late made not unsuccessful attempt to graft BALFOUR'S airy manner on the crabbed stock of a Scotch Dominie. Wants SMITH to let him bring down a ferrule. Says he would feel more at home if he had it in his hand whilst lecturing Scotch Members. SMITH says there's no precedent for it; Lord Advocate must imagine ferrule.

Scotch Crofters summarily disposed of, BRADLAUGH brought on subject of Waste Lands. The reverberating COLOMB green with envy as he sat and heard BRADLAUGH shout. BRADLAUGH always dominated by sense of fitness of things. Waste places being subject of his screed, imagined himself in centre of Salisbury Plain, with audience scattered about the marge. Always a pretty strident voice. But in these circumstances Niagara nowhere, and the reverberating COLOMB a puny whisperer. Effect presently seen. BRADLAUGH shouted place clear of Members, and at a quarter to nine House Counted Out. *Business done.*—None.

Wednesday.—It was MAPLE BLUNDELL'S speech that killed JOHN LUBBOCK'S Bill. No doubt about that. One single passage in oration rung the knell. LUBBOCK, trying to conciliate Opposition, had exempted vendors of certain hot provisions from operation of Bill. It was this touched MAPLE most deeply. Wrought him up to height of passionate oratory.

The State in Danger.

"You may," he said, holding Bill between finger and thumb, as if it had been the next article asked for, and really, 'pon his credit, couldn't recommend it; "you may have a glass of 'ot lemonade, but if you want a glass of cold lemonade, Sir JOHN steps in and says, 'No.' You may have a 'ot tart, but not a cold tart; and, Sir," here voice sank to lowest unutterable depths of pained indignation, "if you want a 'ot sausage, you may have it, but not a cold peelony."

That settled the thing. Even the SPEAKER, who, after all, is (to a certain extent) human, gravely shook his head. As for GEORGE HIGGINSON ALLSOPP, he felt a crisis had been reached in long struggle for freedom of people.

"If," as he said to his brother SAMUEL CHARLES, whom he met in Lords' corridor, "a gentleman dropping in after Eight o'Clock for a pale ale can't choose between a hot sausage and a cold polony, what are we coming to?"

Business done.—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S Early Closing Bill thrown out by 278 votes against 95.

Thursday.—Gaiety of House eclipsed to-night by news that SPEAKER is ill in bed. It is said the rapid progress of business has taken his breath away. Whatever be the cause, everyone unaffectedly sorry. We are all proud of our SPEAKER.

In his absence COURTNEY took Chair, GORST sitting later in Chair of Committees. One startling effect of this novelty is to bring out GEORGE CAMPBELL as a humorist. Wants to know what is going to be done with vacant space on arch by Hyde Park Corner formerly occupied by revered statue of Duke of WELLINGTON? If they have nothing else to put there, will they bring the statue back? PLUNKET rather thinks not. Spent £3000 in getting it down to Aldershot. A considerable sum, but the deliverance worth it. Strictest discipline preserved at Aldershot. Corporal's guard always told off to arrest privates speaking disrespectfully of the statue. Not at all likely to disturb this happy arrangement by fetching statue back in triumph. All very well for NAPOLEON to be from time to time *chassé* from Paris and then brought back amid frantic shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Duke quite another person. His statue to be left to adorn Aldershot.

It was then CAMPBELL made his joke. Said he would "call attention to the distressing results which have followed the rash removal of a landmark dear to the inhabitants of London."

WILFRID LAWSON a little critical; says CAMPBELL joking reminds him of what Dr. JOHNSON said about the dog walking on its hind legs: "Not marvellous, though it was well done; strange it should be done it all." GOSCHEN snapped angrily at this incursion on his new preserves. If this was result of SPEAKER'S absence, sooner he was back the better. But House, led off by ADDISON, laughed consumedly, and for hours after GEORGE CAMPBELL, ecstatically nursing his right knee, indulged in silent chuckle. *Business done.*—GEORGE CAMPBELL made a joke. Budget Bill passed through Committee.

Friday.—ASHBOURNE back in the Lords to-night. Says he's come over to see Pictures at Academy, and incidentally to introduce a Bill on Irish Bankruptcy. O'HANLON thinks that's all a blind. Suspects LORD CHANCELLOR of black designs.

"Doesn't come to London for nothing," O'HANLON says, gloomily.

"No, indeed," says ASHBOURNE, in his cheery way. "Costs me £4 5s., not to mention cab fares."

Being here, sets Lords by the ears. Throws in innocent remark in discussion on Boycotting, which brings up GRANVILLE, SPENCER, and the cumbrous KIMBERLEY. Markiss marches in. For some minutes, quite a pleasant rumpus. *Business done.*—Commons Counted Out.

THOROUGH.—"If you want a thing done well, do it yourself," is the motto of action for the Earl of ONSLOW and Lord CLINTON, who have lately been inspecting for themselves the sweating dens of Whitechapel—or rather Blackchapel. When a Select Committee wants to get on fast, let them get ONSLOW. He is like the celebrated GRIFFITHS, a safe man, and his title should be, Earl of ONSLOW-AND-SURE. Success to both their Lordships in their praiseworthy endeavours to get the whole truth out about the "sweating system." They must have experienced some melting moments in Whitechapel.

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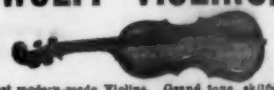

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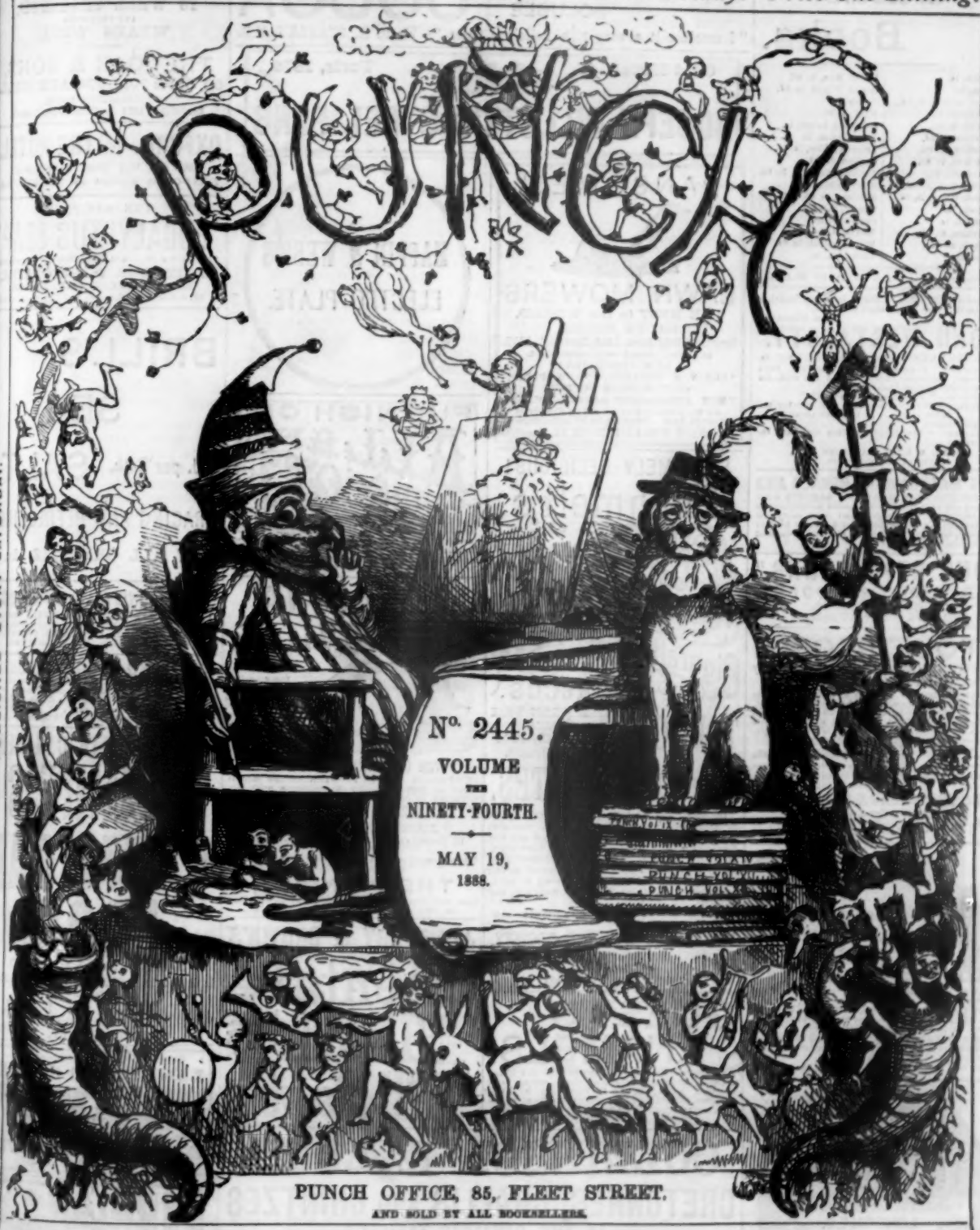

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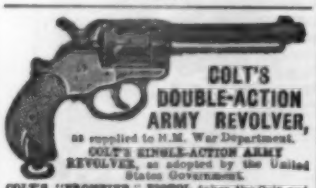

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A MUSICAL NOTE.

Bon voyage and "Many Happy Returns" in every sense of the word to Mr. FRED. COWEN, who is off to Australia. Miss COWEN, "the girl he leaves behind him," is giving Recitations. The taste for recitations, and drawing-room duologues is growing rapidly. Miss COWEN and Mr. ERIC LEWIS gave a capital specimen of this sort of entertainment last Friday at the Steinway Hall.

Mr. Fred. Cowen Personally Conducting his Orchestra to Melbourne. Overture, "Advance (£6000), Australia!"

Miss COWEN's recitals were all good, but I should select "*Bodgy*" and "*Little Mrs. Somebody*" as the pick of the basket. Miss GRACE DAMIAN's singing of "*The Angel Came*," and "*For Lack of Thee*," made a great hit—quite a *coup de "Grace"*—and confirmed the success of the *Matinée*. There is something so thorough about this lady's method, her whole heart and soul being evidently in her work, that, inspired by a friendly feeling towards her, as her name is so uncommonly like "Damon," I sign myself MISTER PYTHIAS.

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The Eldest Boy. Yes, Mother, if Papa hadn't ratted at *just* the right time——

[*Tory Mamma thinks it is time they went up to their tea.*

SCENE—*Afternoon Reception in a Conservative Salon.*

Little Lady Primula Damer (*age 7—to Noble Kinsman*). Oh, Uncle GARTERBLUE, *will* you get my doll's name put down on your list for a "special service" clasp? She's got all the Noah's Ark animals to join *our* branch of the League!

SCENE—*The Nursery.*

Father, M. P. (*going up to see his children, finds himself coolly received*). Why, what's all *this*? Why won't the Baby kiss me, *eh*, ETHEL?

Ethel (*severely*). Well, Papa, you see Baby's a little disappointed with the vote you gave on the Second Reading of the Lundy Island Home Rule Bill—and so are all of us!

* * * * * *

Godfather (*to Godson*). Well, what would you like for your birthday, eh, BOBBY?

Bobby (*with decision*). Guide to the House of Commons, please—and a new ballot-box.

* * * * * *

Old-fashioned Friend (*to Small Boy*). And what are *you* so interested in, my little man? Fairy Tales, Nursery Rhymes, hey?

Small Boy. Something much better than *that* old rubbish! I'm going all through the Statistics of the last Bye-Elections—and (*with boyish enthusiasm*) oh, Mr. HUMDRUM, *won't* it be jolly when the next General Election comes, and we're "as in 1885—only *better*," you know!

In the Nursery again.

Mabel (*to her Governess*). Oh, Miss GURTON, *do* speak to REGGIE—it is so mean of him! You know the Gentleman Doll out of my Doll's-house was returned for the Fireplace Division, by a large majority—all the cats plumped for him and two of the canaries! *Well:* REGGIE says the General of his tin soldiers is *really* elected, because there was "undue influence," and—and he's gone and unseated my Gentleman Doll on petition, into the bath!

* * * * * *

Artful Little Girl (*to her mother, a strong Gladstonian*). Mummy, will you buy me a new doll?

Mother. But you have a very nice doll *already*, dear!

Little Girl. I know—but I've just found out she's a Dissentient Liberal!

* * * * * *

Little Priscilla (*aged* 9). Mother, what *do* you think? While you were away, I've had quite a long talk with Mr. BLANK—(you know he's Chief Secretary for Ireland now)—and just fancy, Mother, I've almost persuaded him to turn Home-Ruler!

Round the School-room Fire.

Political Parent (*Radical*). Tell you a story? Well, what shall it be?

Frederick (*aged* 8). Tell us about what Mr. BALFOUR told Mr. BLUNT he meant to do to the Parnellites!

Madge (9). No, that's a *silly* story! Let's have the one about Mitchelstown.

Harry (10). Oh, we've heard that so *often!* Tell us how naughty Colonel DOPPING shot at good Mr. GLADSTONE.

Violet (11). Oh, not *that* one! *I* want the Battle of Trafalgar Square, and how Mr. GRAHAM went to prison!

[*And so on—until Political Parent, as a compromise, reads to them out of* Hansard *until bedtime.*

Not Improbable Result of Early Political Training.

Friend of the Family (*in touch with the latest ideas—to small boy*). So you're twelve next Monday, are you, Master HAROLD? Well, I tell you what I'll do—I'll take you into the Strangers' Gallery of the House that evening—exciting debate, GLADSTONE to move vote of want of confidence in Ministry. Come, that will be a treat for you, won't it?

Harold (*with wounded dignity*). Thank you, but I'm not in the Nursery *now*, you know. I've got a little too old to be amused by all that sort of thing any longer!

"A WINTER'S TALE" SPOILT.

Bootles' Baby, at the Globe as a play is not up to the Stann'ard of the well-known novel by "JOHN STRANGE WINTER." This undramatic dramatisation of *Bootles' Baby* at the Globe is an ill-constructed play furnished with stupid dialogue, and too long by at least an Act. But for the infant *Bootles*, of Act II., and the charming acting of little Miss MINNIE TERRY—the only uncockneyfied child I ever remember to have seen on the stage—the first night's performance would have been a very dreary one, even in spite of one of the most friendly and patient audiences ever assembled at a *première*.

The stage mis-management is on a par with the construction of the piece. By the time this notice appears, considerable alterations will probably have been made, and the piece will be played within reasonable limits.

Mr. SUGDEN acted excellently as the villain. Miss EDITH WOODWORTH looked interesting, and tried to compensate for poverty of dialogue by wealth of appropriate action. Miss LINDLEY looked and acted very well as *Mrs. Smith*. Mr. EDMUND MAURICE played *Bootles* in a straightforward manly style. Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR represented, it is not improbable, a type of regimental doctor, with which, thank goodness, I am unacquainted. No better officer's servant could be found than Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE, only one can have too much of even so good a performance as his, and indeed, thinking over it, the impression left on my mind by the piece is, that it was all COLLETTE and Babies. I was bored by it, but then I deserved to be punished for breaking through my rule and going to a *première*, an exception for Yours Truly,

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

P.S.—There doesn't seem at first sight much connection between this very modern inartistic work and the picturesque, romantic, musical fragment, entitled *The Sorceress*, as performed at Professor HERKOMER's Theatre, Bushey. Yet there is. In the latter, round the stolen child the picturesquely ragged rascals ran, and danced, and kissed his little hands, and hugged him uncouthly. Now this is precisely what the idiotic, prosaic, Tony Lumpkinesque officers do with *Mignon* in *Bootles' Baby*. Another curious and undesigned coincidence is the resemblance between *Bootles' Baby* and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*.

A PRIMROSE Dame and energetic Woman's Suffrage'un says of the Member for Hanley, "*Would all* were like him!"

TWO NASTY ONES.

Jones (who has not been asked). "ULLO! ANOTHER OF THOSE BIG CRUSHES AT LADY GATHERUM'S, WHERE I 'M TOLD THE BUTLER IS ALLOWED TO INVITE HIS OWN PARTICULAR FRIENDS. *YOU WERE THERE, OF COURSE!*"

Brown (who has). "YES—AND *YOU WEREN'T.* I SUPPOSE THE BUTLER HAD TO DRAW THE LINE *SOMEWHERE!*"

TO MAY. (To Cease Fooling.)

THE Winter is long, like the coal and gas bills, and longer has grown the shamefaced day,
And some of the conscientious hedges are keeping the feast, though it's far from gay; [is May?
The grass is mown, and the meads are ready, the trees are waiting, but where

What must the cuckoo be thinking of you, and what must the nightingale,
Clinging at eve to his bloomy spray with the nightingale's notion of tooth and nail,
And his trills and ripples go down the wind, like the shreds of a fairy sail.

The trees, like masts for the festal banners, are ready for their array,
And the early comers, in wasted triumph, stream to the stormy day,
While the blossoms are blown about like smoke, and the under-leaves are grey.

But you pause in your wilful, wayward sport, with a tear in your bold blue eye,
And the sun shines out, and the wind has dropp'd, and the woodland voices cry
With thronging rapture of faith unshaken, that the storms have all gone by.

O May, shall we never see you coming, coming at last to the patient earth,
With just the flush of the hawthorn petals, maiden shyness, or bridal mirth?
Think of your gardens and meads and rivers; scatter your life on the woodland's dearth.

Postscriptum (when the wind has changed).

So, after all, you were only playing, hiding behind the birch-crowned hill,
Where the light at evening is clearly golden, a blend of sunbeam and daffodil,
And the rays through the new leaves drop like honey, whence flowers their wine distil.

Oh, wayward May, in your Mayward way you have suddenly come to the world like love
In a wonder of beauty that baffles telling, on earth below and in heaven above,
While the mellow call of the cuckoo mingles with the deep content of the dove.

The mustard and cress in the kitchen garden gladdens the householder's heart at morn,
And merry voices are heard at tennis, and the click of the bat from the green is borne
Where the balls keep the cricket-net meshes swaying like gusts on a field of corn.

On a votive peg we hang the ulster, and bask in the sun in light array,
And the long, long Winter is scarce remembered like a guest that tarried a day,
And we gravely believe your nightingale whisper, "It's *always* like this in May."

MR. PUNCH'S ALARMIST ALPHABET.

(*Dedicated to our Naval and Military experts, to whose warnings our Rulers attach no particular importance.*)

A 's the Alarm that the Country 's defenceless.
B 's the Belief such assertions are senseless.
C 's the Commission that sits with regard to them;
D our Defences—the one topic barred to them!
E 's the Expense—it 's supposed we shall grudge it!
F is the Fear of increasing the Budget.
G stands for Guns, which we thought we had got.
H is the Howl when we hear we have *not.*
I 's the Inquiry, abuses to right meant;
J is the Judgment (a crushing indictment!);
K is the Knot of red tape someone ties on it;
L 's Limbo—where no one will ever set eyes on it!
M is the Murmur, too quickly forgotten.
N is our Navy, which some say is rotten.
O 's the Official who bungles with *bonhomie.*
P 's Party-Government—all for Economy.
Q is the Question engrossing our Statesmen.
R is Retrenchment, which so fascinates men.
S stands for Services, starved (out of Policy).
T is the Time when—too late!—we our folly see.
U is the Uproar of Struggle Titanic;
V is the Vote we shall pass in a panic.
W 's War—with the Capture of London.
X our Xplosions of fury, when undone.
Y is the Yoke we shall have to get used to.
Z is the Zero our Empire 's reduced to!

THE NEXT ARMADA.

A Brief Chapter from the History of Macaulay Junior.

* * * * * *

IN the City the agitation was fearful. None could doubt that the decisive crisis was approaching. It was known, from the second edition of the *Times*, that the joint Armada, carrying everything before it, was continuing its victorious progress up the Channel. Plymouth had fallen without firing a shot. Portsmouth had speedily followed suit. The former had found itself, at the eleventh hour, unprovided with a single gun. The latter, at the crucial moment, discovered that it was still waiting the arrival of its ammunition. When these facts, mysteriously whispered at first with bated breath, became, later in the day, authenticated by the appearance of succeeding editions of the morning papers, the public excitement knew no bounds. A hideous panic seized the Stock Exchange. "Goschens" went down to sixty at a single leap. Five well-known Stockbrokers went off their heads, and were removed in cabs by the police in violent hysterics. The Lord Mayor appeared on the steps of the Mansion House, and endeavoured to quell the riot. He was at once recognised by the mob, and pelted with Pass-Books.

But things assumed a most threatening aspect at the Admiralty. A vast multitude had assembled at Whitehall, and rendered Parliament Street impassable. There was an angry howl at the "Board." The Police took the precautionary measure of closing the gates. The First Lord appeared inside the enclosure, and his presence was the signal for an ominous roar. He was deathly pale and trembling, but he managed to scramble up the balustrade, and gazed feebly down on the raving thousands below. He was understood to say that when next Parliament met it would be asked to appoint another Committee to inquire into the naval administration of the country. His speech was cut short by execrations, and he hastily withdrew. Ten minutes later it was understood that he had escaped by the back way over the palings into the

Park, and was hiding himself from the fury of the mob in an unfrequented slum in Pimlico.

But while these events were transpiring in the Metropolis of the Empire, still graver issues were being arrived at on that "silver streak," which, up to now, had popularly, but erroneously, been regarded as its sure defence. What had been left of the British Channel Fleet after its first disastrous encounter with the joint Armada off the Lizard had rallied, and was now awaiting the attack of the again on-pressing and advancing enemy, in what promised to be a decisive encounter for the possession of the Mouth of the Thames, in the immediate neighbourhood of Herne Bay. The Admiral, in his hasty retreat, had collected about the shattered remnant of his forces some auxiliary adjuncts. He had been joined by Her Majesty's ironclads, *Styx* and *Megatherium*, and by the belted cruiser, *Daffodil;* but owing to the fact that these vessels, not possessing any guns, had had to put to sea without their armaments, the recent arrivals could scarcely be counted on by him as an addition to his fighting power in any pending action. Nor was he sure of his own ship. Her Majesty's ironclad *Blunderer*, which carried his flag, was armed with four of the famous 43-ton Collingwood exploding guns, and though hard pressed in the recent engagement, he had not thought it wise to give the order to "fire."

Such was the position of the British Admiral at the commencement of that fatal afternoon which saw the last blow struck for the preservation of the Empire. The fight commenced by a general attack of the enemy. But it did not last long. In a very few minutes seven of the British ironclads, including that of the Admiral, were blown up by the explosion of their own guns. The rest found that they were supplied with the wrong-sized ammunition, and were rapidly put *hors de combat*. Within a quarter of an hour of the firing of the first shot the action was over, and the last remnant of the British Fleet had practically disappeared. That evening the advance despatch boats of the joint Armada anchored off Gravesend, and 120,000 men were landed on the Kentish coast between Margate and Whitstable.

When the news of the disaster appeared in the evening papers, the panic, which had been gathering strength as the day progressed, culminated in fever-heat. Everybody was in the streets asking, with staring eyeballs, for the latest news.

Gradually it became known that 75,000 of the enemy were advancing on the capital by way of Aldershot, and that the General in command at the camp, who had 1371 men of all arms under him, all told, had received orders to oppose them, and this announcement seemed to restore in some measure the public confidence.

Meantime a quite phenomenal activity prevailed at the War Office, and the horses of the General Omnibus Company were at once requisitioned for the service of the Royal Artillery. The Duke of Cambridge, on hearing of the catastrophe, had applied to the Authorities instantly for the 11,000 men he had recently insisted on. With that force, he said, even at the eleventh hour, he would guarantee the safety of the country. Mr. Whiteley forthwith undertook to furnish them within twenty-four hours. His offer was accepted with enthusiasm. It was known too that Lord Wolseley had already started with a miscellaneous force of Volunteers, Guards, and Policemen, hurriedly collected, for Sydenham, with the intention of taking up a defensive position among the antediluvian animals, and there waiting the course of events.

"OH, TAX 'EM, BY ALL MEANS!"

Hawker (outside, taking advantage of the open window) "Buy a nice Mop, Gov'nour!"

The Authorities were fairly on their mettle. They instantly supplied three Volunteer regiments with rifles of an obsolete and antiquated pattern. Nor was this all. They telegraphed to Woolwich to expedite the selection of a model for the new magazine rifle, and marked their communication "urgent." Matters, meanwhile, at head-quarters were not less vigorously pushed forward. Inquiries were made for Mr. Stanhope's plan of "defending the Thames." Every pigeon-hole was examined, but it could not be found. Still, the Department did not despair. They despatched a third-class War Office clerk to Greenwich to report on the situation and say what he thought of it.

When, however, it transpired the next morning that, spite all the efforts to stay their advance, 50,000 of the enemy had taken possession of the Bank of England, seized the Lord Mayor and Aldermen as hostages, and were prepared to treat with the Government, with a view to evacuation, on the cession of Margate, Canada, India, Gibraltar, Malta, Australia, and Madame Tussaud's Wax-work Collection, together with a preliminary payment of fifteen milliards, Englishmen began soberly to recognise that what they had so long regarded as an impossible vision had really come about, and that the "Next Armada" was an unhappily accomplished fact.

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House of Commons, Monday, May 7.—ARTHUR MONTAGUE BROOKFIELD came down to House to-day, whistling "*Marlbrook il s'en va-t-en guerre.*" BROOKFIELD was in 13th Hussars, doncha. Now sits for Rye, and sometimes writes books. Had a great notion to-day. On Friday BRADLAUGH orating on Waste Lands. Incidentally spoke disrespectfully of one hundred thousand acres of waste land in Sussex. All BROOKFIELD's martial ardour boiled over. Rye should see what he could do for the county. Went out to prepare his speech. Bell rang. Didn't matter; too busy. Presently messengers come in to put lights out. House counted, BRADLAUGH got off scot-free, Sussex sat upon, and Rye unavenged!

Thus things looked black on Friday night. But to-day sky brightened. BROOKFIELD had happy thought. Why not go down to House, rise after questions, crave indulgence to discourse on personal matter, and, as MAPLE BLUNDELL would say, give it BRADLAUGH 'ot? Some fellows when they can't get off speech write to long-suffering *Times*, and work off stray thoughts. Better still to rise on personal question. Members always listen to personal question; all the papers report it at length. Wonder never thought of this before.

So BROOKFIELD *il s'en va-t-en guerre*—all across the Park, where the Spring leaves danced out to see him go by. Arrived at House took seat immediately on right of SPEAKER, so as to catch his eye when time came. Questions over, rose, produced manuscript, and "claimed indulgence of House whilst he made personal statement." Members beginning to crowd out under impression that business was commencing, halted, turned back, resumed seats. BROOKFIELD began with reference to Count Out on Friday, to BRADLAUGH's "serious and absolutely unfounded allegation," and so on to the existence of hundred thousand acres of waste land in the county of Sussex—"one of the divisions of which I have the honour to represent."

SPEAKER on his feet, with warning cry of "Order! Order!" "One hundred thousand acres of waste land," said he, "cannot *possibly* be a subject of personal explanation."

BROOKFIELD nervously explained that he was coming to the personal matter. SPEAKER sternly shook his head. To cross an ordinary spinney, or fifty acres of ploughed land, might be permitted; but a hundred thousand acres of waste land!—House evidently could not wait whilst he crossed it at whatever speed. So SPEAKER called on next business, and BROOKFIELD mournfully picked his way back through the hundred thousand acres.

"MAPLE BLUNDELL was quite right," he wearily said. "Dead set in modern legislation against anything 'ot. Suppose I might have made a cool remark, but when I meant to give it BRADLAUGH 'ot, SPEAKER shuts me up."

Business done.—Local Government Electors Bill through Committee. Glebe Lands Bill read Third Time. Got into Committee on Criminal Evidence Bill. At this rate soon have no work to do.

Tuesday.—Alderman Sir ROBERT FOWLER, thrice Lord Mayor of London, in the dock again to-night. Always finding himself there, not for personal derelictions, but as chief representative in House of Corporation. FIRTH led for prosecution. With him BRADLAUGH, Q.C. Prisoner, who was respectably dressed, accommodated with a seat. BAUMANN, *faute de mieux*, accepted brief for defence. Crowds of witnesses in the lobby prepared to swear anything, either to character or having been with the prisoner in any particular place at any particular time mentioned in indictment. Solicitor General, interposing as *amicus curiæ*, urged Court to look over affair, as another formal and more serious charge preferred against prisoner and his friends is to come on at next assizes. General disposition of Court to deal leniently with prisoner. Well known for his philanthropy, his hospitality, and his "Hear! hear!" In the end, Jury disagreed. It is stated that 133 were for a verdict of "Guilty," and 156 for acquittal. Consequence was, prisoner was discharged, and left the Court accompanied by his friends.

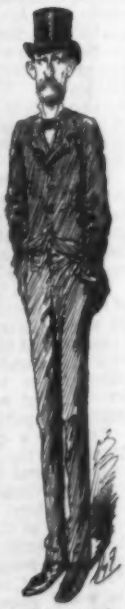
Turned up a little later in support of SAM SMITH's motion deploring the rapid spread of demoralising literature in the country. Understood that Alderman traces all the iniquities of the Corporation to inordinate indulgence in cheap literature of demoralising tendency.

"If it hadn't," he said, "been for penny dreadfuls, the Street Committee would never have gone on that excursion to Paris, ostensibly to inspect the telephone wires; and the City Barge (if there be a successor to the defunct *Maria Wood*) would have been sold for a missionary ship long ago, if it hadn't been for the minds of the Court of Aldermen becoming unhinged by reading accounts of piratical excursions up the River Lea, penny plain, twopence coloured."

Business done.—Corporation on its trial. Jury disagreed.

Wednesday.—ARTHUR BALFOUR had pleasant time this afternoon. Usually has Irish Members banded against him. Fights them on wholesale principles, "One down, another come on." To-day sat beaming on Treasury Bench, whilst Irish Members demolished each other. Fun broke out on Second Reading on Irish Saturday Closing Bill. T. W. RUSSELL brought it in; circumstance didn't particularly recommend it to any section. As FLYNN, dropping into metaphor, and remembering work of Art he has seen somewhere, observed, "RUSSELL always treating Ireland as The Dirty Boy; catching it by the scruff of the neck, and forcibly proceeding to wash its face."

Irish Members sharply divided on Bill. Some supported it, others opposed it. PARNELL, with characteristic judicious reserve, declined either to support or opposite. JOHN O'CONNOR moved rejection. Thereafter assumed that ARTHUR BALFOUR's remarks on Bill were personal to himself. House screamed with laughter when AIREY-ARTHUR having made a particular statement, LONG JOHN slowly uncoiled himself, and, rising to fullest height, solemnly declared he had "never said that." In vain BALFOUR protested he had not mentioned Hon. Member, had not had him in his mind, was not, in whatever indirect way, referring to him. After a few more sentences, LONG JOHN's legs observed to move, then slowly uprose the columnar edifice, and a voice was heard saying, more in sorrow than in anger, "I assure Right Hon. Gentleman I never said anything of the kind."



A Note of Admiration!

Presently AIREY-ARTHUR grew accustomed to process. Regarded interposition as note of admiration, perhaps rather too plentifully sprinkled about his sentences. When the tall figure at the corner Bench opposite showed signs of movement he resumed his seat, JOHN O'CONNOR made his protest, and BALFOUR continued his speech as if nothing had happened.

Business done.—Irish Saturday Closing Bill read Second Time.

Thursday.—House kept a watch on QUINN this afternoon, which, as JOACHIM says, was odd, since QUINN had no watch on him. Lost it early yesterday morning, wending his way homeward after legislative labours. Understood that QUINN was coming down this afternoon to give notice to ask HOME

SECRETARY whether he had received official information of the outrage, and whether he was prepared to Gazette Chelsea as a proclaimed district? But QUINN didn't put in appearance, and condolences held over.

House spent useful, but not exciting, evening, discussing Railway and Canal Traffic Bill.

SHAW come back after long absence. Makes his first appearance since New Rules in operation. Says he 's "struck all of a heap." Doesn't know the place. So dull and decorous, that an afternoon with the Halifax Town Council quite a refreshing change.

Business done.—Various Bills advanced a stage.

Friday.—Thought there was something the matter with the Dook to-night. Met him going to the Lords, frowning and puffing, and clenching his fists. All explained early in sitting. Seems someone has been writing to the papers purporting to supply information on the highest military authority.

"My Lords," said H.R.H., looking round the hushed Chamber, his hand instinctively seeking sword-hilt, "up to this moment I had supposed I was the highest military authority."

Then the Markiss wheeled into line of battle. Fell upon Our Only General, who has been making speeches, and rather hinting that we can do without War Office, perhaps even without Premier. Quite a lively half-hour. Running neck-and-neck in point of excitement was the scene in other House where BRADLAUGH came to the front again. GRANDOLPH took opportunity of landing Old Morality a back-hander, and there was generally the doose to pay. *Business done.*—Flare up in both Houses.

"Struck all of a Heap."

FROM BROMPTON TO DENMARK AND ITALY.

(*By Our Much Abroad Contributor.*)

ARMED with the sealed instructions of my Editor (not to be opened until I was well on my way). I left Brompton for the distant climes of the home of our Sea King ancestors, and the land that, by universal consent, is known as "The Garden of Europe." It is unnecessary to describe my journey (which I need scarcely say was by the Roaderzee-Exhibitionersberg, and the Diss-Trickrailwayzein), as it was uneventful. I will merely observe that I was soon, very soon, in the centre of Denmark. It was a most remarkable spot, and on every side I found evidences that I was indeed out of England. The first object that attracted my attention was a sort of boat, painted a bright red, which was floating in a small lake, dotted here and there with fountains. This vessel had a solitary mast, or rather pole, surmounted with a kind of globe of intertwined hoops, also coloured vermilion. On closer inspection, I found that this globe at night-time could be exchanged for a lamp.

"Ah," I observed to a bystander, "I think I recognise this ship. If I am not greatly mistaken, this is the Nore. It is to be found, as a rule (is it not?), at the mouth of the Thames."

"You are not quite right," was the reply. "This is indeed a Nore—but not the English Nore. This is of Danish origin. It is mentioned by SHAKSPEARE, and is called Elsie-Nore."

Much pleased with this discovery, I continued my explorations, and was soon standing in front of a collection of small cottages.

"A village?" I hinted.

"No," said the bystander, who had accompanied me, and seemed most anxious to furnish me with information. "In England, no doubt, this cluster of cottages *would* be called a village, but here in Denmark it is known as a Hamlet. Your great poet had, when living, a deal to do with Hamlet."

"That is questionable," I replied, glad to show my erudition. "The chances are that he might have composed half of it—say the last half—but the *Ham*, I fancy, is attributable to BACON."

My Guide (who seemed a little annoyed at this remark) now left me, giving place to a young lady (quaintly dressed in white muslin and wild flowers) of very prepossessing appearance. I was much struck with her hair, which was tastefully decorated with straw.

"Are you a Dane, Madam?" I asked.

"I have lived all my life in Denmark, Sir," was the soft response, "but I am really of Irish extraction. My name is O'PHELIA."

She pronounced it "O'Failure," which gave me an opportunity of declaring that I was quite sure that it was a misnomer—that *she* could only be associated with a great success. "You are moighty polite," she returned, with a smile, "will I do anything else for ye?"

Thus invited, I said I should very much like to see a real Dane.

"Nothing aisier," she cried, and pointing to a gentleman in black with a hat tied up at the sides and wearing gaiters and an apron, observed, "Sure he 's a Dane, and so was SWIFT."

After this, I saw a hundred objects of the most interesting character—there were jam tarts, jewelled brooches, tiny tea-cups, small watches, and wee handkerchiefs covered with the most elegant lace.

"Thoroughly foreign," I commented.

"Not only foreign," said Miss O'PHELIA, "but Dane-ty."

It now occurred to me that only half my duty had been performed, and that in spite of the enchanting company of my fair conductress, I must tear myself away to visit Italy. So after a courteous adieu, I left Denmark, and was soon in the Rodo die Lillie, which, as everyone knows is close to the Cemetario die Bromptoni. I hurriedly entered the domains of the House of Savoy, and threw myself on a seat where one of the most charming views I have ever seen presented itself to my delighted vision.

There was a small forest of the most delightful green foliage surmounted by a gorgeous layer of flesh-colour enshrined in a sort of shell of the brightest red. Resting on the layer, and overflowing the foliage, was a stream of yellow that seemed to me like oil mixed with hard-boiled eggs. I revelled in this perfect picture, and absolutely devoured it.

"What *is* it called?" I asked, almost choking with emotion.

"This, Sir," replied a man at my elbow, "is the celebrated *saladi di lobsterini*. Would you like to see the *soupo-consommoni*?"

I replied in the affirmative, and immediately there appeared before me a small lake composed in the most exquisite taste.

After this I was shown the *lambo*, situated close to the *sauci di minto*, the *gelatino di stuffo-vealo*, and the *meringoes di cremo*. While I thoroughly enjoyed these magnificent products of a happy country, I quaffed a very pleasing beverage, which effervesced when it was poured from a bottle, decorated at the neck with what appeared to me to be gold-foil. I was obliged to take it, as I found this kind of sight-seeing rather thirsty work. By degrees the pleasant views became slightly indistinct, and then I witnessed a most extraordinary spectacle. The ground seemed to be turning round. Here was a lamp-post standing on its head; there a band-stand climbing up a tree. It was a weird sight, which filled me with vague awe.

"Where are we now?" I stammered. "What do you call this?"

"We call this," was the immediate reply, "the *Champagna!*"

Then I remembered the evil effects attributed to the country surrounding Rome, and hurried away. Shortly afterwards I fell asleep, and remained in a heavy slumber for many hours. When I awoke I opened my sealed instructions. They were as follows:—

"Go to the Anglo-Danish and Italian Exhibitions, and write a preliminary notice of what *you didn't* see."

With a sigh of relief (and a slight head-ache), I reflected that I had carried out my Editor's instructions to the letter!

"DISTRICT VISITORS."

THAT there is "no more useful class, whether it be first, second, or third, than 'the District Visitor,'" is the opinion of every official connected with the District Railway and the Exhibitions at South and West Kensington. Such, also, is the sentiment of the aristocratic Earl of Earl's Court, in whose heraldic bearings stands out conspicuous "the Early Bird on a field *argent*, catching the worm *sluggant*."

For these District Visitors to London has been compiled, by an anonymous writer, an excellent District Railway Guide, so chokefull of useful and interesting information that the intending Visitor who purchases it, may consider the most economical way of spending a happy day to be remaining indoors perusing this valuable Guide; only as it does not include details of the Italian and Anglo-Danish Shows, he will have to visit these, unless he prefer trusting to his imagination. The maps, as works of Art, might be taken as models by some of our most eminent colourists in the Academy; and the War Office will do well to consider "the thin Red Line" shown on this map in their scheme for improving "Defenceless London."

So much for the present—if you can get somebody to give it you *as* a present, all the better, if not it is sixpence well spent,—and in the future not dim and distant, we may have something more to say on these same lines.

It is published by "ALFRED BOOT AND SONS,"—a pair of Boots, and perhaps some odd boots,—and as it ought to be appreciated by the Public, it, as LUCIUS JUNIUS BOOTUS might say, will go "like old Boots." Boots it to add that it is Bootifully got up? Whether it wouldn't be still better if more pocketable, is for the Publisher to consider. But, *à propos de bottes*, he may think that a re-issue in a portable form is quite another pair of shoes. A good advertisement for the Guide would be on every Smith stall to have written up "Boots Sold here."

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

Mrs. Wistful. "WHAT HAPPY PEOPLE YOU ARE, TO HAVE SIX NICE DAUGHTERS! WHAT RESOURCES FOR YOUR OLD AGE!"
Mr. Quiverful. "YES. RESOURCES ENOUGH! BUT THE DIFFICULTY, NOWADAYS, CONSISTS IN *HUSBANDING* ONE'S RESOURCES!"

"THREE JOLLY POST-BOYS!"

THREE jolly Post-boys were drinking at the "Dragon,"
Each of them considered he 'd a big success to brag on;
And they determined,
Gleefully determined,
Triumphantly determined
To push about the flagon.

"Landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it runs over!
Each of us, in season, of good tipple is a lover;
There are not three thirstier boys,
Bibulously thirstier boys,
Gloriously thirstier boys.
From here away to Dover!"

SMITH—a steadier rider never threw his leg o'er leather;
GOSCHEN—he was game to pound through every kind o' weather;
RITCHIE—lad of promise he.
They were full of mirth and glee;
Never a more jovial three
Took the road together.

"Here is our first stage!" they cried; "we may take an easy.
Pace we have put on, my boys, will make opponents queasy.
If you 'd see three Post-boys proud,
Post-boys jubilant and proud,
Post-boys with good reason proud,
Gentlemen, us three see!

"Rivals swore we couldn't ride together,—bound to quarrel.
'They must come a cropper soon,' they muttered; 'that 's a moral.'
All their nasty temper, boys,
Spiteful jealous temper, boys,
Beastly bitter temper, boys;
Blend of rue and sorrel.

"Though we 've come a spanking pace, our nags' reserve force fund 'll
Prove that over a long course we boys know how to trundle.
And the luggage—'tisn't light—
Travels safe; that Budget's tight,
And the L. G. B. 's all right,
Though a biggish bundle.

"As to t'other—'National Defences' bag—we find, boys,
That it is a lumping load, and for our nags a grind, boys;
But, although its weight may irk,
We must face that piece of work,
And, whatever else we shirk,
Can't leave *that* behind, boys!

"Steady does it; be the road to China or to Chiswick.
Patience cures the (Party) gout, the colic, and the phthisic;
And it is allowed to be,
Commonly allowed to be,
By the wise allowed to be,
The very best of physic.

"Push the flagon round, my boys! A man may be too sober.
We are not the lads to shirk a draught of sound October.
Fill the bumper, crack the joke.
We're not WILFRIDS; a good soak
Will not hurt our British oak;
Genuine *quercus robur*.

"Presently again we 'll mount our postchaise smart and yellow,
For the moment let us tope until we're ripe and mellow.
He who toils, and tipples too,—
Like myself, dear boys, and you—
Lives as a man ought to do,
And dies a jolly fellow." [*Left drinking.*

CHANGE OF NAME.—In the Divisional Court, before Mr. Justice BRETT, appeared, in *Wrench* v. *Wrench*—a wrench asunder—one Mr. CANNOT as counsel for the petitioner. It is an unfortunate name. "Who will take the case?" asks the client of her solicitor. "He, CANNOT," answers her adviser. "*Can* not! *shall* not," indignantly exclaims the fair client. Now wouldn't it be better if Mr. CANNOT changed his name to Mr. NON POSSUMUS? Or, to make it still more singular, why not Mr. NON POSSUM? If these hints won't do, say Mr. KARNT.

N.B.—No. 22 in the Royal Academy, by FRANK HOLL, R.A., representing "Sir ANDREW CLARK—'or his equivalent,'"—and that 's HOLL about it.

"THREE JOLLY POSTBOYS!"

"SMITH—A STEADIER RIDER NEVER THREW HIS LEG O'ER LEATHER;
GOSCHEN—HE WAS GAME TO POUND THROUGH EVERY KIND O' WEATHER;
RITCHIE—LAD OF PROMISE HE.
THEY WERE FULL OF MIRTH AND GLEE; | NEVER A MORE JOVIAL THREE
TOOK THE ROAD TOGETHER."

EFFEUILLANT LA MARGUERITE.

La France sings:—

PETAL by petal plucked have I,
And yet I doubt, and yet I sigh!
My fate—what is it? *Shall* I try
Another?

AN IDYL MOMENT.

THE LATEST SOCIETY SENSATION.

THE President of the British Artists—if we may still be permitted to call him so—will find a formidable rival in his handsome countrywoman, who has just arrived from America, and who has already commenced her season in London. We allude to the talented "Madame Le SIFFLEUR," or Lady Whistler. The "Lady Whistler!" and our impressionable JAMES is not yet knighted. "Why should London wait?" What a chance for a duet! *Papageno* and *Papagena* in *Il Flauto Magico!* What is the old English, and, in this case, decidedly ungallant proverb about a "Whistling Woman and a Crowing Hen?" No matter. The Lady Whistler has a career before her. She is so attractive, that a song should be written for her, "Whistle and I'll come to you, My Lad-y!" Of course Madame LE SIFFLEUR does not exhibit her accomplishment "*pour les beaux yeux*" of her admirers, and therefore they will have "to pay for their whistle,"—and a very pretty and melodious whistle it is.

"P'SHORE!"—Morning Performances are nowadays of such frequent occurrence that the poor overworked Dramatic Critics might adopt, as their national song, "*Oh, dear! what can the Matinée be!*" This would be a foot too long, but then anything connected with an afternoon representation would naturally be the reverse of too short. However, there are exceptions to every rule; and had the Actors engaged in *The Silent Shore* a week since at the Olympic Theatre played in any piece other than Mr. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON's drama, there is every reason to believe that their labour would not have been in vain. The promoter of this particular *Matinée* was Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, who is more than a fair player—in fact, this gentleman promises to be a very good Actor indeed when an opportunity is offered to him. On the occasion in question he worked wonders out of very miserable materials, and was certainly the feature of the performance. Mr. SCOTT BUIST was also good. The "Producer and Director" of the play, however, who assumed the character of a fat and vague villain, was not so satisfactory; and it was a matter of some regret that he was not as "Silent" as the "Shore" for the production and direction of which he seemed to hold himself proudly responsible.

ALL OF A PIECE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEE by the law reports that although Mr. SEEBOHM is not to use any of MRS. BURNETT's lines from her novel of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, he is to be permitted to retain what Mr. Justice STIRLING has decided to be his own work. I quote his Lordship's words:—"I have come to the conclusion that it may not be impossible for the defendant to sever the passages which he has extracted from the novel from the rest of his work. If he desires it, I will give him the opportunity of doing so. He must first, however . . . . extract from those copies which are in his possession or power, and deliver up for cancellation to the plaintiffs, all passages copied, taken, or colourably imitated from the plaintiffs' book." Of course this will rather alter his present dramatic version of the story. I frankly confess I have not been to the Prince of Wales's Theatre to see the play, but, as a brother dramatist, I cannot help feeling that it would be a pity to lose the whole of his labour. Why should he not alter the piece in such a way that it might be still suitable for representation. I have not time to work out the whole drama, but present him with a suggestion for the Last Act.

SCENE—*The Condemned Cell at Newgate.* Old Lord FONTLEROY *discovered pinioned.* "UGLIEST" *in tears.*

Old Lord F. Be off with you!

"*Ugliest.*" Oh, don't say that, my grandson! You break my heart!

Old Lord F. What do I care! But, before I die, let me sing one song that reminds me of happier times—when I was a boy at Eton somewhere towards the end of the eighteenth century.

(*Song introduced—"Jolly Nose."*)

"*Ugliest.*" Oh, my darling, you break my heart! I cannot bear it!

Sheriffs of London and Middlesex (*entering*). Nor we either! Take him off to immediate execution!

"*Ugliest*" (*clinging to their knees in supplication*). No! no! You shall not tear him from me!

Old Lord F. Why not, grandmother? I die happy. I am of ancient birth. I am a nobleman. I have the greatest contempt for cads! *Noblesse* does not *oblige!* Down with the democracy!

Sheriffs. Away with him!

Old Lord F. (*with dignity*). I obey you, Sirs! But first a word with those present. (*Turning to the Audience.*) I can die happy if you show you forgive me by applauding *Old Lord Fontleroy.*

"*Ugliest*" (*sobbing*). Or *The Phantom Bride of Battersea Park.* (*Faints.*) (*Curtain.*)

There! I do not know if there is any "colourable imitation" in the above; but if there be, it must be altered. With kindest regards to Mr. SEEBOHM, Yours sincerely, A BOOM AT SEA.

A STITCH IN TIME.

WITH a view to calming the popular apprehension now showing some signs of rising, owing to the recently sprung "National Danger" scare, it is said that the Naval and Military Authorities have resolved on putting the following schemes into execution at their earliest convenience:—

1. *Arming the Volunteer Artillery.*—As neither Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG nor the Ordnance Department at Woolwich, owing to the heavy arrears of work they have at present in hand for the purpose of supplying guns for Her Majesty's ships, arsenals, and coaling stations, can turn their attention to the manufacture of a weapon suitable for the requirements of the force of Artillery Volunteers for the next fifteen years, it has been determined to equip this important factor in the defensive organisation of the country with a light muzzle-loading field-gun, the barrel of which will be constructed from an ordinary six-inch iron gas-pipe. The contract has already been placed with an enterprising firm of East-end sweaters, and it is calculated that probably before the end of the year after next the first consignment of the order will be in the hands of the force for which it has been so happily designed.

2. *Organising the First Line of Defence.*—With a view to providing a suitable force to act on any sudden emergency as a first line of coast defence, it has been determined to enrol all the bath chairmen, marine store-dealers, and Nigger minstrels, in the habit of frequenting the summer sea-side resorts, and forming them into a skilled corps to discharge this important duty. They will be drilled by the local police constable, and efficiently armed with the famous Brown Bess, a sufficient supply of which good old-fashioned weapon will be forthcoming from the Tower.

3. *Land Transport Service.*—This important branch will be supplied in any emergency by an arrangement with the Borough and New Cut costermongers, who have undertaken to furnish their barrows for the work. It is calculated that in the event of any sudden call being made upon them, they could render valuable and active service in this special department.

THE NEW GALLERY.

HERE's the New Gallery, marble-ous! golden!
Architect ROBSON, to whom we're beholden.
Every arrangement made in the New Gallery
Is in a style we'll call Carr-ish and Halléry.

Rooms rather low, and suggestive of heat,
But the vestibule offers a shady retreat;
'Tis called an "*impluvium*"—just what you'd wish [and fish:
On a very hot day, with tank, fountain,
So useful for morning, with brushes and sponge.
And here comes the Infant to make its first plunge,
Carr-ied by HALLÉ and CARR. If you look,
The picture's one-hundred-and-seven in book,
KENNEDY's subject. We hope the ablution
Will suit the new Infant's untried constitution.
If he boldly strikes out, we foretell, and with reason,
He must get on swimming'y all through the season. [chairs,—
Here plays a fountain, and here there are
Why not a band, hid away, playing airs?
'Tis just the place for a lounge in July,
Where you can rest with some green in your eye, [think
Which there will be, if you sit there and
That a waiter will bring cigarettes and cool drink. [JONES.
TADEMA, HERKOMER, FORD, and BURNE-
All the Committee, in various tones,
May to the Middlesex Magistrates go
For leave and for licence,—the answer is "No."
At last they must yield—then Refreshment! Cigar! [CARR.
We'll do it in style with our Triumphal

"THE REAL LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

(A Very Imaginary Conversation. With Apologies to Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett.)

AND then the Duke looked up.

What Little GRANDOLPH saw was a portly old man, with scanty white hair and bushy whiskers, and a nose like a florid bulb between his prominent imperious eyes.

What the Duke saw was a smart, small figure in a jaunty suit, with a large collar, and with trim, accurately-parted locks curved carefully about the curiously canine little face, whose equally protuberant eyes met his with a look of—well, perhaps the Duke would have found it difficult exactly to define the character of that look, but it combined in an emphatic way the interrogative and the ironical.

It was thought that Little Lord FAUNTLEROY was himself rather like a small copy of a grander and older original, and he himself was supposed to be well aware of the fact. But there was a sudden glow of emotion in the irascible old Duke's face as he saw what a sturdy, self-confident little fellow Lord FAUNTLEROY was, and how unhesitatingly he stood to his guns in all circumstances. It moved the grim old nobleman that the youngster should show no shyness or fear, either of the situation or of himself.

"Are you the Duke?" he said. "I'm a Duke's son, you see, and know something about such things. I'm Lord GRANDOLPH FAUNTLEROY."

He nodded affably, because he knew it to be the polite and proper thing to do, even from young and clever Lords to old and (the adjective he mentally used may be suppressed) Dukes. "I hope you—and the Army—are all right," he continued, with the utmost airiness. "I'm very glad to see you here."

"Glad to see me, are you?" said the Duke.

"Yes," answered Lord FAUNTLEROY, "very."

There was a chair at the head of the table, and he sat down on it; it was a big chair, and, physically, he hardly filled it perhaps; but he seemed quite at his ease as he sat there, and regarded a Monarch's august relative intently and confidently.

"I've often wondered what a Commander-in-Chief would look like when being cross-examined," he remarked. "I've wondered whether he'd be anything like my great ancestor of the Queen Anne epoch."

"Am I?" asked the Duke.

"Well," GRANDOLPH replied, "I've only seen pictures of him, of course, and I can't exactly say how he would have looked in a similar case, but I don't *think* you are much like him."

"You are disappointed, I suppose?" suggested his august interlocutor.

"Oh no!" replied GRANDOLPH, politely. "Of course you would

like any great military contemporary to look like your own illustrious ancestor; but of course you *might* admire the way your great military contemporary looked, even if he wasn't like your illustrious ancestor. You know how it is yourself, about admiring your contemporaries."

The Duke stared. He could hardly be said to know how it was about admiring his contemporaries, many of whom he didn't admire at all, and some of whom did not altogether admire him.

"Well, and how's our bit of an Army getting on?" asked Lord FAUNTLEROY, airily.

"Our—bit—of—an—Army?" repeated the Duke, in a scattered sort of way.

"Yes," explained GRANDOLPH, "the bit of an Army we pay such a pile of money for?"

"Ha!" ejaculated his Lordship. "That's it, is it? The money isn't spent as you like. You'd like to have the spending of it. What would *you* buy with it? I should like to hear something about that."

"Doubtless," replied Lord FAUNTLEROY, coolly. "Some day you may. At present *I'm* asking questions, and your business is to answer them."

"The D——!" began the Duke, hotly.

"Quite so—the D——etails," interjected Little Lord FAUNTLEROY, blandly. "As you were doubtless about to say, the details are the things! All very well to say in a general sort of way that the Army is going to—its usual destination, Duke; that Party Spirit and Financial Cheese-paring are the cause of it, and that more men and money are urgently required. That won't do for me. I want to know—so does the Country—much more than that. How? Why? What? When? How many? How much? These, my dear Duke, are the pertinent questions to which we—the Country and I—demand precise answers. When we get them, instead of vague denunciation and big D's, we shall know what to do."

The sensations of his Royal Highness the Duke, could scarcely be described. He was not an old nobleman who was very easily taken aback, because he had seen a great deal of the official world; but here was something he found so novel that it almost took his lordly breath away, and caused him some singular emotions. A civilian had always seemed to him a most objectionable creature—impertinent, parsimonious, and with inadequate conceptions of discipline. But this composed, precise, insolently interrogative little personage was a portent. The Duke's martinet manner was quite shaken by this startling surprise.

"Well," he began, "if we cannot get the Country to understand what is wanted, why then it is not our fault."

"Isn't it?" said Lord FAUNTLEROY. "And who are 'we'? Whoever 'we' may be, be sure that when 'we' can explain clearly and convincingly, with something like agreement, and without fog and fury, what really *is* wanted, the Country will be only too ready to 'understand,' and to pay, for that matter. But when the Country, paying heavily for an Army, is told periodically, with much emphasis, that it hasn't got one; and when, asking anxiously what it is to do *to* get one, the only intelligible 'tip' upon which all 'Authorities' agree is—pay more money, why, then, my dear Duke, the Country can't understand that singular state of things, and small blame to it, I say. What *do* we want, and how much will it cost? These are the questions. Who can answer them?"

"Well," faltered the Duke, "something satisfactory might doubtless be done with an additional eleven thousand men."

"Now, *do* you mean to tell me that the difference between 'no Army' and an adequate one, between frightful danger and comfortable security, resolves itself, after all, into a question of eleven thousand extra men?" asked little Lord FAUNTLEROY.

"Why, n—o—o, not exactly," replied the Duke.

"Not exactly," repeated Lord FAUNTLEROY. Of course! Nothing ever *is* 'exact' in what the Authorities tell us; "and yet they grumble at the Country for not 'understanding.' STANHOPE says he never heard of any such want before. What we want, *he* says, is 'improved organisation.' Another nice vague generality! I've no doubt we *do* want it, and are likely to want it as things go at present. If there is one point you *do* agree upon, it is the need of 'more money.' While JOHN BULL believes, as I do, that with less money he might, with decent management, get all he wants, he'll hardly be in a hot hurry to relax his purse-strings at the confused clamour of conflicting Authorities. Only a little re-arrangement required, say the official optimists. The patriotic pessimists put it very differently. A pleasant picture, indeed, the latter paint. Nothing like enough men; not sufficient barrack accommodation, even if we had the men; artillery batteries with bad guns; no means of supplying good ones without long delay; best magazine-rifle invented theoretically, but not a single regiment provided with it; Army stores miserably deficient; not a single land-fortress with a modern breech-loading gun; guns served out to Volunteers obsolete, armaments of forts obsolete, shot and shell obsolete! There is the pessimists' picture of our Army—to say nothing about the Navy, what there is of it. If half of it is true, *somebody* ought to be impeached; eh, my dear Duke?"

"All we can accomplish is to do the best we can with the Authorities we have to deal with—the Country and the House of Commons," muttered the Duke.

"But *do* you 'do your best?'" asked Little Lord FAUNTLEROY. "A physician doesn't first grab a bouncing fee, and then turn the patient loose in a drug-shop. He *gives a prescription!* Where is yours?"

"What does Lord WOLSELEY say?" retorted the Duke. "At present JOHN BULL goes to considerable expense in paying those whom he considers experts to advise him as to the Army and Navy; but he never gets to know what the opinion of these experts really is when it has been given."

"Then couldn't the experts get to *let* him know?" asked little Lord FAUNTLEROY. "If, in all honesty and frankness, they agreed—supposing always that they *can* agree—to take a complete survey of the needs and resources of the Empire, with a view to clearly formulating a scheme, and fairly estimating its cost, don't you think that 'the Defence of the Country' would be better advanced than by the endless *charivari* of conflicting counsels and all-round recriminations which JOHN BULL finds it so hard to "understand"?

"Humph!" said the Duke.

THE BRITISH OFFICER AT HOME.

(A Page from a Diary.)

8 A.M.—Called by my servant. Glad to find that the window had not fallen in. Thought the fork would keep it together.

9 A.M.—Tub sunk into the floor. My donkey of a servant put in more water than the boards could bear.

10 A.M.—Slight delay getting on parade, caused by chimney coming down and smashing half my furniture.

12, NOON.—Back again. During my absence the ceiling has fallen in. Quartermaster does not see his way to ordering repairs. Thinks I shall have to pay barrack damages myself, as I had a bird-cage with a canary in it suspended from the ceiling. Says that *that* was enough to "bring the whole thing down with a run."

1 P.M. Just been to see my horse. Found the poor creature occupying a stable, as General NICHOLSON would say, "not large enough for a donkey!" I don't know what he would do if he didn't keep his head out of a window!

2 P.M.—Rather annoyed to find that the paper of my quarters had peeled off, thanks to the damp.

4. P.M.—Nearly broke my neck falling through the barrack stairs. Planks gave way, and when I tried to save myself by holding on to the banisters, they divided in half.

6 P.M.—Dressing for Mess, I was imprudent enough to lean against the wall pulling on my boots, and suddenly found myself in the next fellow's quarters. Really these barracks are sadly out of repair!

12 MIDNIGHT.—Home from Mess. Looked out of window, and found it rather windy. Under these circumstances I retire to rest, with an uneasy feeling that if it blows fairly hard, I may find myself under a heap of ruins before the morning.

SOMETHING LIKE A CEMETERY.—While General Sir LOTHIAN NICHOLSON was under examination last week by the House of Commons Select Committee to Inquire into the Army Estimates, General HAVELOCK-ALLAN put to him the following query:—"Are not the Royal Barracks in Dublin in a very unsanitary condition?" To which the Inspector-General of Fortifications replied, "That is an open question." Upon this Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL observed, smiling, "Not much of an open question to the officers who reside there." Quite so—not an open question, but an open grave question!

A NORTHERN LINE.—In the Chantrey case Mr. Justice NORTH, giving his decision, quoted, *à propos* of sculpture—

"The brass that seems to speak."

And it must have struck his Lordship how far more appropriate would be the application of this line to some of the eminent practitioners in the Law Courts.

ON A RECENT TRIAL.—What rhymes to HEADLAM? Isn't it, Bedlam?

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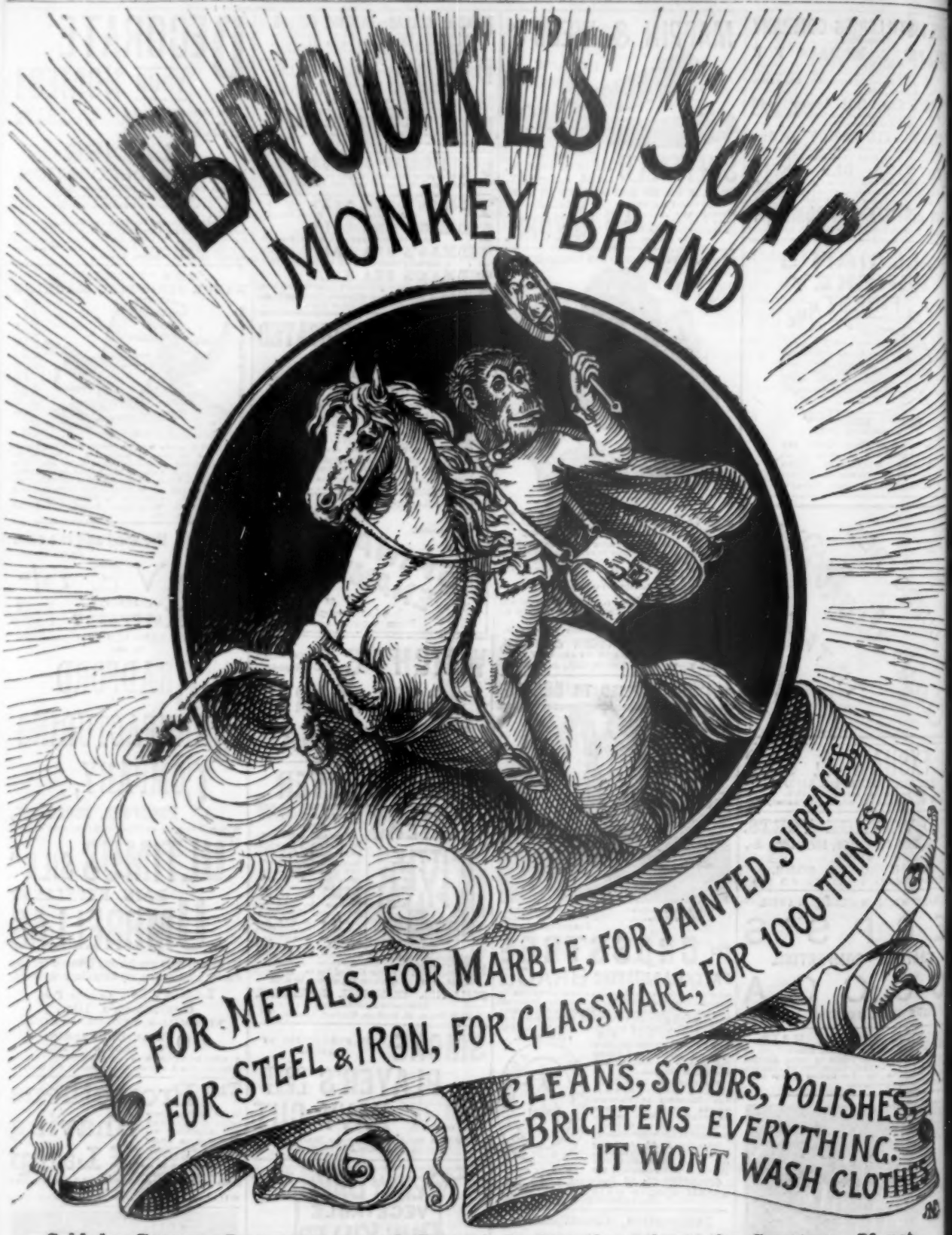

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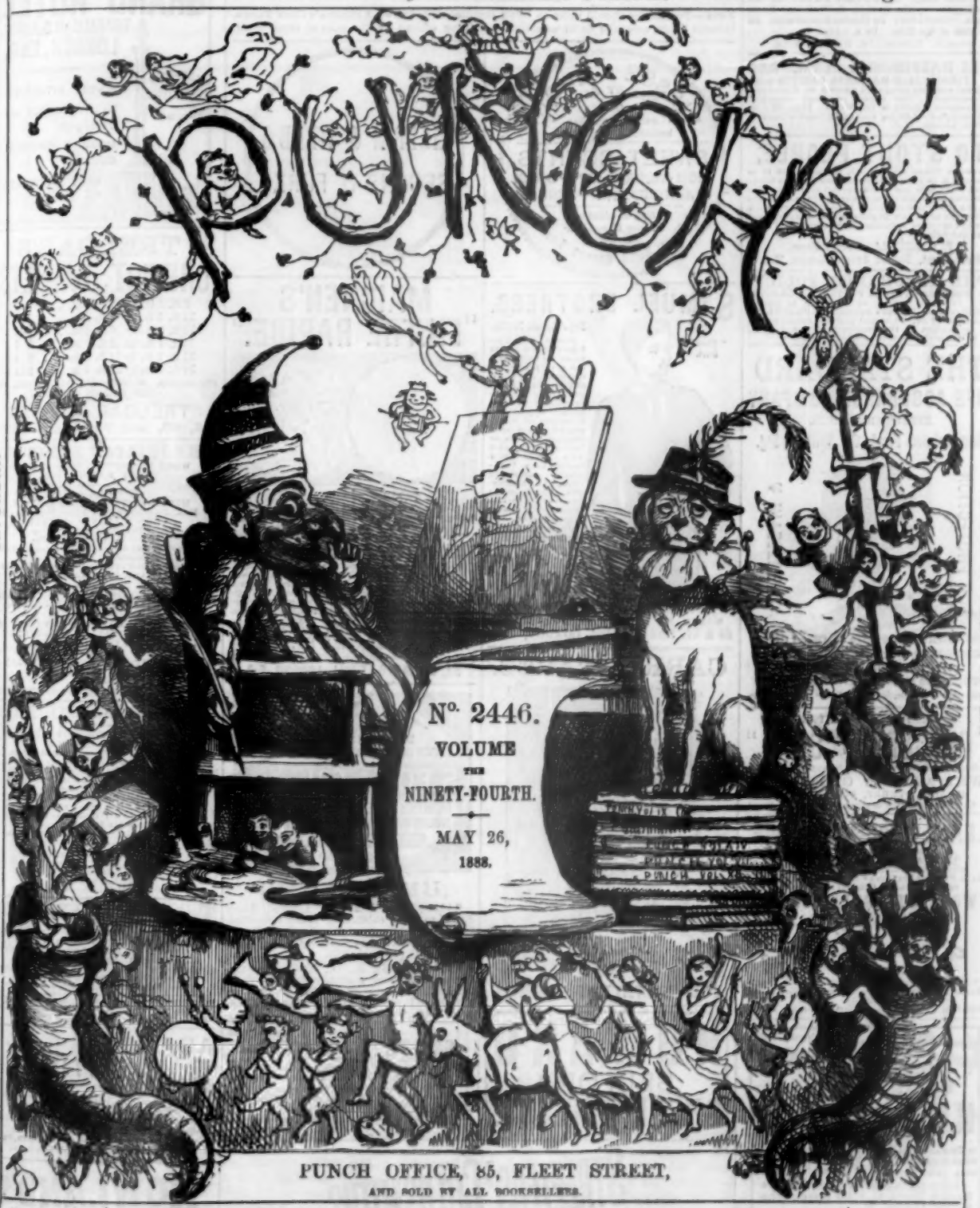

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OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 1.

After the style of the Story of Reiko in the Japanese Collection in the British Museum; designed and happily dispatched by the celebrated Japanese Artist, LIKA JOKO *(specially engaged by Mr. Punch), who is now on a visit to this country.*

TABLEAU I.—REIKO WOL-SE-LI at a banquet attacks the Giant SA-RUM in the latter's absence. TABLEAU II.—Giant SA-RUM denounces WOL-SE-LI in the Up-per-ous, when WOL-SE-LI is away.
TABLEAU III.—REIKO WOL-SE-LI confronts Giant SA-RUM in the presence of The KOM-MANDARIN-CHIEF, Lords, and Spiritual Peeris.
TABLEAU IV.—KOM-MANDARIN-CHIEF intervenes. The ceremony of Hands-Sha-Kin is performed all round. KOM-MANDARIN-CHIEF congratulates everyone on "*The agreeable manner in which this incident has ended,*" and he, Giant SA-RUM, and REIKO WOL-SE-LI dine together happily.

DIARY OF A NOBODY.*

MY dear wife CARRIE and I have just been a week in our new house, "The Laurels," Brickfield Terrace, Holloway—a nice six-roomed residence, not counting basement with a front breakfast-parlour. We have a little front garden, and there is a flight of ten steps up to the front door; which, by the bye, we keep locked with the chain up. CUMMINGS, GOWING, and our other intimate friends always come to the little side-entrance, which saves the servant the trouble of going up to the front door, thereby taking her from her work. We have a nice little back garden which runs down to the railway. We were rather afraid of the noise of the trains at first, but the landlord said we should not notice them after a bit, and took £2 off the rent. He was certainly right, and beyond the cracking of the garden wall at the bottom, we have suffered no inconvenience.

After my work in the City, I like to be at home. What's the good of a home, if you are never in it. "Home, Sweet Home"—that's my motto. I am always in of an evening. Our old friend GOWING may ask us to drop in *sans cérémonie*; so may CUMMINGS, who lives opposite. My dear wife CAROLINE and I are pleased to see them if they like to drop in on us. But CARRIE and I can manage to pass our evenings together without friends. There is always something to be done. A tin-tack here, a Venetian blind to put straight, a fan to nail up, or part of a carpet to nail down—all of which I can do with my pipe in my mouth; while CARRIE is not above putting a button on a shirt, mending a pillow-case, or practising the "*Maiden's Prayer*" on our new Cottage Piano (on the three years' system), manufactured by W. BILKSON (in small letters), from COLLARD AND COLLARD (in very large letters). Now for my diary:—

April 3.—Tradesmen called for custom, and I promised FARMERSON, the Ironmonger, to give him a turn if I wanted any nails, or tools. By the bye, that reminds me there is no key to our bedroom door. Dear friend GOWING dropped in, but wouldn't stay, saying there was an infernal smell of paint.

April 4.—Tradesmen still calling, CARRIE being out, I arranged to deal with BIRKS, who seemed a civil Butcher with a nice clean shop. Ordered a shoulder of mutton for to-morrow to give him a trial. CARRIE arranged with DORSET, the Butterman, and ordered a pound of fresh butter, and a pound and a half of salt ditto, for kitchen, and a shilling's worth of eggs. In the evening, CUMMINGS unexpectedly dropped in to show me a meerschaum pipe he had won in a raffle in the City, and told me to handle it carefully, as it would spoil the colouring if the hand was moist. He said he wouldn't stay, as he didn't care much for the smell of the paint, and fell over the scraper as he went out. Must get the scraper removed, or else I shall get into a *scrape*. I don't often make jokes.

April 5.—Two legs of mutton arrived, CARRIE having arranged with another butcher without consulting me. GOWING called, and fell over scraper coming in. *Must* get that scraper removed.

April 6.—Eggs for breakfast simply shocking; sent them back to DORSET with my compliments, and he needn't call any more for orders. Couldn't find umbrella, and though it was pouring with rain, had to go without it. SARAH said Mr. GOWING must have took it by mistake last night, as there was a stick in the 'All that didn't belong to nobody. In the evening, hearing someone talking in a loud voice to the servant in the downstairs Hall, went out to see who it was, and was surprised to find it was DORSET, the butterman, who was both drunk and offensive. DORSET, on seeing me, said, "He would be hanged if he would ever serve City Clerks any more, the game wasn't worth the candle." I restrained my feelings, and quietly remarked "that I thought it was *possible* for a City Clerk to be a *Gentleman*." He replied, "He was very glad to hear it, and wanted to know whether I had ever come across one, for *he* hadn't." He left the house, slamming the door after him, which extinguished the fan-light, and I heard him fall over the scraper, which made me feel glad I hadn't removed it. When he had gone, I thought of a splendid answer I ought to have given him. However, I will keep it for another occasion.

April 7.—Being Saturday, I looked forward to getting home early, and putting a few things straight; but two of our principals at the office were absent through illness, and I did not get home till seven. Found DORSET waiting. He had been three times during the day to apologise for his conduct last night. He said he was unable to take his Bank Holiday last Monday, and took it last night instead. He begged me to accept his apology, and a pound of fresh butter. He seems, after all, a decent sort of fellow, so I gave him an order for some fresh eggs.

* As everybody who is anybody is publishing Reminiscences, Diaries, Notes, Autobiographies, and Recollections, we are sincerely grateful to "A Nobody" for permitting us to add to the historic collection.—ED.

"RETRENCHMENT."

First Coster (in Trap). "WE SHALL SEE YOU AN' THE MISSUS AT EPSOM AS USUAL, BILL!"

Second Ditto. "NO; THE TIMES AIN'T PERPITIOUS, 'ARRY." (*Shaking his head.*) "NO. WI' GOSCHEN A REDOOCIN' THE OLD WOMAN'S MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT, AND BIT O' MONEY IN CONSOLS, AN' THE EXTRYS ON CHAMPAGNE,—NOT TO SAY AS THE MOKE MIGHT ARTERWARDS BE CHARGED AS A PLEASURE-'ORSE,—AN' THE WHEEL-TAX, AN' ONE THING AN' ANOTHER—IT DON'T RUN TO IT, MY BOY!!" [*Retires ruefully.*

April 8, Sunday.—After church, the Curate came back with us. I sent CARRIE in to open front door, which we do not use except on special occasions. She could not get it open, and, after all my display, I had to take the Curate (whose name, by the bye, I did not catch) round the side entrance. He caught his foot in the scraper, and tore the bottom of his trousers. Most annoying, as CARRIE could not well offer to repair them on a Sunday. After dinner went to sleep. Took a walk round the garden, and discovered a beautiful spot for sowing mustard and cress, and radishes. Went to Church again in the evening; walked back with the Curate. CARRIE noticed he had got on the same pair of trousers—only repaired.

A BALLAD OF A LATE OCCURRENCE.

To the Tune of "The Spanish Armada."

LORD WOLSELEY spoke some trenchant words for one in his position,
For though a soldier straight and bold, he is no politician,
And what he said at dinner-time contained reflections sinister
Upon all sorts of Governments and every kind of Minister.

The things he said are often heard quite calmly by the nation,
For as a rule they don't enjoy the Largest Circulation;
But now the *Daily Telegraph* exploited him and Ranger,
And told the world, in largest type, the country was in danger.

Though WOLSELEY can't bear politics, each sentence had a stab in it,
And caused much indignation to each member of the Cabinet;
And SALISBURY, who of appeals sensational no lover is,
Was hurt that he had not been first apprised of these discoveries.

But what most vexed the Premier was the shocking want of grace of him,
To say these things behind his back, and not before the face of him.
And so to set the matter right, and make things straight and pleasant,
He said the nastiest things he could, when WOLSELEY wasn't present.

The country now was all agog, its Tadpoles and its Tapers,
And those who had no private views annexed one from the papers;
But all allowed that now at last a crisis we were nearing,
And some for "extry-specials" went, and some for volunteering.

Some roundly blamed the Soldier bold, for jealous-minded men are all
As pleased as—not as *Punch*—to jibe at England's Only General;
And others didn't care a fig about their country's glory,
If they could hurt a Government that happened to be Tory.

But hip, hooray! when Greek met Greek they showed how scandal's tools lie,
For SALISBURY vows 'twould break his heart to lose his gallant WOLSELEY,
And hatchets fouled with party strife we all at duty's calls bury,
And WOLSELEY never said a word disparaging to SALISBURY.

A NEW DISCOVERY BY MRS. R.—"Well," said the good lady to a friend, "I dare say, my dear, you'll laugh at me when I tell you that till the other morning I never knew there were more equators than one. And what's more, I hadn't an idea that when one of the equators was out of use it could be lent or given to anyone by the Government to whom it might belong. How did I find this out? This way: my nephew reads the foreign news in the *Times* to me every day, and on Saturday last he read out, and wrote it down at the moment:—'*The Greeks still talk of expelling a Turkish Consul from Greece, should the ex-equator be refused to him.*'* I didn't say a word to my nephew; but I'm going to write to the Astrologer Royal about it, as I think public attention ought to be drawn to the fact. The idea of a Turkish Consul having an ex-equator all to himself, and then being angry because they wouldn't give it to him! Why, it's like a child crying for the moon!"

* We have referred to the paper of that date. A very natural mistake, as the word was "*exequatur.*"—ED.

IN the *St. James's Gazette* the review of pictures headed "A Fireside Commentary," is *not*, as the title might imply, by Mr. FURNISS.

A LADY-IN-WAITING.

"The death is announced of Miss FRAY, a well-known frequenter of the Law Courts."—*Daily Paper.*

SHE was no *Portia* in a wig;
Her mind was purely "lay;"
Yet she frequented Courts of Law—
Why?—gentle Usher, say!

Did she, like WORDSWORTH's famous maid,
Delight, when vexed with care,
To "take her little porringer,
And eat her" luncheon there?

What Court preferred she? P'raps Miss FRAY
Was feudally inclined,
And found the last of all the Barons
A Baron to her mind.

'Twas carrying coals to Newcastle
To take a FRAY to where
There are already quite enough,
And many more to spare.

The vision of a Female Bar
Fair pleaders oft consoles;
Did she a glorious time foresee
As Mistress of the Rolls?

The Usher replies:—

Oh, not as a mere back-Bencher,
To Court she daily hied;
But while the Judges tried her suits,
She oft the Judges tried.

No end of actions she had brought,
This enterprising dame;
And though at last "put out of Court,"
She'll haunt it just the same!

SEASONABLE TOP DRESSING.—A "Gibus," or Spring Hat. The Hat that goes up with a Spring, tra la!

ENGLAND'S "INVISIBLE ARMADA."

"THE BRITISH FLEET I CANNOT SEE, BECAUSE," &c., &c.
"*The Critic.*" *Lord Charles Beresford's Latest Edition.*

PROPOSITIONS AND RIDERS.

WHY are there not pleasant rides made across the Park and through Kensington Gardens where the Equestrians could get a little variety of light and shade away from the tedious and dangerous monotony of Rotten Row? "*L'homme propose*" and the "Authorities"—whoever they may be—don't "*dispose.*"

"Consule PLUNKET," something surely might be done. For PLUNKET is a reasonable man. So are we all—and reasonable women, too. Perhaps if there were a "demonstration" on horseback, there might be a chance of something being done. We hope that, in many matters, and this one to begin with, the present Plunket administration will not be equivalent to translating "*Consule Planco*" as "In the reign of King Log."

THE SHOWER FLOW "AS POUR USUAL."—The Royal Botanic Society held their first Summer Flower Show in Regent's Park. Of course it poured. The simplest way to know when it is going to rain, is to consult a calendar of events, and note down all the Flower Show dates.

"THERE'S a new show at Sangler's," said Mrs. RAM, meaning HENGLER'S, "It's the Marionettes. I suppose it's historical, and in costumes of the period, and represents the poor French Queen and her family. Poor Marieonette, a very sad story!"

BURMESE CHARACTERISTICS.—Receding Chins.

MERRY LONDON!

"You think unless you have some fresh excitement you will die?"

"I am sure of it. I have grown so accustomed to a whirl of the most delirious amusement, that, unless I have some new pleasure every day, I must sink. Wild mirth is my second nature."

The Editor looked upon his Contributor regretfully. He felt that to some extent it was his fault that his faithful follower had become so wedded to these delicious but jading delights.

"You were present last week at the Festival Dinner of the Home for Incurables in the Conservatory attached to the Albert Hall?" he murmured sadly.

"Ah, was I not?" cried the contributor, in an ecstasy of joy. "Never shall I forget the ubiquitous draughts, the several lights, the soul-stirring eloquence of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE (who was defying influenza under cover of Japanese screens), and the music of the Guards' Band, which was loud enough to blow the roof off! And the dinner—what a dinner! And the company—what a company!"

"And there was singing too?"

"I should rather think there was! One song, in any number of verses, was called '*Helpless!*' and described the 'death in life' of the patients. So interesting! so cheerful! so pleasant! Just the sort of rollicking ditty to enjoy over a cup of coffee and a cigar."

"And did you go into the grounds afterwards?"

"Yes; and saw quite a number of coloured oil lamps—quite a number! I was never more pleased in my life."

"And did you not like the *tableaux vivants* of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, arranged by Mr. SAVILE CLARKE?"

"Sincerely I did. They were really and truly beautiful. But even Mr. CLARKE paid a passing tribute to the prevailing gloom of the Incurables by including in his admirable collection the Little Match-Girl being frozen to death in the snow."

"You must have had a very delightful evening?"

"Indeed I had! But it was nothing to compare with the following afternoon, when I had the advantage of being present at a *Matinée* of *The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy.*"

"Was it well dramatised?"

"Admirably, by the Authoress of the Novel. I cried the whole time! It was so affecting! Miss EMERY, as "Dearest," admirable, and Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, as the Earl, beyond all praise. Then Mr. CHEVALIER as the Butterman, and Mr. BRANDON THOMAS as the lawyer could not have been surpassed. And Miss VERA BERANGER was clever beyond her years. She had studied every attitude, and paid such attention to the audience that it was impossible to overlook the fact that she was acting, and acting very much indeed! And when I was not distracted by her admirable impersonation, and could fancy the other characters real flesh and blood, I wept like a child."

"You must have had a most enjoyable afternoon?"

"A most pleasant one, and the very next day I went to the Criterion, and absolutely revelled in a piece called *The Deputy.*"

"Do you know what it was about?"

"No, I do not, but I am sure it must have been something vastly amusing. I rather fancy a gentleman called BROWN was supposed to have committed bigamy because he would not say he was married to a widow of the same name—not until the last Act, you know. So very mirth-provoking! At least I know it must have been mirth-provoking, because it was called a farcical comedy in three Acts! Dear me! Alas! And all these pleasures are over!"

And the poor Contributor heaved a heavy sigh.

"Life is not worth living without such wild delights!" he murmured. "Unless I have some more, I feel I shall die."

The Editor drew a packet from his pocket and gently placed it in the hands of his faithful follower. The latter with lack lustre eyes glanced at its contents. Suddenly his face beamed with pleasure.

"Saved!" he shouted, "saved! I am myself once more!"

He had received a voucher for a special morning performance for a new and original play in four Acts. It was called *The Love Story*, and he read this note on the programme:—"N.B.—Unless the whole of the First Scene be witnessed, the subsequent action of the play cannot be understood."

"Four Acts, and not a jot less!" he cried. And then he fainted away for sheer joy.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday 14.—AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS opened his Operatic Season with a real novelty. There was a bust of the QUEEN on the stage, and a bust of applause from the audience. Everyone sang the National Hymn in honour of the National Her, and then we sat down to listen to DONIZETTI's *Lucrezia Borgia*. For my part—a very small one in the Opera—I may say I am never tired of *Lucrezia*. I wagged my head to the old familiar strains, kept time with my foot, and wondered to myself whether GRISI had dressed the part as does Madame FÜRSCH-MADI,—who certainly "embodies the character" in the most ample manner,—and whether Signor MARIO made as boyish a *Gennaro* as does Signor RAVELLI. I like Signor NAVARRINI as the *Duca*. But how difficult for any couple to play the great poison scene without drifting unconsciously into the fine old and very mellow-dramatic style of the palmiest days of the Victorian Theayter, which the burlesquers of half a century ago—I mean GILBERT A BECKETT, ALBERT SMITH, and the BROUGHS for example—scotched, and which H. J. BYRON, and later burlesque writers, killed. So there are uses even in burlesque.

Tuesday 15.—There could not be a stronger contrast in appearance between Madame NORDICA, as *Carmen*, and Miss MCINTYRE as *Michaela*. For such a *débutante* no part could have been better chosen. It suited her admirably, and her shortcomings, her *naïveté*, her simplicity, and her graceful awkwardness, materially added to the great charm of her performance. Madame NORDICA looked the *Carmen* of the story, playing and singing the part like the genuine *artiste* she is. M. ETIENNE DE REIMS, as *Don José* the soldier, was excellent as far as the acting went—about the most dramatic *José* I've seen—but in singing he was what any silly lover of *Carmen* would naturally be, "a little flat." With the *Escamillio* of Signor DEL PUENTE I was, like the *Toréador* himself, quite "*contento*." The *encores*, which weren't taken, the bouquets that *were*, and the applause on all hands quite recalled the "palmy" days of Covent Garden Opera. In those palmy days the palms were white-gloved; perhaps the applause was not so real as now, when there is "very little kid" about it.

"Not for José."

The Opera Season so far starts well, and Miss MCINTYRE has made a decided hit.

Thursday, 17.—VERDI's *Traviata*. Favourable verdict on VERDI emphasised and Anglo-Italicised. The opera has never been so perfectly placed on the stage. To-night, under the personal superintendence of AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS principals and chorus looked thoroughly Harris'd, but not in the least distressed. Miss ELLA RUSSELL as *Violetta*, the suffering soprano, was charming, and physiologically looked anything but consumptive; but she was, and frequently I felt inclined to hand her up a box of cough lozenges instead of a bouquet. Once in the course of the evening, her chair, overcome by the weight of woe, gave way, and poor *Violetta* was more upset than ever. Mr. RANDEGGER conducted himself and the orchestra most properly. M. D'ANDRADE was old daddy *Germont*, melodious but prosy; and Signor RAVELLI was *Germont* junior, dear little *Alfredo*, the tender tenor. The opera went off with great *éclat*—a fact due, among other causes, to the amount of powder used in the piece. The supper scene was superb. The Realistic Drama could no further go, for there was real supper, which the chorus and supper-numeraries were really eating; and there was no sham about the "cham" itself, which was real, and which they were really drinking. No doubt it was Pommery '74—not iced, as the bad Boulangerites had it, for AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS doesn't do the thing by halves when he goes in for it, and there are one or two on the Operatic Organising Committee who know good wine when they taste it. Perhaps the Organising Committee were among the chorus on this occasion. Lucky dogs! On the nights that the Prince and Princess

WANTED.—Several strong Muscular Musicians in Orchestra, to assist in handing up the gigantic burden of Flowery Tributes to Prime Donne.

and the Princesses of WALES have been present the Royal Party set a notable example of punctuality which was followed at a very respectful distance by rank and fashion, which still consider it the correct thing to arrive as late as possible. Why?

Saturday, 19.—Brilliant house, crowded. Brilliant stage too. Everybody brilliant, except M. DERRIMS as *Faust*. ALBANI the great attraction, in magnificent voice, looked sweet, took *encore* for "*Jewel Song*" and all the bouquets. Signor NAVARA made a substantial *Mephistopheles*, to whom a course of Turkish baths might be of considerable service. Not difficult for *Mephistopheles* to get such a thing. To epigrammatically describe him, taken in this costume, I should say he was "rough and reddy." End of first week, the successes having been Mdmes. ALBANI, NORDICA, TREBELLI, Miss MCINTYRE, and *Mise-en-scène*. Delighted with hit made by the puir Scotch lassie in Italian Opera, as I sign myself

MCARONI.

THE HANGLODANNISH XHIBISHUN.

WITH that usual good luck as allers atends the owdacious, I has got ingaged at the Hanglodannish Xhibishun in my hold capassity, and, as I fondly hopes, with the same sattisfactery results all round. I was of coarse at both of the hopenings, for what I says is, "When you gets a hopening, make the most of it," an I did so, and allwiss shall do so, and ave done so.

Who hever heard of Mr. SAMMON till about a munth ago, and who won't have heard of him in about another week? It appears that a Mr. SAMMON, who is the habel Secretary of The Inkurabels (a nobel charrity), was a sailing along close to the City of Denmark when it suddenly struck him that as they was wery much in want of a lot of money for the nobel hinstitution afoursaid, what a grand idear it wood be to hinjuice sum of the poor but most clean looking people as he was a passing by in his ship, to cum over to hold England and bring their tidy cottages with 'em, jest to show us what a nice set they was where our Princess of WHALES came from.

He had plenty of time to think hout his nobel idea while he was a tumbling about in the Danish Sea, and dreckly he cum home he set to work and, with the abel asistance of Mr. TRUNDLE, who heverybody nose, we now sees the grand results. And a most hinteresting site it is. Ah, if all our own pore English and Irish Labourers had such nice neat and clean cottages to live in, what an appy lot wond there's be!

But of course that ain't the only site for to see. Why there's a spessimen of how they travels up and down their snowy mountains in that partickler cold country as makes you amost warm ony to look at. Up hill and down dale they gos like a flash of lightning, and I didn't see one single sole tumbel off. And then they have brought over with 'em a sample of their sno mountings themselves as is jest like life, and which was so jolly reel that on the nite of the fust hopening that it quite akounnted *not* "for the milk in the Koko nut," as the sayin is, but for the air outside witch was pennytrating, an I could have wisht it warmer. I've got roomytizum since, but more in my nex.

ROBERT.

HAPPY THOUGHT BY OUR SMALL AND EARLY IMPRESSIONIST.

To Evade the Wheel Tax, adopt the Mechanism of the latest Street Toy.

THE BEAK AND THE BOARD.

"MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS said he had made an invariable rule while he was at Woolwich never to have these School Board commitments enforced without his sanction. Half the time the poor creatures were nearly destitute, and he would not have their homes sold over their heads if he could help it. His instructions in future to the warrant-officers of this Court were, that he should be consulted before any distress-warrant was put in force."—*Daily News.*

WHEN the poor and oppressed a true champion would seek,
They find the right man in the brave Wandsworth Beak,
Who from bearding the biggest of Boards will not blench.
What a joy to see heart and sound sense on the Bench!
A "poorly-clad woman" to poverty tied
By "several children" to WILLIAMS applied,
A runaway husband had left her to fight
Life's battle—and School-Boards—alone. Sorry sight!
And the poor soul was fined, by a cast-iron rule,
For the crime of not sending her children to School!
"Her poor little home must be seized for the fine,"
With a sequel humanity dreads to divine.
Still, of course LAW *is* LAW; she must stump up the tin,
Or—but here Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS steps in,
In the resolute fashion for which he is famed,
And Justice *this* time is not utterly shamed.
The Beak braves the Board; how the Board loves the Beak
They may find out perchance who've a fancy to seek.
"A fortnight to pay," says this Beak of sound brain,
"And if still you're hard up, why, just come here again!!"
Then he adds words of wisdom, as printed above.
Now if there's one mixture *Punch* really does love,
It's a "blend" of sound sense, and warm heart and good pluck.
Bravo, MONTY WILLIAMS! Here's wishing you luck
In your manly crusade, on behalf of poor Want,
Against cruelty, cast-iron rule, and sheer cant!

THE BOYS AND THE BENCH.

RESPECTISSIME EDITOR,—Aliqua tempora vidi in tuis excellentibus columnis epistolas de TOMMIO, Etonensi puero. Hæc circumstantia est meum excusum nunc, et facit me audacem scribere ad te de subjecto pugnarum inter pueros ad scholas. Excusa errores in meo Latino, quia scribo hoc sub difficultibus, id est, quum noster Magister non habet suum oculum super me.

Vicinus puer (quem pugnabam duos dies ante hoc, et qui est tonans bonus socius, quamquam dedit mihi sanguinolentum nasum, et bungavit ambo meos oculos) juvat me cum verbo quum sum in dubitatione. Twiggisne?

Bene, nullum dubium tu vidisti vere nobiles sentimentes Magistri PAGET, alio die (proximum ad unam mensem transitam,—ut cum puto), ad Hammersmith Policitam Curiam. Dixit ad pedagogum, qui lixerat (bestia!) duos pueros qui pugnabant, ut est propria et Anglica et virilis res pro pueris settlere suas disputationes in hoc modo; et, sum jolliter felix dicere, mulctavit pedagogum decem libras pro sua barbaritate. PAGET pro semper! Si non pugnamus cum fistibus, quid sumus facere, amem noscere? Habere duellos cum ensibus vel pistolis? Mala forma, illud! Aut facere nihil? In illo casu, "fungar vice funki" (quotatio de Latino Grammario).

Debeo cessare, quia Magister fit cereus, et non sum certus ut ille non maculavit me. Sum Rugbeiensis, et nos omnes veneramus TOMMIUM BROWNUM, qui, consule ARNOLDO, pugnabat cum FLASHMANNO, bullio, olim, in quieto parvo loco juxta murum Capelli. Hic est qua mea pugna prehendit locum, et eram jolliter lictus, admitto, sed nunc non curo. Vale! Magister venit hæc via. Sic solum dicam, ut PAGET est trumpus, et homo pro *mea* pecunia.

Schola-Domus, Id. Apr. PETER PUGNAX.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

SWEATING SYSTEM CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS AND OTHERS.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET.—This unique article of fashionable female attire, though offered by highly respectable West-End firms to their customers at prices, ranging according to style and material, from one guinea up to twenty, is, owing to the fact that five middlemen each in turn extract a profit out of the process of its production, ultimately supplied by the worker in the East-End slum where it is made at a cost of sevenpence halfpenny.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is worn with satisfaction by the light-hearted purchaser in Belgravia.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is the product of the labour of the starving Needlewoman at Mile End.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET comes fresh from the fever-stricken home.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is toiled at through long and weary hours, from sunrise to midnight, in the Sweater's den.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is stitched with the sighs of blank and hopeless despair.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is trimmed with indescribable human suffering.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is fashioned amidst the agonies of appalling domestic privation.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is finished under the straining of tear-blinded eyes.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is brought in completed by hands the aching fingers of which have, in the process of its making, been worked to the bone.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is the outcome of that firmly established White Slavery on which the smooth working of existing economic laws enables the Sweater comfortably to fatten.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET might cause the thoughtful wearer acquainted with the history of its manufacture to shudder.

THE HAPPY DUCHESS JACKET is still, however, displayed in the windows of fashionable West End shops, and continuing to attract a bevy of light-hearted customers. Spite the fact that its original cost is daily being paid for in blood-money, it is much admired and in constant and increasing demand.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT. — This stylish Novelty, owing, as it does, its attractive and appropriate title to the fact that the grinding and miserable pittance paid for its production entails starvation, premature disease, and death, on most of the miserably struggling wretches who are engaged in the work, is now being supplied by enterprising Middlemen, to well-known West-End Tailoring Emporiums, in large quantities.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT is patronised largely by the dashing City Clerk, who, solely anxious to obtain a Showy Article at a cheap figure, is callous alike as to its origin and antecedents.

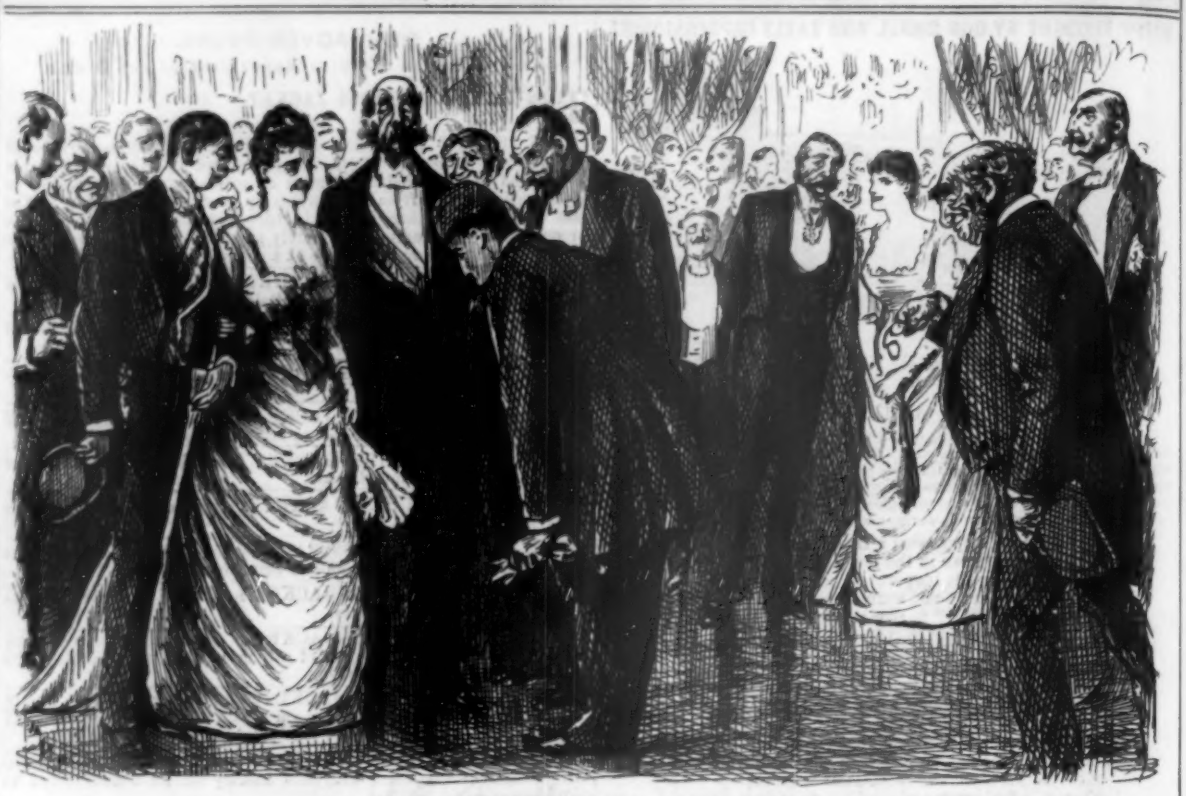
THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT is occasionally purchased by the totally unsuspecting Member of Parliament.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT has even been supplied by his highly respectable West-End tailor to the quite unconscious Peer, who has worn it conspicuously in the Upper House of the Legislature.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT is being turned out daily at the East-End, in the midst of misery and death, and is providing the usual middlemen with a handsome profit, but, owing to the starvation price that is paid for its production, it can be offered to the trade at a figure that will enable them, in dealing with it, to do a highly lucrative business.

THE CHURCHYARD OVERCOAT.—NOTICE.—The Master-Sweater, who offers the above-named unique Novelty, is prepared to supply the trade with *The Coffin Trouser*, and the *Undertaker Tweed Suit*, manufactured on the same system.

EAST-END ELYSIUM.—An Employer of Slave labour, greedy for a little extra profit, wishes to hear from Polish Jews, Russian Outcasts, and other Greeners, who believe that the above may be met with in a working day of 19 hours, at a wage of five-and-sixpence a week.



THE LATEST NOVELTY IN PETS.

Uncle Joseph (just home from India). "TELL ME, LAURA, WHO 'S THAT BEAUTIFUL LADY WALKING WITH YOUNG PRINCE PAUL OF GEROLSTEIN? SOME *GRAND DUCHESS*, I SUPPOSE, FROM THE HOMAGE THEY 'RE ALL PAYING TO HER!"

Fair Enthusiast. "OH NO! IT 'S MISS CORDELIA P. VAN SCROMP, THE AMERICAN *SIFFLEUSE*. SHE WHISTLES '*HE 'S ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM, BUT YOU 'VE GOT TO KNOW HIM FUST!*' QUITE *DIVINELY*—WITH FOURTEEN ORIGINAL VARIATIONS. OH, YOU SHOULD *HEAR* HER, UNCLE JOSEPH!"

"THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE"!

QUEEN of the Sea! She stands,
Calm front, and clenchéd hands
Knit on that best of brands,
Stainless, unfailing,
Whilst through the murky air
Thickening around her there
Break sounds of Party blare,
Riot and railing.

Queen of the Sea! How long?
Steadfast she stands and strong.
Who dares to offer wrong
To Britomartis?
Yes; there 's a voice that cries
Ichabod! Plaints arise
Doubting her destinies,—
Plaints of the Parties!

These hears she, oft has heard,
Nerves still and pulse unstirred.
Croaks of that boding bird,
Faction's hoarse raven,
Shake not her heart nor charm
Force from her potent arm,
Breed not a base alarm,
Causeless and craven.

Yet round her path arise
Portents and prodigies,
Which wise and watchful eyes
Must mark and measure.
Calm though her heart, and large,
Stout must be steel and targe
Of her who hath in charge
So rare a treasure.

Storm-clouds are gathered round,
And from earth's broadest bound
Break thunders and a sound
Of wild winds wailing.
Foes muster, whom to face
She every nerve must brace,
Arm, and her ramparts face,
Watchful, unfailing.

What is this wreck around
Cumbering the littered ground?
Blades broken, mail unsound,
Sea-hulks unready!
Thus do her servants wait
On her imperial state?
Shall she be found, though great,
Faint and unready?

Shall she, though unafraid,
With patriot zeal arrayed,
By her own sons betrayed,
At 'vantage taken,
Be, at the time of test,
Driven to vail her crest,
Beaten, or, at the best,
Sore shamed and shaken?

Shame, unexampled shame,
Shall smirch the Warder's name
Who risks her power and fame,
Careless watch keeping;
Letting her armour rust,
Trailing her flag in dust,
Whilst past the ward we trust
Armed foes are creeping!

Wake! Watch! But as for fright?—
Nay! Stands she day and night.
Love-armed, with eyes alight,
Calm and collected.
England 's still patriot!
Hearts at delay wax hot;
But, while we 've hearts, she 's not
All "Unprotected."

THE *Sunday Times*, which is going ahead (with a HATTON) now gives most useful hints as to how to spend the day well, beginning with church and ending with recreation. Railway time-tables, where to go, and how to go it, all there for the benefit of the Cheerful Sunday Observance Society. *Prosit.* "Good Old Sunday Times!"

THE BACONIAN THEORY.—Did BACON write *The Merchant of Venice*. The natural anti-Hebraic spirit which the very name of BACON suggests affords a clue. Be this as it may, its author must have been accustomed to Parliamentasy Blue Books, as is evident from the passage, "Are you Hansard now?"

THE First Number of Mr. HARRY QUILTER'S *Universal Review* is just out. We have not yet had time to open it, but the inside ought to be brilliantly written, if only to correspond with the outside, which is brilliantly red.

ART QUERY.—Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM admires Mr. ALMA-TADEMA'S pictures immensely. She pronounces his name "Allmar Todaymar," and wishes to know if he is still a foreigner, or a neutralised Englishman.

"THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE"!

TYPICAL MODERN DEVELOPMENTS.

DRAGOON AND CURATE.

IN THE NAME OF ENGLAND—GUNS AND MEN!

SCENE—*Downing Street.* TIME—*First Meeting of the Inner Cabinet.* SUBJECT—*National Defence.*

Premier. Well, my friends, I really think we are getting on! Did you see the Illustrious Duke woke them up at Liverpool the other evening?

War Secretary. Splendid! His Royal Highness is becoming quite an orator. By the way, how would it do to buy that land on Wimbledon Common behind the butts, and utilise it for a fortress, say in defence of Manchester?

First Lord of Treasury. Expensive work, I am afraid, but still it would be nice to keep the National Rifle Association in its old home. But you said you were getting on nicely, as how?

Premier. Well, I think we have all but made up our minds that a magazine-rifle is absolutely necessary for the troops, eh?

War Secretary (*hesitating*). Yes, I think so. I am afraid, however, we are coming to a conclusion rather hurriedly. You must remember not one of us began to consider the matter seriously until about six years ago.

Premier (*with some show of decision*). Ah, I really think we must take it as settled. You see we have reached a crisis. And now, assuming that we *are* to have the magazine-rifle, how long will it take to arm our Regular Forces and Volunteers with it?

War Secretary. At our present rate of manufacture?—I think I may assume that we cannot increase on our present speed of production, eh?

Premier. Certainly; oh, certainly.

War Secretary. Well, then, at our present rate of manufacture, we ought to be able to let most of the Regular Army, a part of the Militia, and some of our Volunteers, have the magazine-rifle by the end of three years.

Premier. Come, that is very satisfactory—very satisfactory, indeed. It is rather a pity that so many of our big ships should be floating helplessly about because we can give them no guns. And I suppose some day we ought really to consider seriously how to get horses for our cavalry. But, taking everything into consideration, it is most satisfactory, and all we have to do in the meanwhile is to jog along quietly and cozily, and, if possible, keep out of foreign complications. Very, satisfactory indeed!

Mr. Punch (*suddenly appearing*). What is satisfactory, my Lord?

Premier. Dear *Mr. Punch*, how you startled me! I was saying that my right honourable friend, the Secretary for War, is satisfied that we can get quite a number of magazine-rifles manufactured by the end of three years; or, at any rate, by the end of five years.

Mr. Punch (*severely*). Five years! Why, five months would be more than sufficient to give every soldier wearing Her Majesty's uniform the new weapon, if you went to work with adequate energy.

Premier. Adequate energy! Why, we are *very* energetic!

War Secretary. 'Pon my word, we are almost too fast!

First Lord of Treasury. We have such a sense of duty, you know, that we absolutely gallop through our work!

Mr. Punch. Silence! I repeat that, in four or five months, the new weapon could replace the old everywhere if you were to work in the proper spirit. Why don't you flood Birmingham with orders, employ all the manufacturing resources of the kingdom, and send patterns to America and elsewhere?

Premier. Oh, that would be so unusual!

War Secretary. So inconvenient!

First Lord of Treasury. So irregular!

Mr. Punch. Unusual, inconvenient, irregular! Nonsense! The security of the Empire should be your first consideration. And how about men?

War Secretary. Oh, we are doing very nicely. Quite a large number of recruits have recently joined the Militia, and there are not likely to be more than the customary percentage of deserters. The Volunteers, too, are about the same as usual, thank you.

Mr. Punch. The same as usual! Unprepared! Undermanned! And yet there is any amount of material ready waiting to be utilised, if you only know where to seek for it. Think of our cricket clubs, our football teams, our cyclists! Send the recruiting-sergeants amongst them, and let them be embodied *en masse*. Why, every hunt should produce its regiment of cavalry, every county Athletic Association its battalions of infantry. With a little energy you could easily get 500,000 young fellows who would be glad of the opportunity, occupation, and dignity. Once enrolled—once armed with the magazine-rifle—and it would be merely a question of drill-instructors and shooting-ranges. The rest would be furnished by the patriotism of the people.

Premier. You take my breath away! It is easy enough to talk, but you would find that none of the men would come!

Mr. Punch. Was that our experience a quarter of a century ago, when, at the first sound of alarm, rifle clubs sprang up like magic in every part of the kingdom? *And what our boys did then, they will do now!* And when they don't, why then it will be time to remember that, after all, Conscription is the statutory law of the land, only suspended in its operation from year to year. Briefly, we want guns and men, and, come what will, we *must* have them. You hear, my Lord, we *must* have them!

Premier. And if *we* can't supply them?

Mr. Punch (*decisively*). Then you must give place to those who can!

CHANNEL BRIDGE TALK.

From the Conversation Book of the distant Future.

IT quite surprises me to hear that a second-class ticket across the bridge costs £9 17*s*.

Dear me! And even at that rate is the Company able to pay the original 12 per cent. Debenture-holders only one per cent. per annum on the Forty-Nine Millions sterling they have sunk in the undertaking?

I almost wish I had determined to cross from Dover to Calais in the halfpenny boat.

Certainly the wind is very strong at this elevation above the surface of the sea.

That four-wheeler that is ahead of us can scarcely cross the bridge safely in this hurricane.

Ah! I thought so! There it goes, horse and all, plump into the middle of the Channel!

Why, I do believe that ironclad has run into the piles of the pier we have just passed, and has knocked it over.

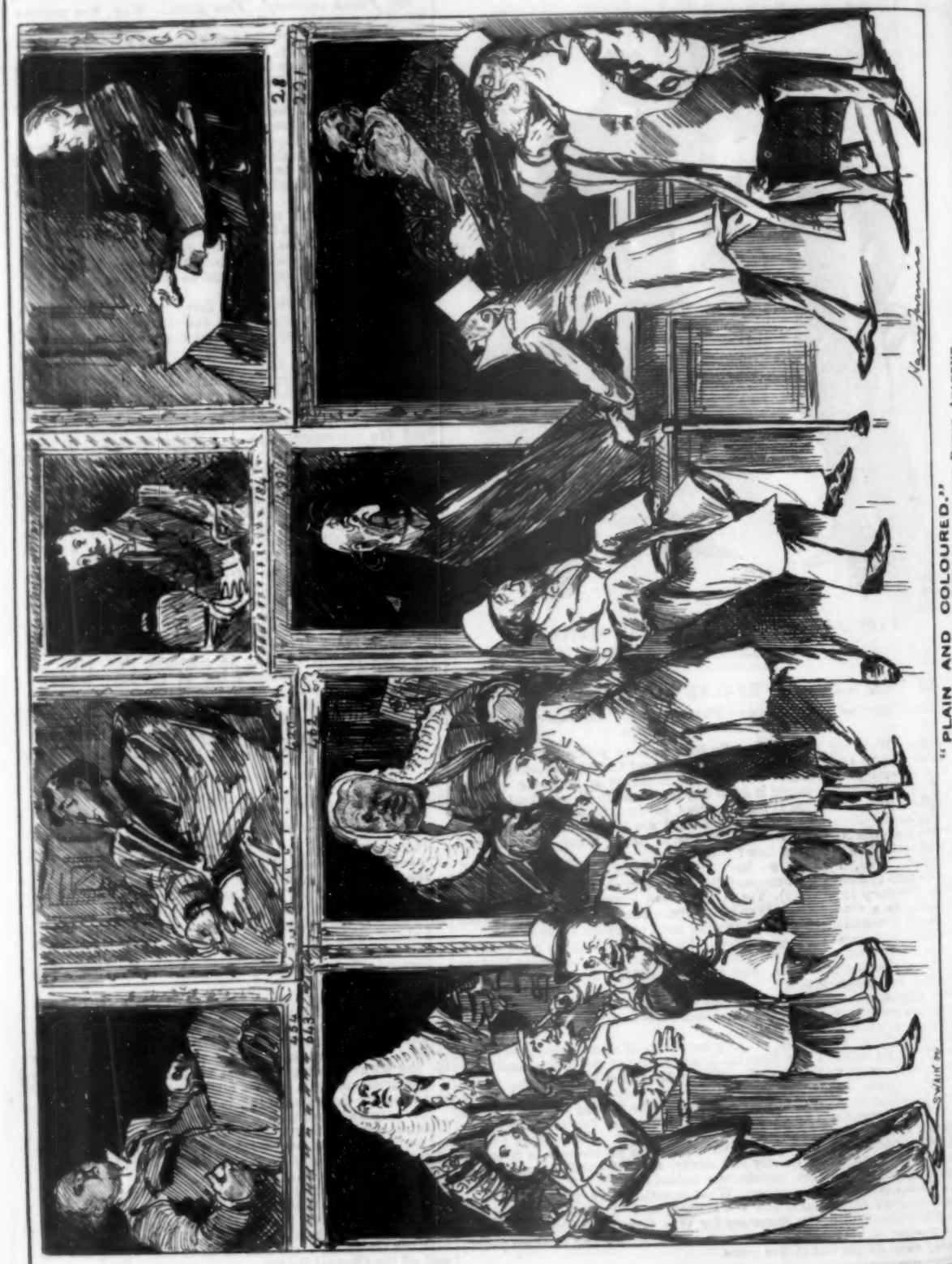
Good gracious! is it really a fact that the tornado has carried away the three arches just in front of us, bodily?

It is very awkward to be fixed here in the middle of the Channel, unable either to go forward or to retrace one's steps.

I am beginning, in the present situation, to realise the utility of the "*Places of Refuge, watch-houses, and alarm-bells,*" referred to in the original prospectus. I really do not think I can climb down the 160 feet of iron network to reach the boat that has come to take us off.

It is to be devoutly hoped that this rope will not break before I get to the bottom.

Thank Goodness, I am safe on shore once again, and am well off the Channel Bridge.



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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 14.—Lively night in both Houses. In Lords, Our Only General replied to Markiss's attack of Friday last. Explained that when at the famous PENDER dinner he had spoken of English Statesmen as "deprived of the manly honesty which was once their characteristic," and as being "influenced by a low and vicious standard of morality," had not meant anything personally offensive to present Government. Reference, in fact, rather meant to be complimentary. As to what he had said on state of Army and Navy, that he stuck to. Markiss thought apology very handsome. All ended happily.

In Commons, Solicitor-General for Ireland delivered striking speech in debate on TIM HEALY's Privilege Motion. Irish Members say that before he came to House, Solicitor-General had honest Irish brogue. Now, struggling against suspicion, has hit upon most remarkable pronunciation heard since Dundreary Peerage extinct. Leading peculiarity is to pronounce "er" as if spelled "*awh*," the syllable being delivered with sort of explosion like drawing a tight cork. Took verbatim note of opening sentences of to-night's speech. Naturally resolve themselves into poetic form:—

"Mr. Deputy Speak*awh*,
The hon. and learned Memb*awh*
Has taken advantage of the reading of this lett*awh*
To suggest that the writ*awh*
Has been concerned in the matt*awh*," &c.

House began to titter. Deputy-Speak*awh* openly laughed at hon. and learned Memb*awh*. By time fifth line in poem was reached,

Solicitor-General, red as turkey-cock, gazed angrily round hilarious House, wondering what was the meaning of this unseemly laughtawh.

Debate incidentally furnished HARCOURT with opportunity for paying off old scores. Question of privilege arose on letter from resident Magistrate announcing JOHN DILLON's conviction "for taking part in the Plan of Campaign." TIM HEALY demurred to this way of putting it. "Taking part in Plan of Campaign," he said, "not offence known to law." GORST put up to endeavour to get Government out of this fresh hole, dug by irrepressible resident Magistrate. Said Magistrate had simply "adopted popular language intelligible to the SPEAKER." HARCOURT quickly saw opportunity, and made most of it. Has an accumulated debt against COURTNEY, who, as Deputy Speaker, has more than once called him to order. Paid him off now.

"Sir," he said, turning to COURTNEY, "this is a pretty defence. The Under Secretary for India says that letter was couched in popular language likely to be intelligible to you. This insult is offered to the House of Commons in order to meet the feebleness of the comprehension of the Deputy Speaker."

COURTNEY squirmed, but could say nothing. No mistaking triumph of HARCOURT's tone, or intention of his gestures. But perfectly in order. COURTNEY accordingly could only smile, and smile, and be a Deputy Speakawh.

Business done. — King-Harman Relief Bill in Committee. HENEAGE's Amendment, charging salary on revenues of Lord-Lieutenant and Chief-Secretary rejected by majority of eight in House of 374; dangerously narrow squeak.

Tuesday Night.—Closure reached its climax. Climbed up pretty well when JOSEPH GILLIS at critical moment shut up Old Morality. To-night Sage of Queen Anne's Gate closured BRADLAUGH. Junior Member for Northampton rising to continue debate on Motion giving precedence to Imperial Defence Bill; Senior Member for Northampton moved question be now put. Put it was, and BRADLAUGH peremptorily shut up. Coolness since sprung up between these eminent statesmen which may have important effects on history of England.

Sitting sharply divided into two epochs. First with crowded benches, animated speeches, resounding cheers and counter-cheers, discussed order of business with special reference to King-Harman Relief Bill. Epoch second: empty benches; Old Morality on his legs; dead silence, broken only by rustle of yawns. Subject under discussion, Imperial Defences, and expenditure of Three Millions and a Half sterling.

House doesn't do this sort of thing by halves. Makes no pretence of preference for business. Soon as ever fireworks over and work began, benches cleared. House so empty that, whilst PRICE was discussing proposals for convoying merchant fleets in time of war, House nearly counted out.

Depressing effect upon BOBBY SPENCER. BOBBY's gay young life been changed by iron hand of fate. Went to bed one night a frivolous flutterer around the Parliamentary flower-garden; awoke next morning a serious politician. Duke of WESTMINSTER did it. Asked BOBBY to dinner on a Wednesday. BOBBY occupied Tuesday in dining at Eighty Club with PARNELL. Hearing this, Duke formally withdraws invitation. The babbling current of BOBBY's life changed. Thinks of lowering his collar and growing a beard. Has already abandoned pretty trick of turning up his trousers over spotless patent leather boots, and has bought an umbrella suited to changed circumstances.

A Serious Politician.

"All very well," he says, "in days of my youth, when I was what I may call an Irresponsible Butterfly. Now, when it has become a question of State where I dine, and ducal dovecotes are fluttered at sound of the name of a fellow guest, must behave as such."

Pity the Duke took it that way. Was always such a pleasant thing to have BOBBY buzzing around, convoying his noble brother about the House, standing him a bun and a glass of sherry at the bar, keeping GLADSTONE well informed on the current of public opinion, and with all the cares of a division sitting lightly on his young shoulders. As HARCOURT says, "One must needs be a Duke to take BOBBY seriously."

Business done.—In Committee on Imperial Defence Bill.

Wednesday.—Met JOSEPH GILLIS leaving House early. Says he's going to dine to-night at house dinner, National Liberal Club. Going home to dress. Bought an orchid to wear in button-hole. Doesn't see why CHAMBERLAIN should have all the good things. Lord SPENCER, K.G., to be in the Chair; TAY PAY in Vice-Chair.

"What a happy combination!" I said. "Suppose it's arranged to do special honour to SPENCER?"

"No," said JOSEPH GILLIS, gently but firmly, opening orchid with his forefinger. "Fact is, some talk of National Liberal Club being hard up. So they invited SPENCER to preside, with TAY PAY in Vice-Chair, to show they can make both ends meet."

Talked it out.

Business done.—JESSE CODLINGS—CODLINGS the friend of the Agricultural Labourer not GLADSTONE—moved Second Reading of Small Holdings Bill. Conservatives much interested in Bill; discussed it so earnestly that MUNTZ talked it out.

Thursday.—COURTNEY's early training stands him in good stead. (Not generally known, I think, Chairman of Committees brought up for stage. Rather promising *Romeo.*) His great feat of quick changing already noted. Now, in absence of SPEAKER, doubles his part every night. Takes the Chair when the House meets; sits there through questions; when House gets into Committee, steps down to place at table, and officiates as Chairman of Committees.

Great hit of the evening is, when, as Chairman of Committees, he reports progress to himself as Deputy Chairman. Usual thing, when progress reported, for SPEAKER to be brought in. Takes the Chair. Chairman of Committees stands at his right hand, and reports progress. In doubling part, COURTNEY has first to get himself into Chair as Deputy Chairman, and then, standing at his own right hand as Chairman of Committees, report progress. How it is done secret, like his famous feat of changing his dress behind Speaker's chair. But 'tis well done, and quickly. Since *Dr. Blimber's* eldest pupil used to write letters addressed to "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex," nothing been seen like COURTNEY reporting progress to himself.

SUMMERS, who has grown quite desperate since JOHN BRIGHT attacked him for his appearance at Huddersfield side by side with T. D. SULLIVAN, had BALFOUR up. BALFOUR, having a holiday on Wednesday night, went out to make a speech. Incidentally alluded to Coroner's Jury at Mitchelstown as "corrupt." SUMMERS challenges him with this. BALFOUR apologetic. Not certain he used the word, or if he did, didn't mean it. Hopes House will accept his correction.

"When he said Jury was corrupt, he meant to say that it was incompetent and worthless."

That makes it so much nicer for Mitchelstown jurors.

"Very good," said TREVELYAN, "but not quite original. Remember what Dr. JOHNSON said when somebody asked him what he meant by calling FIELDING a blockhead? 'What I mean by his being a blockhead,' said JOHNSON, 'is that he is a barren rascal.'"

Leading the way.

Business done.—Trifle over Four Millions and a Half voted in Supply. Second Reading Employers' Liability Bill moved.

Friday.—House met at Two. Needn't have met at all, only for the cussedness of CONYBEARE. Members, being there, talked. Kept thing going as long as possible, and then happily dried up.

Business done.—Off for Whitsun Holidays, SMITH WRIGHT leading the way. Sergeant-at-Arms chalks up on door, "Back again in an hour." Only his fun. Really shan't be back till 31st; but notice looks as if we weren't neglecting business.

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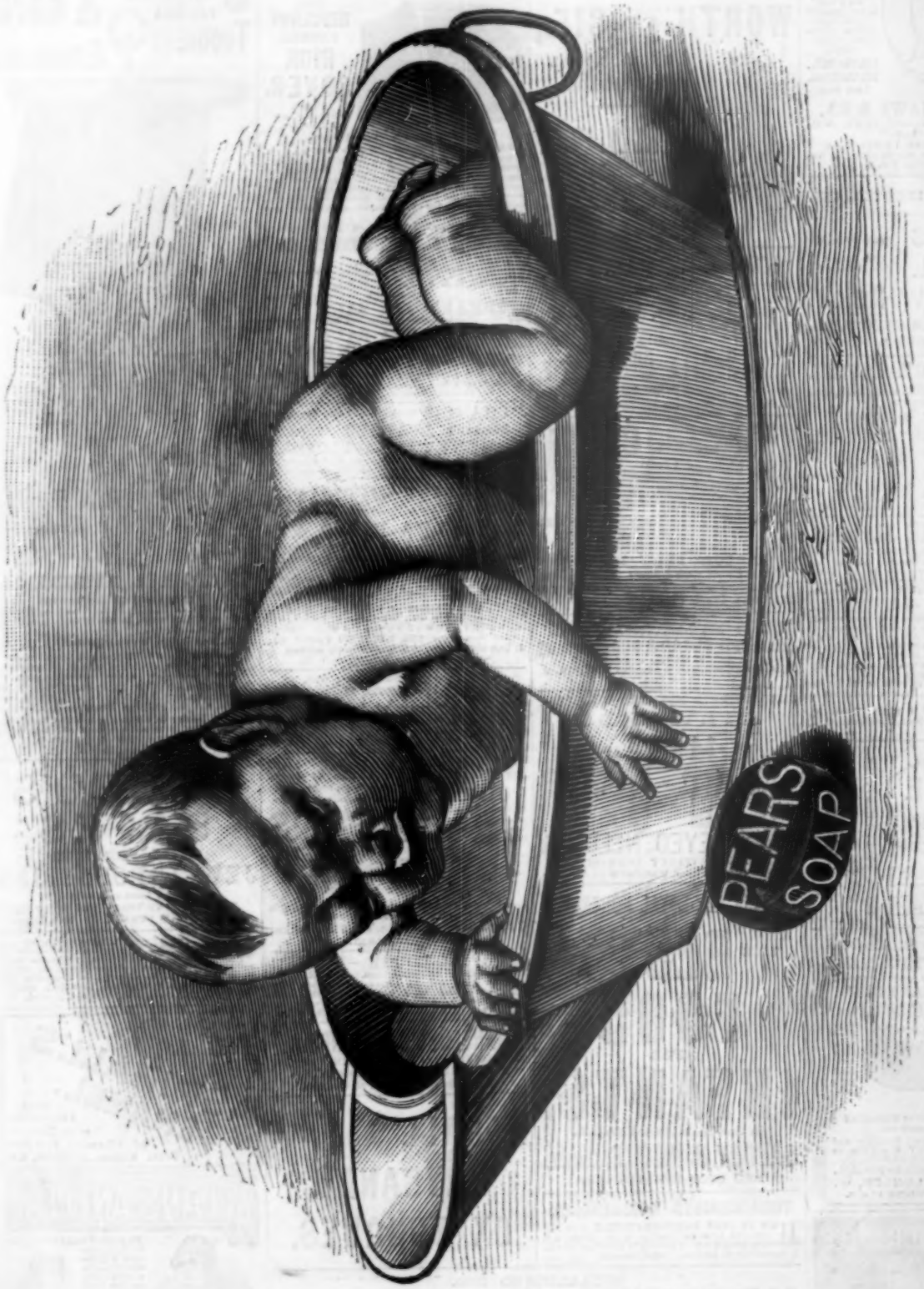

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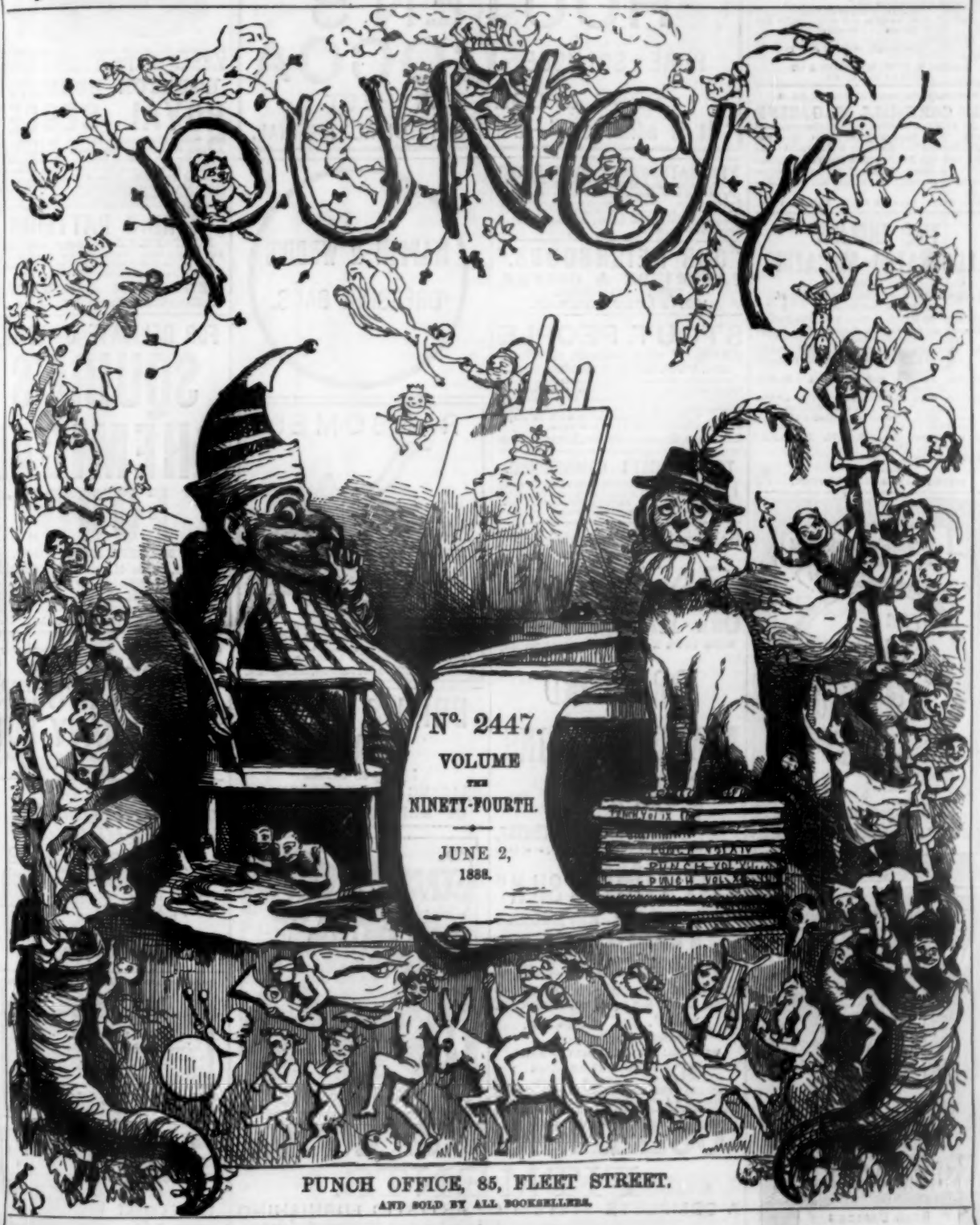

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BAROMÈTRE POLITIQUE.

TO W. G.

(By an Old Admirer.)

[Mr. W. G. GRACE, playing at Brighton last week, made a score of 215 runs.]

OH, W. G., tireless W. G.,
More power to your elbow! although one can see
Your foes hardly wished *that* at Brighton.
How many—at forty—could pile such a score?
But you,—may you do it a hundred times more,
My black-bearded cricketing Titan!
Two hundred and fifteen! Some thundering thumps
The ball must have had whilst you stood at the stumps
Till the trundlers despaired of your wicket.
No wonder they call you, in jubilant glee,
And after another great W. G.,
The very "Grand Old Man" of Cricket! [error!
Well, WILLIAM, there's work for you, friend, and no
There's FERRIS, the Fiend, and there's TURNER, the
Are licking our Counties like winking. [Terror,
Their pitch, and their pace, and their break seem to flurry
The best of our batsmen from Yorkshire or Surrey;
That's scarce to your taste I am thinking.
I'm sure, my dear W. G., you're a yearner
To "collar" smart FERRIS, and score off of TURNER,
And thump for three figures the pair of 'em.
Well, when you next meet may you flog 'em like fun,
For it's time my swart Titan that *something* was done
To lessen the funk and the scare of 'em.
The Cornstalks are rattlers, my WILLIAM, all round;
As bowlers they're smart and as batsman they're sound,
As good as they make 'em, or pick 'em.
But, WILLIAM, my champion, although we may feel
They're brothers in breed, foemen worthy our steel,
Our duty's to love, laud—*and* lick 'em!

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 9.—Commenced the morning badly. The butcher whom we decided *not* to arrange with, called and blackguarded me in the most uncalled-for manner. He began by abusing me, and saying he did not want my custom. I simply said, "Then what are you making all this fuss about it for?" and he shouted out at the top of his voice so that all the neighbours could hear, "Pah, go along; ugh! I could buy up 'things' like you by the dozen!" I shut the door, and was giving CARRIE to understand that this disgraceful scene was entirely her fault, when there was a violent kicking at the door, enough to break the panels. It was the blackguard butcher again, who said he had cut his foot over the scraper, and would immediately bring an action against me. Called at FARMERSON'S, the ironmonger, on my way to town, and gave him the job of moving the scraper, thinking it scarcely worth while to trouble the landlord with such a trifling matter. Arrived home tired and worried. Planted some mustard and cress and radishes, and went to bed at nine.

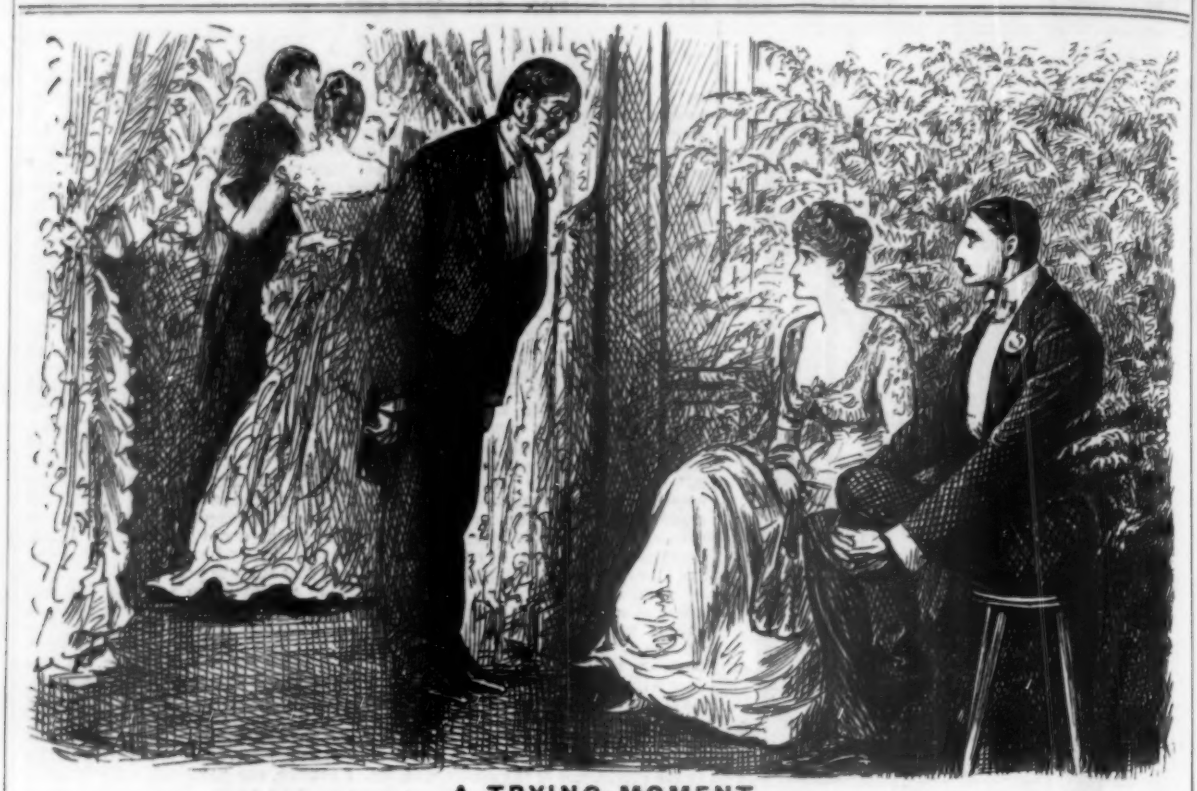
April 10.—FARMERSON came round to attend to the scraper himself. He seems a very civil fellow. He says he does not usually conduct such small jobs personally, but for *me* he would do so. I thanked him and went to town. It is disgraceful how late some of the young clerks are at arriving. I told three of them that if Mr. PERKUPP, the principal, heard of it, they might be discharged. PITT, a monkey of seventeen who has only been with us six weeks, told me "to keep my hair on!" I informed him I had had the honour of being in the firm twenty years, to which he insolently replied that I "looked it." I gave him an indignant look and said, "I demand from you some respect, Sir." He replied, "All right, go on demanding." I would not argue with him any further; you cannot argue with people like that. In the evening GOWING called and repeated his complaint about the smell of paint. GOWING is sometimes very tedious with his remarks, and not always cautious; and CARRIE once very properly reminded him that she was present.

April 11.—Mustard and cress and radishes not come up yet. To-day was a day of annoyances. I missed the quarter-to-nine 'bus to the City, through having words with the grocer's boy, who for the second time had the impertinence to bring his basket to the hall-door, and leaving the marks of his dirty boots on the fresh-cleaned door-steps. He said he had knocked at the side door with his knuckles for a quarter of an hour. I knew SARAH, our servant, could not hear this as she was upstairs doing the bedrooms, and asked the boy why he did not ring the bell? He replied that he *did* pull the bell, but the handle came off in his hand. I was half an hour late at the office, a thing that has never happened to me before. There has recently been much irregularity in the attendance of the clerks, and Mr. PERKUPP, our principal, unfortunately chose this very morning to pounce down upon us early. Someone had given the tip to the others; the result was that I was the only one late of the lot. BUCKLING, one of the senior clerks, was a brick, and I was saved by his intervention. As I passed by PITT'S desk, I heard him remark to his neighbour, "How disgracefully late some of the head clerks arrive." This was of course meant for me. I treated the observation with silence, simply giving him a look which unfortunately had the effect of making both of the clerks laugh. Thought afterwards it would have been more dignified if I had pretended not to have heard him at all. CUMMINGS called in evening, and we played dominoes.

April 12.—Mustard and cress and radishes not come up yet. Left FARMERSON repairing the scraper, but when I came home found three men working. I ask the meaning of it, and FARMERSON said that in making a fresh hole he had penetrated the gas-pipe. He said it was a most ridiculous place to put the gas-pipe, and the man who did it evidently knew nothing about his business. I felt his excuse was no consolation for the expense I shall be put to. In the evening, after tea, GOWING dropped in, and we had a smoke together in the breakfast parlour. CARRIE joined us later, but did not stay long, saying the smoke was too much for her. It was also rather too much for me, for GOWING had given me what he called a green cigar, one that his friend SHORMACH had just brought over from America. The cigar didn't look green, but I fancy I must have done so, for when I had smoked a little more than half, I was obliged to retire on the pretext of telling SARAH to bring in the glasses. I took a walk round the garden three or four times, feeling the need of fresh air. On returning GOWING noticed I was not smoking: offered me another cigar, which I politely declined. GOWING began his usual sniffing, so, anticipating him, I said, "You're not going to complain of the smell of paint again?" He said, "No, not this time; but I'll tell you what—I distinctly smell dry rot." I don't often make jokes, but I replied, "You're talking a lot of *dry rot* yourself." I could not help roaring at this, and CARRIE said her sides quite ached with laughter. I never was so immensely tickled by anything I have ever said before. I actually woke up twice during the night and laughed till the bed shook.

BAD STYLE.—"If there is one thing more than another irrigates me," says Mrs. RAM, "it's to see people mixing their tongues." She instances the familiar quotation, "*Chacun a son* gout." "Why not put it all in French, or all in English? Or, if this medley of languages must be used, why not say, '*Chacun a son* rheumatism,' or '*Chacun a son* neuralgia'?" These complaints, Mrs. R. affirms, are quite as common as gout.

PROPOSITIONS AND RIDERS.—Why not make a few rides under the shady trees through Kensington Gardens, and connect Kensington with Bayswater? Who objects? Why not more Rotten Rows across Park, from Park Lane side to Bayswater? Who can cut these Gordian Why-Nots? "GEORGE RANGER"?



A TRYING MOMENT.

Little Smuggyns. "*My* Dance!"

MR. PUNCH'S GREAT DERBY CRYPTOGRAM.

Donnelly be—dephlogisticated! His "Mammoth Mare's Nest" (as the *Spectator* calls it) is very small potatoes indeed compared with an idea which struck *Mr. Punch*. Mr. Donnelly labours through some thousand pages to prove that Bacon wrote *Shakspeare*, and hid an avowal of the fact something more than "fathom deep" in the arithmetical fog of folios. And hardly anybody will read him. *Mr. Punch*, who has a free pass to the Shades, hit upon the splendid notion of getting Bacon and Shakspeare to collaborate in an article for his pages, which should contain as a veritable "open secret" *the name of the Derby Winner for* 1888!!! And *everybody* will read—and profit by—*him*. Here 's the result!

If all *Mr. Punch's* readers after its perusal don't win piles off the coming race—but there, they *are Punch's* readers, which of course means that they are the wisest, brightest, but *not* meanest of mankind. The boxes of Cabanas and cases of '74 Champagne which will crowd *Mr. Punch's sanctum* for some days after the Derby, will sufficiently demonstrate that! Bacon begins:—

ON RACING.

As Racing hath pertinently been entitled "the Sport of Kings," so might it with equal fitness be called "the King of Sports." Youth loveth it, manhood rejoiceth in it, and age gossipeth thereof by the chimney-corner. Racing, like Love, levelleth all. Shopboy and Prince are at one in interest and in hope on one day at least of the year. "How not?" as the interlocutors of Socrates have a habit of asking. It is the Day when the Derby is run! Regiomontanus's prediction, "*Octogesimus-octavus mirabilis annus*" (Eighty-eight a wonderful year) will be fulfilled. Eighty-eight hath produced this prophecy, and the equine wonder—and winner—whose name it enigmatically enshrineth. As to betting on horse-races,—marry, there 's the rub!

To bet or not to bet,—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in a man to gobble
The Derby luncheon without tempting fortune,
Or take the odds upon a dark outsider,
And so spoil one's digestion. To punt—to plunge,
No more; and by one lucky bet to end
The heartache and the thousand bills and bothers
Poverty 's heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To punt—to plunge;—
To plunge! perchance to lose:—ay, there 's the rub.
For from that plunge what awful dreams may come
When we have shuffled off our Derby togs,
Must give us pause; there 's the consideration
That makes us long for an infallible prophet!
For who would bear false "tips" of sporting touts,
The Welsher's wrong, the Advertiser's snares,
The pangs of backing wrong 'uns all the day,
The insolence of bookies, and the spurns
The patient juggins of the sharper takes,
When he might winners spot and make his pile
With a bare monkey? Who would ever bear
To fret and fume about a "morning wire,"
But that the off-chance of a stunning "*coup*,"
Some undiscovered "System," with whose use
No chap can ever lose, puzzles the will,
And makes us take the bogus tips we have,
Hoping for "morals" that we know not of.

Let the egregious Donnelly decipher this cryptogram, and decide, if he can, the respective shares of "Sweet Will" and facile Francis therein. A world charmed or bitten by the new game of Cryptogram-hunting may,

THE WINNER SPOTTED!

(*By our Lowther-Arcadian Artist.*)

an it please, share the profitable toil. Oh, really beautiful is this! Here lurks the winner! "Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure," as Edgar Allan Poe hath it. *Argal*, ore of opulence, bullion beyond the dreams of avarice "lie concealed within 't."

"Search well the measure,
The words—the syllables! Do not forget
The trivialest point, or you may lose your labour!"

And mind ye are not put off the scent of the veritable quarry by obvious herring-trails, diverted from the true track by false clues! Aha! A cryptogram is naught that is not—cryptogramic. Ask Donnelly else. Not as the crow flieth, but as the swallow wheeleth, wit windeth through this lucre-yielding laby-

"OUTSIDE, SIR! OUTSIDE!"

Mrs. Australia (to John Chinaman). "I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF YOU! 'NO ADMITTANCE,'—NOT EVEN 'ON BUSINESS'!".

rinth. Be eyes right ready, yet may they miss without subtlety's spectacles. Dark as nether Styx is the wood, mazy as ambient Avon is the track. Green moss or yellow bracken is there little, only sombre umbrage, gloomy as *Ben-my-Chree*, but through its boskage cometh the Big Secret, and, like the *Jabberwock*, it "burbles" as it comes. Go for B. It *can't* be wrong. B is second—in the Alphabet, in which A, of course, is first. The last shall be first. The real one to back is the good animal long openly revealed, exoterically, in fact, in this mystic script. First here, it will of course be first at Epsom. See me reverse! In this way. Yonder real runner evidently bears winning or "realising" colours! Can anything ever receive light as vividly evident, radiant, or clearly keen?

That's clear enough, I hope. Do not holloa till you are out of the wood. But it's in the wood amidst the fern that you will find the Winner. Wins (not whines) from the wood! That tip alone is worth all the money. Pray pile it—dear Mister or gentle Marm,—on *this* horse as heavily as you can. The van cannot be in the rear, nor my selection lose the race. It is "the only sure case among nine outsiders." Don't I evidently mean another nubibustic secret lucidly and not darkly to reveal?

* * * * * *

So far the great clairvoyant Shades, now dropping from Baconian prose into Shakspearian verse; anon even into contemporary vernacular. *Mr. Punch*, who does not, like DONNELLY, take ten years and a thousand pages to decipher a cryptogram, *saw it at once*, and put his money on accordingly. Let his lucky readers go and do likewise! Should any of them fail, he will show them—after the Race—"how it is done"!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday 21st.—Great excitement consequent upon anticipation of the *rentrée* of Mlle. SIGRID ARNOLDSON as *Zerlina*, and the appearance of Miss MCINTYRE as *Donna Elvira*. Everybody remembered what a charming performance that was last season with Miss ARNOLDSON in the part, and M. MAUREL as the Im-Maurel Don. Audience in state of expectancy. House full by 8·15 in consequence of the *Times* having advertised the performance to commence at eight. Practical joke on part of *Times* at Wits-untied time. Opera really to begin at 8·30. In the lobby, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS going along full steam, his fine eye with frenzy rolling. Evidently something's up. What? The Curtain, probably. No. "Miss MCINTYRE is like *Richard the Third*," says DRURIOLANUS, throwing off his cares with a light laugh. "*Richard* was 'hoarse,' you remember; so's Miss MCINTYRE." He adds, "She can't sing to-night," and DRURIOLANUS vanishes through a secret panel.

Somebody, looking pale and small, appears before the Curtain. House silent for a solo. The Pale and Small One on stage "regrets" (thrill through the audience) "having to announce that Miss MCINTYRE cannot appear" (damper all round, and people regarding one another doubtfully); "but, in order not to disappoint the public by putting off the Opera"—(audience much relieved!)—"Mr. HARRIS"—(Is he going to announce that AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS will sing the part himself? Excitement!)—"Mr. HARRIS has been fortunate enough to find *the* one person in London who can and will sing the part of *Donna Elvira!*" (We breathe again! Wonderful person, DRURIOLANUS! We imagine him driving at fire-engine speed—perhaps on a fire-engine—all over London, routing up *Elviras*—trying them, discarding them, and finding the right one at last.) "A lady," continues the Pale and Small One, brightening up a bit, "who, as a matter of fact" (here he becomes quite confidential), "has made a great success with this very part in St. Petersburgh"—with which encouraging announcement he pulls himself well together, bows in a familiar but withal respectful manner to the audience, and retires amidst applause.

"Name! Name!" shout voices of inquisitive people, who insist on knowing so much. Whereupon the Announcer returns at once, and in a pleasant, casual sort of way, apologises for having quite forgot to mention that the lady's name is ROLLA—Madame ROLLA. The Apologist seems as pleased with his second appearance, as if he had taken an encore.

The name of ROLLA suggests *Pizarro*, *Cora*, and the child, in SHERIDAN's old play. When Madame ROLLA does appear, she is most heartily received by a grateful audience who thank her for having "kindly consented to oblige." Pretty face, majestic presence, plays and sings admirably; and how she fits into her place without a rehearsal is a mystery. Piquante Miss ARNOLDSON, charming as *Zerlina*, but Signor D'ANDRADE (why not Irishise it as DAN DRADY?) too Hamletty for the gay Don. He picks himself up over the immortal serenade, and the audience forgive and *encore* him vociferously. Everybody delighted with Signor RAVELLI's "*Il mio tesoro*," as also with the great *trio* of masks, before the Ball Room scene, with Mmes. FÜRSCH-MADI, ROLLA, and Signor RAVELLI. *Don Giovanni* evidently had an eye for what *Mr. Mantalini* would have called "Demuition fine Duchesses," for certainly the two cruelly-deceived ladies of title, as personated by Mmes. FÜRSCH-MADI and ROLLA, represent "Quality and Quantity." Miss MCINTYRE wouldn't have been half a Duchess compared with Madame FÜRSCH-MADI. Signor CIAMPI as funny as ever as *Masetto;* Signor NAVARRINI's *Leporello* a trifle cumbrous. The Ball and supper magnificent.

Altogether an eventful evening. I am particularly interested in watching the new arrival, Madame ROLLA, through my opera-glasses. I am "all eyes," so to speak—(at least, it's better *not* "so to speak," as it gives opportunity to WAGSTAFF to say, "Oh, are you? Thought you were all ears!" Must be always on guard with WAGSTAFF present)—but unfortunately a man in the stall just in front of me is all head and shoulders. If I sit up, I can't see over him; I can never see through him; and he is of so restless a disposition, that he is either leaning to the left, to make remarks to his neighbour, or swaying to the right, to obtain a particular view of the stage. When he moves to right, I move to left, and *vice versâ;* only as I cannot calculate on the exact moment of his changing his position, I can never once get more than a momentary glimpse of the stage. Finally give it up as a bad job. At last in the middle of the Second Act his head droops . . . thank Goodness, he sleeps, and I obtain an uninterrupted view of stage. (*Happy Thought suggestion for Druriolanus and Organising Committee.*—Tall men oughtn't to be admitted into front rows. Every opera-goer patronising the stalls should be measured for a ticket. All the tall men at the back and the shortest in front.)

After Second Act great excitement. From the lobby I hear audience making a noise. What has happened? Another apology? I rush to stall entrance. What is it? Anyone ill? No. Only first appearance this season of black cat. It crosses the stage, it visits three private boxes, and is at last kindly taken care of by a gentleman in the stalls. WAGSTAFF said he thought it was KATTI LANNER. Equanimity restored. As I have already remarked, "An eventful evening," and Miss MCINTYRE not missed.

Tuesday.—ALBANI perfect as *Gilda* in *Rigoletto*. Sad Opera *Rigoletto*. Melancholy finish always makes me unhappy. The *Quartette* in last Act of course *encored*, and so was Signor RAVELLI's "*La Donne e Mobile*." This is, up to now, the best thing RAVELLI has done. Madame ZEPPILLI VILLANI, the new *contralto*, is likely to be popular. The choruses magnificent, and once more, as to the *mise-en-scène*, DRURIOLANUS is outdoing himself. Another eventful night,—no bouquets!! New departure, this.

Thursday.—Madame MELBA *dé-buted*, and SIGNOR COTOGNI *rentré'd*. Opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Scotch Opera,—Miss MCINTYRE ought to have been in it, but, as it is, Miss MELBA from Melbourne (real name ARMSTRONG, and "more power to her elbow!") was a great success. Bouquets to-night. Scotch Chorus first-rate, and Scotch *mist-en-scène* admirably arranged by AUGUSTUS HAGGIS. Signor RAVELLI (getting better and better histrionically) appeared as *Edgar*, and sang his dying song like a swan.

Saturday.—See "Our Next."

DOGBERRY'S DIARY.

Monday.—Notice of crime about to be committed at No. 13, Lonely Lane, handed in at office. Residents appeal for protection. Set watch immediately. Special officers told off. Some in disguise. All surround house. Some watching from neighbouring house-tops. Nothing nor nobody can escape our vigilant eye.

Tuesday.—Odd! Burglary and murder been committed at No. 13. Most extraordinary. Sent men in all directions. Somebody, by the way, who,—corresponds to the description given by the residents of the suspicious-looking party,—called with information at office. Sergeant VERGES took down his name and address, and promised to call as soon as possible. Man not since been seen. Can't help repeating, odd!

Wednesday.—Scouring the country for miles round. Made fourteen arrests. One man confessed his guilt.

Thursday.—Thirteen arrested people discharged and cautioned. They thanked the police, and testified to the great care taken of them in the cells. Fourteenth party, who confessed his guilt, is now sober, and asks what it's all about, and where he is. His friends visit him. He is discharged. Twenty arrests made before 9 P.M.

Friday.—The twenty people arrested have been discharged without a stain upon their character. The criminal *is* somewhere about.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday.—Still scouring country. The criminal, of whose description we have issued exact descriptions, was last seen at a public-house within the radius of Charing Cross. The barmaid suspecting something wrong from the way in which he drank his beer, communicated with the police, who, after carefully taking down her statement, and giving her the usual caution, went in company with her to the public-house. The landlord, after some resistance, was arrested; also, barmaid. They were not detained in custody beyond a few hours, and both thanked the police for the kindness and consideration with which they had been treated at the station-house. Criminal still at large.

Six days afterwards.—Criminal more at large than ever. Several burglaries have been committed by him, and in each case he has left a note for the police with a parcel enclosing description of his latest disguise, and a photograph. Not to be put on false scent by this.

Friday.—Made several more arrests.

Saturday.—Arrested persons discharged, and cautioned that whatever they say will be used against them.

Tuesday.—It is just three months to-day since the crime at No. 13, Lonely Lane, was committed. Criminal last seen talking to Detective SHARP, who was in disguise at the time. It is believed that Detective SHARP told him, incautiously, who he was. Neither of them has been seen since. There is some mystery here.

Six Months later.—Criminal of No. 13, Lonely Lane, still more at large than ever. Sure to turn up some time or other. Shall wait. Public interest in case died out. More important cases demand instant attention.

PRETTY SIGHT.—At Oxford and Cambridge. Meeting of "The Coaches." Date uncertain.

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RIGHT HON. W. H. S. "GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, EXCUSE MY 'SENSE OF DUTY'—THINK TO-

N THE DOWNS."

Y'—THINK TO-MORROW!!"

G. O. MINSTREL (*singe*). "WITH A DOODAH-DOODAH-DEY!"

"ALL *ON* THE DOWNS."

S-l-sb-ry. Come, now, I do like this; it's really jolly!
Your healths, my boys, all round!
All. Thanks, thanks, dear SOLLY!
S-l-sb-ry. Must say I think that we deserve some fun,
We have worked hard enough.
B-lf-r (languidly). *I* have, for one.
G-sch-n. You let limp looks your reputation mar, man.
R-tch-e. Besides, dear boy, you know you've got KING-HARMAN.
A helpmate such as he deserves a salary.
B-lf-r. Haw! yes—but, really, it's too hot for raillery.
Irish Girl (on stilts). Pray, pretty gentleman, remember——
B-lf-r (starting). What?
You *don't* mean Mitchelstown? That awful rot
Pursue me here? By Jove, a twang Hibernian
Might mar the taste of HORACE's Falernian.
Surgit amari——
Irish Girl. Faith, Sor, thin, ye're clever
At guessing. MARY *is* my name, Sor.
B-lf-r. Never!
Irish Girl. MARY O'BRIEN.
B-lf-r. Here, I say, get out!
Constable, send her to the right-about.
By Jove—that name! It made me feel quite queer.
Irish Girl. Ye Saxon spalpeen, there's no Crimes Act here!
Or you'd give *me* six months, ye murtherin villin.
B-lf-r. Faugh! I believe this is some dodge of DILLON.
S-l-sb-ry. Come, cheer up, ARTHUR! Let this lovely luncheon
Make you forget the Land of League and Truncheon.
R-tch-e. This pie is prime. Lark-pudding is not in it
For flavour. Taste it, G-SCH-N!
G-sch-n. Wait a minute!
This cork is precious tight,—defies the screw.
H-cks-B-ch. You taxed it, G., and now it taxes you.
G-sch-n. I'd like to tax bad jokes.
H-cks-B-ch. Well, make a trial
Upon your own.
S-l-sb-ry. That *would* be self-denial.
R-tch-e. Enable him to take that Wheel-Tax off,
And yet to swell the Exchequer.
G-sch-n. Ah! you scoff!
Where would you be without me?
H-rt-ngt-n. What is that?
B-lf-r. Nigger, in a huge collar and big hat!
(*Voice below, singing his old favourite ditty:*—
"Oh, Epsom is a jolly place,
Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
They think they'll win on the big race,
Doo-dah! Derby-Day!
But I'm bound to come out right,
I'm bound to win one day;
I've put my money on the Irish horse,
Who'll win, whate'er they say!")
B-lf-r. Poor fellow! Don't he wish that he may get it?
G-sch-n. Thousand to one against. I'd like to bet it.
H-cks-B-ch (to friend below). Have a glass, GRANDOLPH?
Grandolph. Don't care if I do.
(*Aside.*) I say, old fellow, though, they *are* a crew!
Look at old SNELGROVE there, how he is fuming!
Fears that the lot of wine they are consuming
May get into their heads, and lead to dizziness.
To-morrow they must all be back at business;
St. Stephen's Stores re-open. Twig old SOLLY!
Made up his mind that he'll, for once, be jolly.
HARTY alone sits silent and sedate;
His soul seems concentrated on his plate.
S-l-sb-ry. Come, boys, a bumper round. Now then, my HARTY,
Your glass! Do make yourself one of the party!
A toast!
Omnes. Hear! hear! A toast!
S-l-sb-ry. Well, charge your glasses.
This is a toast that no one ever passes.
Ready? That's right, dear boys. Well, then, I give,
"Our Noble Selves. Long may *our* Union live!"
Omnes. Hear! hear! Hooray! Ourselves! Away with sorrow!!!
Sm-th (anxiously). Steady, dear boys! Remember, there's to-morrow!

MRS. RAM was present when Mr. FREDERICK COWEN embarked for Australia. "I was not acquainted with the Gentleman personally," she explained, "though I knew his compositions. However, as I was seeing some friends off, I was present at his embrocation; and, as I had seen photographs of him, directly I set eyes on him I recognised his liniments."

THE HANGLODANNISH XHIBISHUN.

IN addition to all I discribed larst week, there's a Picter Gallery as will estonish a good menny of our own Painters. Sum on 'em I calls reel staggerers, and quite diffrent from any that I ever seed afore. For instance there's 1 or 2 that made me that mellancolly to think of what sum people has to go through, and the kind of life as sum people has to live, as made me urry out into the blessed sunshine jest for a change. But they are not all like that. "*O contrare*," as the Germans says, there's one lovely little boy a setting hunder a tree all as naked as Master Kupid hisself, a trying for to pick a most butiful ROSE off a great big tree. He tries to look as if he rather liked it than otherwise; but if the East wind was a blowing where he was, as it did outside the room where I was, he must have been froze to death direckly as the sun set.

Robert at an Opening.

Of course it was all right, while they was about it, to choose such a jolly cold nite for the hopening day as to make us think as we was really in Denmark, where, as we all know, even *Amlet* said as the hair bited so rudely as to make it werry cold; but I think, as fur as I was conserned, I shud ha liked it jest a leetle warmer.

There's a nice little Theater bin bilt up in the Garden, and if what I was told by one of the Gentlemen of the Press,—and I allers beleeves all as they says, just the same as I does all as they rites—was true, that little Theater will be that scrowged ewery heavening that it will posserbly bust. He acshally told me as they means to play one hact of the Tragedy of *Amlet*, the part of *Amlet* by the reel Prince of Denmark! at the speshul request of his butiful Sister.

Grayshus Goodness! what a idear! and the charge for admission is to be 1 Ginny for a reel Lady, and 2 Ginnys for a reel Gentleman, and no one else ain't to be alowed to henter not at no price.

I have herd of one rich person, who is not considered to be quite a reel Gennelman, as has hoffered to give a hundred ginnys to be allowd to hact as one of the Hofficers in the Play. I am harf promised that praps I may be allowd to carry a Banner, but my hopes scarce haspires to so giddy a hight.

One of the Denmarkish Sailers as speaks a little Inglish, told me as they thinks nothink of catching half a dozen whales of a morning before breakfast. I didn't understand what he ment when he torked of their sticking Sharp Poons into the poor things to make 'em blubber.

Considring what a remarkabel jolly cold country Denmark looks to be, I'm sumwhat disappinted at the werry few new Drinks as they has brort over with 'em. Memory looks back with fond delite to the grand old times last year, when BUFFERLOW BILL and his Satterlites introduced me to a new Drink for ewery day in the year, xcept, of coarse, Sundays, when in coarse nobody don't want no drinks, or if they is werry uncommon thirsty they can repeat Saturday's. Can I ever forgit my sensashuns when I fust tasted "White Tiger's Milk!" or the "Flash of Lightning," or the "Parson's Delight!" or, far above all, the "Yard of Flannel!" Never! or my envious estonishment at seeing the Savages of the Wild West toss off three of them "Nock-me-down" Drinks in sucksession without winking! Ah, them was grand times, them was, which has gorn, I fears, never to return! I shall try and get a peep at the Etaliens, close by, to see what they can do in that line.

ROBERT.

A SURREY SITE.

MR. ALEXANDER MACMILLAN, the well-known publisher, has given his house and grounds, Knapdale, Upper Tooting, to the proposed Suffragan Bishop of South London, which gift has been "gratefully accepted." "Gratefully accepted!"—rather! Why, who wouldn't have gratefully accepted it, without being a Suffragan Bishop? "ALEXANDER the Grate-fully-accepted" has done the thing well, and has generously sacrificed the reposeful-sounding Knap-dale for the rest of his days. To give a site like this is doubly valuable, for "*Bis dat qui site-o dat.*" But, in honour of the beneficent donor, why not build on this site a splendid Cathedral for South London, after the model of the grand duomo of Milan, and call it the Cathedral of McMillan? "Vell," as a Foreign Gentleman observed, "the Bishop 'ave got der money,—dat is von ting; now he 'ave got der house and ground of Knapdale,—dat is *two ting.*" (*Foreign Gentleman subsequently caught, and sent back to his friends.*)

WOLSELEYAN MAXIM FOR THE "SOLDIER'S POCKET-BOOK."—"Indiscretion is the better part of valour."

A STRAIGHT TIP.

Visitor (to Sporting Character, who has got hold of his Watch-guard). "American Ticker—Germ' Silver Chain——"

Sporting Character. "Oh—thanks! Beg pard'n!" [*Lets go!*

Correctio.—Carissime Punche,—Legi in tuâ impressione Epistolam Petri Pugnacis de pugnis puerorum. Sed facit parvum errorem dicendo quod Tommius Brownus pugnavit cum Flashmanno. Hoc non ita fuit.

Flashmanno erat egregius bullius in scholæ domo (cujus Peter nunc est et ego olim fui alumnus), et unâ nocte Tommius Brownus (is qui nunc est suus Honor Judex Hughes), et Henricus sive Harrius Oriens, adhuc parvuli pueri, pugnaverunt cum eo in aulâ,—adjuvante quodam (si recte memini) Dobbs, sive Diggs, qui vidit æquum ludum—et vicerunt. Sed pugna illa Tommii celeberrima fuit cum quodam Williams, cognomine Slogger, et orta est ut sequitur:—Uno die Magister quidam juvenis (scilicet ut audivi, Cottonius, is qui postea fuit caput magister Marlburiæ et episcopus Calcuttæ), capiebat classem alii Magistri, cujus Arthurus (id est, Stanleius, posthoc præclarus Decanus Westmonasteriensis) erat caput. Legendo Homerum Arthurus lacrimis solvitur. Tum Magister ponit super Slogger, qui non bene paratus venit ad dolorem construendo, et descendit ad fundum classis, cum impositione. Slogger iracundus minatur punchere (non intendo jocum) caput Arthuri post scholam. Tommius hoc audiens intervenit, et pugna sequitur, in præsentia juvenis Brookii (præpostoris) et totius scholæ, exceptis illis, qui in aulâ manentes furando aliorum cibos sibi unctum parant. Hæc est vera historia quam potes, si vis, legere in Tommii Browni libro immortali. Tuus veré, Olim Rugbeiensis.

Hand and Glove at a New Spa.—At a meeting of a Syndicate for the exploitation of the bromo-iodine Spa at Woodhall, Lincolnshire, Dr. Burney Yeo (our Only Nautical Doctor, "Yeo, my boys, yeo ho!") hitched up his main braces, and observed that there was a growing desire "to encourage English Spas." We hope so. Boxing has once again come into fashion, so has glove-fighting, and what more does anyone want in the way of an English Spar? Sir Spencer Wells was also present on this interesting occasion. What would any watering-place be without Wells? We did not see the name of Dr. Robson Roose among the professional visitors to the Woodhall Pump-Room, which is odd, seeing that in his latest book, *The Treatment of Gout in Toto*, he strongly recommends Woodhall Spa, and draws such a pleasant picture of the place as to make the realisation of it quite a *Roose-o's Dream*. In fact we thought he was the first discoverer of the place—a sort of Dr. Robinson Roose-o. Why go abroad for our regular Homburg, when we can get it at home? Plenty of Flats to let in Lincolnshire. "Better to bear (*i.e.*, support) the 'Wells' we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

STANLEY.

(*With Apologies to Mr. Browning's "Waring."*)

I.—I.

What 's become of Stanley
Since he gave us all the slip,
Started off, as gay as can be,
On his Equatorial trip,
Sworn on his returning track
To bring fame—and Emin—back?

II.

Ichabod, Ichabod!
To Emin he 's departed.
Does he travel up the Congo?
Or hobnobs he with some Pongo
Of a native Afric chief,
Some slave-dealing royal thief,
Whom he marvellously teaches
To be honest and wear breeches?
Who has heard a rumour swell
Of a white man just upstarted
In the Bhar Gazelle?
How he tames the cruel-hearted
Millions there, who now revere
Colt's revolvers, home-brewed beer?
Haply through that torrid zone
To their goal he 's brought his band,
And—just as 'twere Livingstone—
Lifts his hat, holds out his hand,—
"Emin Pasha, I believe?"
Do such flattering thoughts deceive?
Shall we greet his well-known face
Once more in the market-place?

II.—I.

"When I last saw Stanley——"
How all turned to him who spoke!
You saw Stanley! Truth or joke?
Stark mad must the man be!

II.

"Near Uganda we were hunting,
When one of us espied
Shoreward borne a bit of bunting
To a topmast tied.
Out there stepped a bearded man,
Eye like vulture, head like lion,
Skin all browned and bronzed like tan;
Not the sort of man to try on
Playful jests with, one perceives,
Nor to bore with make-believes.
It was Stanley"—(how the speaker
Was surrounded! How we drank
All his words!)—"the Emin-seeker,
Stood there, on that bank.
'Tell them—tell friends far away,'
Stanley said, 'I'm here with Emin.
Failed to reach him? That's a dream in
Dotards' heads! But here we stay.
Some day, haply, from the gloom
We'll emerge, and, past Khartoum,
Past the shrieking Gordon-slayers,
Down to Berber we shall win,
Till our strange-built dahabeahs
Make the Cairo gossips grin!'.

III.

"Then he paused—turned on his heel—
Would have vanished past appeal;
But, as though our voiceless wish
Stayed him, he turned back, and said,
'Have you some Cut Cavendish,
Snuff, or any decent bread?
Thanks! My men expect me now.'
So he stepped on board his prow."

IV.

Ah! We hope that tale is true!
That the traveller, over-due,
May do that for which he went,
And become more Emin-ent!
Down the White Nile gleams his van?
What' s the news in Kordofan?

New Piece at Mrs. John Wood's Theatre (*when it opens in October*).—*Les Surprises du Divorce; or, What will Mister Grundy say?*

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 2.

SOME EPSOM OUTSIDERS.

THE Emperor of RUSSIA'S *Threatened European Disturbance*, by *Unceasing Military Preparations*, out of *Sight*.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S *Deferred Home Rule*, by *Enthusiastic Statesman*, out of *Reckoning*.

Lord SALISBURY'S *National Defence Muddle*, by *Machinery of Departments*, out of *Gear*.

Prince FERDINAND'S *Bulgarian Crown*, by *Patriotic Aspirations*, out of *Patience*.

M. LESSEPS'S *Panama Canal Lottery Loan Scheme*, by *Visionary Dividends*, out of *Reach*.

Mr. DILLON'S *Baffled Plan of Campaign*, by *Nationalist Agitator*, out of *Temper*.

Lord Mayor DE KEYSER'S *Over-confident Imperialism*, by *Some Recent Remarks*, out of *Taste*.

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S *Restored British Naval Supremacy*, by *Utterances of Assiduous Champion*, out of *Office*.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S *Latest Political Somersault*, by *Tory-Democratic Acrobat*, out of *Bounds*.

Mr. STANHOPE'S *Recent Military Scare*, by *War Office Organisation*, out of *Order*.

CONSERVATIVE EXCLAMATION ON READING THE RESULT OF SOUTHAMPTON ELECTION, MAY 23.—"Good Evans!"

IS MARRIAGE A LOTTERY?—No, it isn't. Lotteries are illegal.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE.

In the Paddock.

Horses being led round in Circle. Jockeys receiving final directions.

Owner (to Jockey). Now—you know where you've to go? Down the hill, over the hurdles with the white flags——

[*Nod of intelligence from Jockey.*

Trainer (correctively). *Red* flags.

Owner. I *mean* red flags. Then keep along by the flying course, and take the bank between the red flags——

Trainer. White *and* red—first time.

Owner. Red and white flags—through the gap when you turn——

Trainer. Not through the gap till the second round.

Owner. Oh, isn't it? Well, over the hedge then, white flags.

Trainer. Not white flags for the banking course, Sir.

Owner. And the Starter will tell you the rest. (*To* Trainer, *as Jockey goes off to saddle mount.*) There—if that fellow makes any mistake now, he shan't ride for me again!

An Owner with a Grievance (to anybody who will listen to him). It's a sheame o' they Stewards. Passed *Giraffe*, and gone and disqualified my mare, *Camel*, for being over height! See for yourself. *Giraffe* stands higher by a inch. Look at the teu together. I ask any fair-minded man. They're all afreead of her—that's what 'tis, they're afreead of her!

[*As often as he sees a Member of the Committee, he drags his disqualified mare up to him, and harangues bitterly. Committee-men decline, with one accord, to reopen the question, and leave* Owner *to ventilate his grievance outside, which he does, at intervals, throughout the day.*

On the Course.

Artless Young Lady (on drag—to Organiser of Sweepstake). Oh, ought I to pay you a shilling?—I didn't know—and take one of these tickets out of the hat. You must tell me *which!* May I open it yet? Number Two. Which *is* that? Oh, *Sugartongs*—white and silver. I must try and remember that. [*Preliminary canter.*

Sportsman (on drag). That's *Jampot*—cherry and plum sash. Best horse running to-day by a long chalk—regular clinker. Wish I could have got on at a better price. *There's* action for you!

The Artless One. He looks such a *scraggy* thing, and his jockey's wearing gaiters. I'm sure *he* won't win! Is that man with the red flag going to race, too? Why is he riding down there with them?

[Sportsman *receives her prattle, which is intended to be very engaging, with silent contempt.*

Rustic Spectators. They're off—no—false start! They be off neow, sure! Theer they go! *All* over!... *Pretty* jumpin'!... Theer's *Toastrack!* Ben't Tommy a pikin' of en, tew? Well done, my sonny, go on!... Look at *Jampot* jumpin'—he's runnin' away from 'em all!

Lady Sportsman. Why doesn't *Jampot's* jockey let him out?

Her Husband. Well, it rather looks as if he was going to let the public *in!* Look at *that!*—deliberately waiting for *Muffineer!*

A Sage (in market-cart). Tell 'ee what—if that 'orse as is leadin' neow don't lose any more greound than that, 'e'll *win.* You mark my words!

Crowd (on Grand Stand). *Eggcup's* down! *Butterdish* has gone outside the flag—there, he'll hev to go back, he'll hev a job to get up to them now! Look at *Jampot*, he's ahead again... Beertiful strider, ben't he? Don't 'ee fall now, my darling! A-ah! *Muffineer's* on him again—he's passed en!

The Artless Young Lady. Oh, *isn't* it exciting! (*Looks to see if anyone is looking at her, and is disgusted to find that everybody is absorbed in the racing.*) I don't see *my* horse jumping. Why?

The Sportsman (coldly). Possibly because he came to grief at the second bank, and is being walked in.

Artless One (with a charming pout). How perfectly *horrid* of it! Why do they all groan at *Jampot* so? Don't they want him to win?

The S. Because his jockey's doing all he can to let *Muffineer* pass him.

Artless One. But I think that's so nice and magnanimous of him!

The S. I doubt if the Stewards will take your view of it.... There, pulling the poor brute's head off! It's all over, and *Muffineer* ought no more to have won than——

[*His feelings fail him. Crowd groan at* Jampot's *jockey as he pulls up, a bad second. Jockey affects a pained surprise.*

In the Paddock.

Chorus of Disgusted Sportsmen. Well, after *that!*... I *am* dashed. Ever see anything more barefaced in all your life? So badly done, too! No wonder these country meetings are going down.... If this was under Grand National Rules—&c., &c.

Excited Bookmaker (forcing his way in, and up to owner of Jampot). It's a shame and a disgrace, Mr. Cubbard. You ought to be warned off every course in England! If *Jampot* could ha' broke his reins, he'd ha' won easy! It oughtn't to be allowed. 'Tisn't English, no, nor yet honourable. I tell you to your face you're a scoundrel, and you know it. It's all your doing!

[*Owner tries to look as if such accusations were beneath his notice, and walks away, pursued by* Bookmaker.

Indignant Backer (tackling Jampot's jockey as he unsaddles). Ye rode foul, ye did—ye're a slipsher! Ye pu'd the 'arse by the geätt when 'e was winnin'!

Jampot's Jockey (sulkily). Ride better if ye like, but don't say I pu'd the 'arse!

I. B. I *do* say it. Ye're a disrespeckful man to ride on any course. Ye did pu' the 'arse, ye *did!*

J's J. (with warmth). Don't call *me* a disrespeckful man!

I. B. I *do* call ye a disrespeckful man. Ye done wrong!

J's J. Then don't say I pu'd the 'arse ageän! (*And so on, ad lib.*)

The Bookmaker. Everyone on the course saw it. It's a scandalous thing, and there ought to be some notice taken of it. Fair is fair all the world over!

Bystanders. 'Tis a trieu word. But, Satchell, 'e don't ought to cast first stone at en.

Sportsmen. No good bullyragging the boy. He had to ride to orders, or be turned off next day! Ah! here comes the Admiral! Now for a row!

Outside the Weighing-Room.

Inquiry proceeding; Secretary keeping door against surging Crowd.

Secretary (to a tall man who is trying to look through a chink). Don't 'ee now, Sir, don't. Don't take an unfair advantage of your superior height. The proceedings are strictly private.

The Tall Man. You be blowed! I've paid my half-crown, and I mean to see all I can for the money!

Crowd (peeping through window). They've got the boy in there. He's getting a rare good wigging. (*Door opens.*) *A Voice*—Send Mr. Cubbard here!

The Sec. Mr. Cubbard! Wanted by the Stewards. Policeman, pass the word for Mr. Cubbard!

Crowd (with relish). Cubbard 'll catch it now.

Policeman (with a grin). Mr. Cubbard gone 'ome, Sir.

[*Murmur, commending Mr. C.'s discretion.*

Inquiry over. Stewards come out of Weighing-room perspiring freely. Crowd press around to hear result.

Stewards. You'll see our decision in the papers to-morrow. You won't hear any more to-day; so it's no use bothering. Here, let's get out of this!

Stable-boy (to Jampot's Trainer). Will *Jampot* be wanted any more to-day, Sir?

Trainer (gloomily). You can take him home, soon as you like!

After the Last Race.

First Owner of Losing Horse. You see it was this way. *Toastrack* had a strange boy on his back, and so o' course——

Second Ditto. That theer boy's bin ridin' tew many races, he hev. They git weak, ridin' so much. I *told* en not to let *Butterdish* bolt with en—he *will* bolt at times.

Third Ditto. *Eggcup* didn't fell. 'Twas her jockey falled off o' she. She was gallopin' way from them all. She'd a come in teu fealds ahead 'ithout that.

Fourth Ditto. Oh, that other was ridden very jealous, and so old *Sugartongs* she got baulked at the bank. If there'd 'a bin another reound, she'd ha gien 'em all a proper doin', sure 'nough!

Fifth Ditto. I've sin *Creamjug* run a deal rougher nor that. She run away from a field o' fourteen-two galloways in a flat-race once, she did. She won't in form to-day, that's all.

[*They go home, each with a comforting conviction that he has won what the leader-writers on bye-elections would call "a moral victory."*

"Derby Anticipations."

By Major Growler.—Drive down—dust—dirt—N.E. wind—lose money, time (probably watch), temper, health, and laid up for weeks afterwards.

By Our Mark Tapley.—No Derby without dust—fresh wind—N.E. wind, or "N.E. wind" you like—jolly lunch—lose a jolly lot—or win—jolly companions—jolly hot, or cold—holiday jolly day—jolly good headache—jolly well tired.

The Real "Scilly Isles."—If we don't see to perfecting our Army and Navy, so as to be ready in case of emergency, Great Britain and Ireland will be known as "The Very Silly Isles."

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

WAR!

IF IT BE POSSIBLE, AS MUCH AS IN YOU LIES, STUDY TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.

O world!
O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—*Byron.*

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE. She is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he s so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce when she s offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. Ah, would to God that some man had he pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventible suffering which xists in England year after year!—KINGSLEY.

HOW MUCH LONGER MUST THE CAUSES OF THIS STARTLING ARRAY OF PREVENTIBLE DEATHS CONTINUE UNCHECKED?

For the Prevention of Disease by Natural Means, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY VADE MECUM.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on January 2, 1886, says: "Bless- sings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but, in ommon parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, on the chimney- iece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my *vade mecum*. hink not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a rateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common I daresay with numerous old fellows of y age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I se your cheery rem dy, than exit pain—'Richard is himself again!' So highly do I rize your composition, that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will ways remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to hose wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits:

When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this elixir make;
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

Writing again on January 24, 1888, he adds: "Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following:

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
Eno's 'FRUIT SALT' will prove our stay,
And still our health renew."

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—"Egypt, Cairo.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty. Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A Corporal, 19th Hussars.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, AMERICA.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.—"Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in all parts of the world for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers, in fact, I am never without it. Yours faithfully, An Anglo-Indian Official."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked

"ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'"

Without it, you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

ALLMAN'S WHISKEY IS THE FINEST MADE

BANDON DISTILLERY Established 1825

To be had at Clubs, Hotels, and Restaurants, and in casks of all Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER

Get a bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, the Oldest, Best, and most widely-known Family Medicine in the World. It instantly Relieves and Cures Severe Scalds, Burns, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Pains in the Side, Joints, Limbs, and Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains. Any Chemist can supply it at 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle.

CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY (LIMITED).

SIX PRIZE MEDALS FOR IRISH WHISKY. First Prize Medal, Philadelphia, 1876; Gold Medal, Paris, 1878; First Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879; Three Prize Medals, Cork, 1883.

"VERY fine, full flavor and Good Spirit."—Jurors' Award, Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876.

"UNQUESTIONABLY as fine a specimen as one could wish to see."—Jurors' Award, Cork Exhibition, 1883.

THIS FINE OLD IRISH WHISKY may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to wholesale merchants in casks and cases by

CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY (LIMITED), MORRISON'S ISLAND, CORK.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR—The lovely nuance "Chatain Foncee" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ARINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 473, Oxford St., London. Price 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ARINE is invaluable.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S

HOLLOW GROUND

SHEFFIELD RAZORS.

Post Free from 158, Oxford Street, W., and 18, Poultry, E.C., London, or from the Manufactory, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.

In Case Complete.
Black Handle ..... 4s. 6d.
Ivory Handle ..... 6s. 6d.
Far superior to all Foreign made Razors.

HOOPING COUGH.—ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION. The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Edwards & Son, 157, Queen Victoria Street (formerly of 67, St. Paul's Churchyard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

Indigestion, Constipation.

DAHL'S DYSPEPSIA CAKES. NO DRUGS. NATURAL REMEDY.

Recommended by several eminent Medical Men.

Of all Chemists. Sample Box, 2s. 6d., Post Free.

DAHL'S AGENCY, 41, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

THE Y & N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET.

Will not split in the seams or tear in the Fabric.
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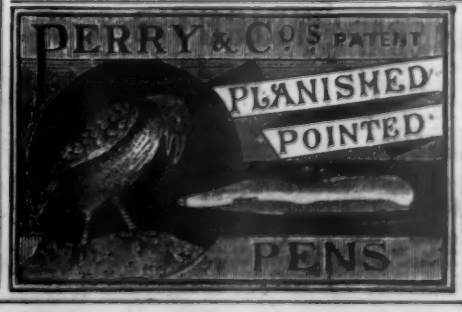

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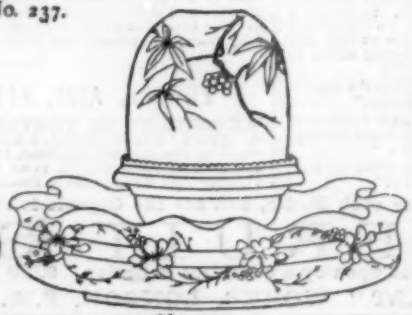

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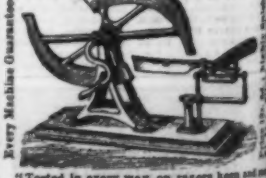

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"LE GRAND PRIX."

RARÆ AVES.

(Poetry by Poppjoy.)

WHEN I was a youngster, the finest of fun
Was to roam fields and meadows and lanes with my gun,
Knocking over cock-robins and potting tomtits,
Blowing thrushes and blackbirds and linnets to bits.

But at birds somewhat bigger I now have a slap,
Pigeon-shooting at blue-rocks let loose from a trap;
'Tis a pastime wherein a resource may be found,
Sport in season at any time, all the year round.

Birds of passage, rare strangers that visit our shore,
Wheresoever I find them I pop at and floor,
Hang the Wild Birds Protection Act—that I defy!
At as many as come in my way I've a shy.

Golden Oriole, Ring Ouzel, and Hoopoe to bag
Are exploits and achievements I boast of and brag.
If a Short-toed Lark ever should light on his way
Close enough, dead he drops, to my choke-bore a prey.

O St. James, at that Cormorant, come to thy Park,
Had I only a chance, 'twould have been a rare lark,
So to speak without making a bit of a bull,
With sure aim, on the perch to have taken a pull!

And the grand Golden Eagle in Kent lately seen,
What a triumph to pepper—for sharpshooter keen,
Famous feat, from the clouds, crack, with rifle to bring
Down the soaring, scarce visitant, splendid Bird-King!

OBVIOUS ERRATUM.—At a political meeting, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON delivered a statement of the amount which the Government intended to expend annually in strengthening the Navy:—

"This, he maintained, would keep us abreast of foreign nations."

Has not a word been misreported in the above quotation? "Abreast?" Surely what the noble Lord really did say must have been "Ahead."

RECREATION GONE WRONG.

(An Advertisement for the Censor.)

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THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT.—This unique and ghastly feat already witnessed with creeping awe by upwards of 200,000 shuddering people, will be repeated (the Authorities in the meantime not intervening) again to-morrow afternoon, when the Champion Aëronaut will make his daring ascent hanging on to a wire suspended from the balloon by his eyelids.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT, appealing as it does to the most brutal, degraded, and savage instincts of a large portion of the sight-seeing classes of the British Public, is considered a fitting and attractive item in the programme of a great popular entertainment.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT presents the unquestionable advantage of placing the life of the performer in absolute and terrible jeopardy.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT may furnish the onlooking public at any moment with the spectacle of an indescribably appalling and horrible death.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT is made without the slightest provision for any misadventure or accident.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT involves the performer, who loses nerve for a single moment, in utter destruction.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT is the result of the competition of poor creatures anxious to create a sensation at any risk, and enabled to do it through the absence of any paternal legislation protecting them from the consequences of their headlong temerity.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT will probably, if allowed to continue with impunity, terminate in the dashing to pieces, under circumstances too hideous to contemplate, of a living human being.

THE SUICIDAL BALLOON ASCENT should, therefore, engage the attention of the Home Secretary—and the sooner the better.

"GOOD OLD GRACE!"

[Playing for the Gentlemen against the Australians last week, Mr. W. G. GRACE scored an innings of 165 runs. Later in the week the Players of England beat the Australians by 10 wickets.]

BRAVO, W. G.! 'Tis a very prompt answer
To *Punch's* appeal of last week.
One hundred and sixty-five runs! That's the plan, Sir!
The moral is not far to seek.
You've scored off of TURNER and FERRIS like winking,
At *Punch's* especial desire;
And now there should be no more funking or shrinking,
Or failing in coolness or fire.
When that pair of smart Cornstalks let fly at our stumps,
As well they know how to let fly,
There is not the least need to be down in the dumps;
Think of GRACE, boys, and never say die!
Before GRACE had met them, and spanked them all round,
They really appeared bad to beat;
But the Players—who whopped them—were cheered [bound
I'll be
By the thought of that GRACE *after* meet!

A NEW INSPIRATION.—One of the *Spectator's* poets, with no signature, in the number for May 26, wrote "The steadiest angel is a woman's love." Now we know there are good angels and bad angels, but of the latter class the poet is not speaking. Among the good angels are there then some who are rather unsteady or shaky? This poet probably knows; but the idea of one angel being steadier than another does open out a wide range of possibilities which might account for a good many erratic movements. Of course all such beings are invisible to ordinary mortals, and only seen by the *Spectator* and his Inspired Poet.

A Long Farewell.

MADAME NILSSON has just commenced bidding "farewell,"
But when she will finish one cannot quite tell.
For "parting," as SHAKSPEARE says, is "such sweet sorrow"
(And so says the lender to one who would borrow),
That NILSSON may say it again and again,
And then may decide (be it so) to remain.
Continue to sing while you can,—then, *ma belle*,
"One bumper at parting"—*one* brilliant farewell.

HOMELESS! A DUET OF DESPONDENCY.

[The National Portrait Gallery, and the National Rifle Association, are both seeking a permanent place of rest.]

Old Masters. Oh, where shall we go to? They all call us "National,"
Title of honour and glory of old.
Then say is it loyal, and say is it rational,
Leaving us homeless and out in the cold?

Young Marksmen. National also they dub us, oh, Masters!
But now we're evicted and driven to roam.
We're used to cold water and snubs, but disasters
Have now reached their climax; we haven't a home!

Old Masters. No, by Vandyke and by Holbein it's shameful!
By Reynolds and Gainsborough it is *not* right!

Young Marks. By Ross and by Jackson those big-wigs are blameful,
Who leave shots like them in so homeless a plight!

Chorus.
Oh, where shall we go to? They all call us National,
Title of honour and glory of old.
Then say is it loyal, then say is it rational,
Leaving us homeless and out in the cold?

'A BLOCK!"

Old Military Gent (furiously). "NOW, MR. PUNCH, I ONLY ASK YOU, SHIR"—(*gasps*)—"T'LOOK 'T THA', SHIR! ABSH'LUTELY TH' EN-TIRE PAVEM'NT, SHAR! WHEEL TAX! 'ONLY WISH I WAS CHANCELLOR O' TH' EXCHEQ——!"

[*Rushes back home, and writes to the Times!*

Old Masters. National? Nay, they must mean it as raillery,
Since in the whole of the Nation they fail
To find for such portraits a permanent Gallery.
Britons should blush at the pitiful tale.

Young Marksmen. National? Nonsense! When Wimbledon shunts us,
Richmond refuses and Epping derides,
When from post to pillar a Royal Duke hunts us,
And bigwigs with builders against us take sides.

Old Masters. England love Art? Just conceive the reception
We'd meet with in Antwerp, or Paris, or Rome!

Young Marksmen. Patriot England? That's all a deception,
Or should we be singing thus, "Driven from home"?

Chorus.

Oh, where shall we go to? They all call us "National,"
Title of honour and glory of old:
Then say is it loyal, say is it rational,
Leaving us homeless and out in the cold?

SLOW AND SHAW, AND YET UNCERTAIN!

(*The Story of a Shadow that should not end in Smoke.*)

MR. PUNCH was greatly pleased with all he had seen. He had been to the head-quarters of the Fire Brigade on the south side of the Thames, and had found everyone on the alert. The horses were ready harnessed; the fireplaces under the boilers filled with fuel, and only waiting a match to set them alight; the men dressed and wide awake, and prepared to start at a moment's notice to go anywhere and to do everything. The organisation was perfect. London was protected by a network of telegraph-wires. Communication was established between the centre office and the outlying districts. Here and there was a fire-escape with its attendant, able to proceed at once to any point requiring immediate succour. The signal-posts, too, were all in working order.

"Excellent!" exclaimed *Mr. Punch.* "The system seems to be admirable!" And as he spoke, six o'clock struck, and some of the firemen got up, and prepared to go out.

"An alarm?" queried *Mr. Punch.*

"No, Sir," replied one of the Brigade; "we are off to help to take the escapes back to their morning quarters."

"Morning quarters?"

"To be sure. After six o'clock we presume that they will be no further needed for immediate use, so we wheel them back to their daily resting-place. They are rather heavy, so some of our men are sent to help."

"Rather risky," quoth *Mr. Punch*, gravely.

"Not much," was the reply, as a number of firemen departed.

Suddenly there was a glare of red light. The smoke rose in the air, the flames made a crackling noise, and a huge pile of premises were well a-light!

A loud cry was raised for the fire-escapes. It was useless—the refuges had been removed.

Then the poor frightened inmates shouted for help. Once more a vain appeal! The firemen were most of them away, assisting in the removal of the escapes! Tide and time wait for no man—fire never breaks an appointment; so the flames spread, and there was no help! Some died at once, others lingered but to die!

"How is this, Sir?" asked *Mr. Punch*, angrily. "Why were you not prepared?"

"Please, Sir," explained the Chief, "it is not our fault—look at the time," and he pointed to a clock. The hands stood at half-past six.

"Not your fault!" echoed *Mr. Punch*, once more severely.

"No, Sir. You see it is nearly seven; *and it's against the regulations for a fire to break out after six o'clock!*"

"This must be looked into!" cried *Mr. Punch.*

And it must!

SECURA.—Madame SCHUMANN, in a safe position 'twixt Sword and Pen, may be seen in this month's *Men and Women of the Day*, where Messrs. BARRAUD have sandwiched her between Lord WOLSELEY and MR. BESANT.

THE "PLEASURE HORSE" IN LONDON.

MR. BIGSBY IS ORDERED HORSE EXERCISE, "WHICH WILL TAKE HIM OUT OF HIMSELF." HAVING SECURED "A PERFECT GENTLEMAN'S 'OSS, SIR, WITH FINE ACTION," HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PARK. HE FINDS THAT HE IS TAKEN OUT OF HIMSELF; AS THE HORSE ABSORBS HIS ENTIRE ATTENTION.

HIS ATTENTION IS SOMEWHAT DISTRACTED. "WHY ON EARTH DON'T THE POLICE STOP THE TRAFFIC?" HE EXCLAIMS TO HIMSELF.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN answer to numerous anxious inquiries as to why I have been so long silent, I can only reply that I have not had a moment to spare for reading since I commenced my book on the Derby. The process has cost me many sleepless nights and a considerable amount of ready cash. Henceforth, I will read books, not make them. I have now on my library table *The British Army*, which, of course, must be reviewed; *The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century*, by Monsieur FRÉDÉRIC HAWKINS, uncommonly interesting, no doubt; *History of the People of Israel* — in the 60 per century; *Twenty-five Years in a Waggon*, which sounds monotonous, and suggests a series of "*A Week in a Hansom*," "*Fourteen Minutes in a Growler*," "*A Fortnight in a Fly*," and so forth. The title of *The Chronicles of Bow Street Police Court*, by PERCY FITZGERALD, is promising, though I do not remember having often come across his name in the police reports. There are some cases, however, which are taken early, and do not find their way into the daily journals which dismiss them summarily with the usual line, "After the ordinary night-charges had been disposed of, &c., &c." If there are many startling sensations in it, Mr. FITZGERALD would do well to give it a second title, "*Fitz and Starts*." Mr. OLIPHANT'S *Scientific Religion*, must be Oliphantine. Mr. FARGEON'S *Miser Farebrother* is the only one I've been able to get through since reading that light and airy work *Robert Elsmere*, but it does not represent Mr. FARGEON at his best, and he will, I hope, soon give us another which will make novel readers sit up. Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT'S charming story of *Sarah Crewe; or, What happened at Miss Minchin's*, I've read, and if I hadn't been entranced by *Little Lord Fauntleroy* first, I should have been loud in praise of this book as I was of the latter. For EDITHA'S *Burglar* I own I do not care; it is forced, but it makes me thoroughly appreciate Mr. VICE-VERSA-GUTHRIE'S *Burglar Bill*, which is one of the best among his subjects for reciters. At present I can do no more than mention these names, and include among them *A Wanderer's Notes*, by BEATTY-KINGSTON, whose motto, as a Special Correspondent here, there, and everywhere at a moment's notice, must be that "Wanders will never cease." Which reminds me that having wandered as far as Kingston, I must come back again, and sign myself,

Yours as ever,

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

The Shelves, Bukarest.

"THEY REALLY OUGHT TO PUT DOWN MORE SAND AT THE PARK GATES. MOST DANGEROUS!" SAYS BIGSBY MORE "TAKEN OUT OF HIMSELF" THAN EVER.

THE BRITISH OLLENDORFF.

A Military Exercise for Special English Study.

HAVE you the new rifle of the neighbour?—No; but I have the old gun and the corkscrew bayonet.

Then you have the gun of your father?

Yes, I have it (*je l'ai*), and also the howitzer of my grandfather.

Who has the newest gun and the best powder?—The Frenchman has the newest gun and the best powder; but I have the promise of a future report on the subject from a Committee of experienced scientific experts.

Is the Volunteer provided by the Authorities with the suitable equipment for rendering him an effective soldier?

No; but he is in the proud position of on all public occasions being reminded of the fact that he has the very best wishes of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

Will he then be enabled still to enjoy the benefits of his convenient Rifle Range in the vicinity of the Metropolis?

No; but the Duke will be in a position to make a pretty penny (*joliment son affaire*) by dealing on advantageous terms with his private property.

Is the country possessed of any scheme of organisation that would enable it to put two entire Army Corps in the field on a sudden emergency?

No; but it has the outline of a plan for requisitioning cart-horses, carefully put away in a pigeon-hole at the War Office.

Will the 180 swift-steaming cruisers deemed necessary for the protection of our commerce, be forthcoming when required?

No, they will not; but their place will be supplied by the optimistic utterances of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, furnished from time to time in the Daily Papers.

Are these some of the defences for which the country has paid its millions, and upon which it relied for its safety?

Yes; for these are the five comic ironclads, unprovided with guns, that the Admiralty has turned out as a substitute!

Does JOHN BULL not object to spending his money with a view to defending himself, and making his position secure?

No, JOHN BULL does not object to spending his money, but with it he can purchase neither ships, nor soldiers, nor transport, nor guns, nor barracks, nor anything else whatever at all useful for the purpose.

Has he, then, neither Army nor Navy?

No; he has neither Army nor Navy, but he has a Royal Commission and several voluminous Blue Books.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, May 26.—House crammed. Old times revived. Lorgnettes in requisition. "Fops' Alley" restored. That is, if Fops' Alley was up the middle and down again. Don't remember Fops' Alley myself, only heard of it. Remember time when every stall and box was identified with a somebody, and as a boy recollect elderly gentlemen becoming quite nervous on a subscribers' night if one of the stalls or a box was vacant.

Madame ALBANI, as the *Countess Almaviva* in the *Nozze di Figaro*, in superb voice. Countess not a great part; with one song (strenuously encored but not taken) and a fair share of a sprightly duet with Miss ELLA RUSSELL as the coquettish *Susanna*, in rather modern *Opéra Bouffe* style of costume, with dangerously high heels. Duet arouses unwonted enthusiasm. Demand for encore. ALBANI raises her eyebrows and implies, "Shall we?" Whereat ELLA RUSSELL replies with graceful gesture, "If you will. It's for *you* to decide." More applause. ALBANI gives in. Mr. RANDEGGER says, "Go on!" and on we go. Delightful. Everyone pleased. Floral tributes. Pretty to see ALBANI hand first bouquet to ELLA RUSSELL. Never lose by politeness. Next bouquet is a better one, and ALBANI gets it.

COTOGNI as *Figaro*—not quite a good figger (O!) for dancing. Looks as if good living and retirement on a pension in *Count Almaviva's* service had told upon him. The Barber is not so active as he was. Never mind. Charming music. Miss ARNOLDSON looks the larky young *Cherubino* to perfection. Will suggest to TOBY that should the House of Commons ever want to cast this Opera among themselves, Mr. HARRY LAWSON or Mr. BOBBY SPENCER would, either of them, make a first-rate *Cherubino*. Neither of them so pretty as the *pétillante* ARNOLDSON, but, as youths, each would look it and act it. House thoroughly appreciates ARNOLDSON. RAVELLI as the *Count* counts much, and scores accordingly. Choruses capital. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS excelling himself in the Third Act with a kind of Kate Vaughan ballet. Ballet of Blacklegs. Evidently intended to convey symbolically a moral before the Derby. Beware of blacklegs and gambolling. Austere critics raging wildly about the unities. How dare AUGUSTUS introduce WEBER's music into MOZART's Opera? "*Sic volo, sic jubeo*," replies DRURIOLANUS; and the public who appreciate the unqualified generosity of AUGUSTUS in giving them WEBER when they 'd only paid for MOZART, applaud vehemently, and the Curtain descends on a triumphant *finale* of WOZART-CUM-WEBER.

Dance of Blacklegs in *Not see de Figger O!*

Monday.—MINNIE HAUK as *Carmen* (Howk clever!), with Miss MCINTYRE as the ingenuous simple maiden. Glad puir Scotch lassie has recovered from the puir Scotch lassitude which prevented her from singing in *Don Giovanni*. Signor RAVELLI as *Don José*, a considerable improvement on poor DE REIMS. RAVELLI grows on you; he doesn't grow any taller, and both MINNIE and MACKY—meaning Miss HAUK and Miss MCINTYRE—have the advantage of him in height.

Saturday.—*Il Trovatore.* This, by its name, *Il Trove a Tory*, ought to be a favourite Opera with Signor CHAPLINI, Count CARLO BERESFORDINI, and other members of the Italian Organising Committee. *Il Trovatore* himself was excellently *Well Trovatore*, being sung in first-rate style by Signor RAVELLI, who received an enthusiastic and thoroughly well-deserved ovation. As a working tenor, Signor RAVELLI is invaluable, for, up to to-night, and since the early retirement of M. DE REIMS,—who must have been a native of a very flat country,—there has not been a single Opera, as far as I am aware, in which RAVELLI the Reliable has not appeared, and won his way with an appreciative public. Then there is little Mlle. BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent, who seems to delight in doing good work, and who, in the *rôle* of *confidante* to the soprano, is so deeply sympathetic and so strictly attentive to business, that, whether she appears as a youthful gipsy in *Carmen*, pretty and sprightly, or as the *confidante* already mentioned, or as a middle-aged lady in waiting in some other Opera, doleful and demure, or as a genuinely wicked old *Dame Martha* in *Faust*, it is always a pleasure to see her, and recognise her dramatic talent. To insure success, no Italian Opera Company should ever be without BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent and RAVELLI the Reliable. Madame SCALCHI, as usual, first favourite as *Azucena*. Signor D'ANDRADE looked the "twopence coloured" part of the melodramatic *Conte di Luna*. Mlle. MARGUERITE MARTINI, at first hearing, struck me as rather like the celebrated *Betty Martini*, who was famous for her rendering of the great *cavatina*, "*Al mi io*." House crammed, DRURIOLANUS delighted, and everyone on their legs to assist in the National Anthem, in honour of HER MAJESTY's birthday.

DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 14.—Spent the whole of the afternoon in the garden, having this morning picked up at a bookstall for fivepence a capital little book in good condition on Gardening. I procured and sowed some half-hardy Annuals in what I fancy will be a warm sunny border. I thought of a joke, and called out CARRIE. CARRIE came out rather testy I thought. I said, "I have just discovered we have got a lodging-house." She replied, "How do you mean?" I said, "Look at the *boarders*." CARRIE said, "Is that all you wanted me for?" I said, "Any other time you would have laughed at my little pleasantry." CARRIE said, "Certainly—*at any other time*, but not when I am busy in the house." The rest of the evening was spent in silence—both reading.

April 15, *Sunday.*—At three o'clock CUMMINGS and GOWING called for a good long walk over Hampstead and Finchley, and brought with them a friend named STILLBROOK. We walked and chatted together except STILLBROOK, who was always a few yards behind us staring at the ground and cutting at the grass with his stick. As it was getting on for five, we four held a consultation, and GOWING suggested that we should make for "The Cow and Hedge," and get some tea. STILLBROOK said, "A brandy and soda was good enough for him." I reminded them that all public-houses were closed till six o'clock. STILLBROOK said, "That's all right—*bonâ fide* travellers." We arrived, and as I was trying to pass, the man in charge of the gate said, "Where from?" I replied, "Holloway." He immediately put up his arm, and declined to let me pass. I turned back for a moment, when I saw STILLBROOK, closely followed by CUMMINGS and GOWING, make for the entrance. I watched them and thought I would have a good laugh at their expense. I heard the porter say, "Where from?" When to my surprise, in fact disgust, STILLBROOK replied "Blackheath," and the three were immediately admitted. GOWING called to me across the gate and said, "We shan't be a minute." I waited for them the best part of an hour. When they appeared they were all in most excellent spirits, and the only one who made an effort to apologise was Mr. STILLBROOK, who said to me, "It was very rough on you to be kept waiting, but we had another spin for S and B's." I walked home in silence. I couldn't speak to them. I felt very dull all the evening, but deemed it advisable *not* to say anything to CARRIE about the matter.

April 16.—After business set to work in the garden. When it got dark I wrote to CUMMINGS and GOWING (who neither called, for a wonder; perhaps they were ashamed of themselves) about yesterday's adventure at the "Cow and Hedge." Afterwards made up my mind not to write *yet*.

April 17.—Thought I would write a kind little note to GOWING and CUMMINGS about last Sunday, and warning them against Mr. STILLBROOK. Afterwards, thinking the matter over, tore up the letters, and determined not to *write* at all, but to *speak* quietly to them. Dumfounded at receiving a sharp letter from CUMMINGS, saying that both he and GOWING had been waiting for an explanation of *my* (mind you, MY) extraordinary conduct coming home on Sunday. At last I wrote, "I thought *I* was the aggrieved party; but as I freely forgive you, you, feeling yourself aggrieved, should bestow forgiveness on me." I have copied this *verbatim* in the diary, because I think it is one of the most perfect and thoughtful sentences I have ever written. I posted the letter, but in my own heart I felt I was actually apologising for having been insulted.

April 18.—Am in for a cold. Spent the whole day at the office sneezing. In the evening, the cold being intolerable, sent SARAH out for a bottle of Kinahan. Fell asleep in the arm-chair, and woke with the shivers. Was startled by a loud knock at the front door. CARRIE awfully flurried. SARAH still out, so went up, opened the door, and found it was only CUMMINGS. Remembered the grocer's boy had again broken the side-bell. CUMMINGS squeezed my hand, and said, "I've just seen GOWING. All right. Say no more about it." There is no doubt they are both under the impression I have apologised. While playing dominoes with CUMMINGS in the parlour, he said, "By the bye, do you want any wine or spirits? My cousin MERTON has just set up in the trade, and has a splendid whiskey, four years in bottle, at thirty-eight shillings. It is worth your while laying down a few dozen of it." I told him my cellars, which were very small, were full up. To my horror, at that very moment SARAH entered the room, and putting a bottle of whiskey, wrapped in a dirty piece of newspaper, on the table in front of us, said, "Please, Sir, the grocer says he ain't got no more Kinahan, but you 'll find this very good at two-and-six with twopence returned on the bottle, and please did you want any more sherry, as he has some at one-and-three, as dry as a nut"!!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

(THEIR PERVERSENESS.)

Paterfamilias, R.A., R.W.S., &c., &c. "THERE YOU GO, AS USUAL, STRUMMING AWAY ON THAT ABOMINABLE INSTRUMENT INSTEAD OF PAINTING! PEOPLE TELL ME YOU CAN PLAY AND SING LIKE A PROFESSIONAL NIGGER; AND YET, WITH ALL MY CARE, YOU CAN'T EVEN MAKE A DECENT COPY OF A PLASTER CAST!"

Constance. "AH! DEAR PAPA, IF YOU'D ALWAYS DISCOURAGED MY PAINTING AS MUCH AS YOU'VE ALWAYS DISCOURAGED MY MUSIC, BY THIS TIME I SHOULD PAINT ALMOST AS WELL AS YOU DO!"

NEW FRIENDS; OR, BUNG AND BRUM.

Bung. Well, come this is hearty! I do like this 'ere.
Dropping in for a glass in this way—as a friend!
Brum. Don't mention it, BUNG. This is excellent beer!
Your health, my dear boy, luck, and business no end!
Bung. Thanks! A precious deal more, Sir, than *some* parties wish;
That old hard 'un, at Ha'rden, for instance,—confound him!
Brum. Oh, he's past praying for. Pretty kettle of fish
He'd make of your business. You always *have* found him
Your enemy, BUNG. He will smash you,—or try.
But—*I* looks towards you!
Bung (*winking*). I ketches your h'eye!

Brum. Nice little place this. Lots o' trade, I suppose?
Bung. Well, I don't do so bad, though I say it as shouldn't.
Brum. But, robbed of your licence, you'd just have to close,
I presume. Wouldn't make it pay then?
Bung (*indignantly*). Sir, I couldn't.
A nastier, howdaciouser bit of black spite
Even Radicals couldn't have hit on.
Brum. (*dryly*). Precisely.
But then there are Rads, BUNG, *and* Rads.
Bung. Sir, you're right.
With Rads, Sir, like you, I can get along nicely.
Brum. Yes, yes; I'm your friend, as you'll prove, if you try.
I looks, BUNG, towards you!
Bung. I ketches your h'eye!

Bung. I did use to think you inclined to be down on
Us poor Licensed Wittlers,—a 'ardly-used lot, Sir!
Wested Interests was things as you once used to frown on;
But there, you've improved, and you now know wot's wot, Sir.
Brum. Improved? Oh dear no! There's no change, BUNG, in me.
Bung. Ah! but how about Toilers and Spinners,—and Ransom?
Brum. Oh, you wait awhile, my good friend, and you'll see.
But, as touching yourself, I would do the thing handsome.
Circumstances have changed, and not JOSEPH.
Bung (*winking*). I'm fly!
Brum. Well, I looks, BUNG, towards you!
Bung (*with a grateful smile*). I ketches your h'eye!

Brum. I'm for Equity, BUNG, Law is all very fine
For the Irish, because they are rebels and Papists;
But fine loyal fellows like *you*, landlord mine,
I shan't leave a prey to the pumps and red-tapists!
Bung. Ooray! Law be jiggered! You *are* a good sort.
Here's Hequity, Sir!—which that means Compensation.
We Wittlers and Brewers 'll 'ave some rare sport.
Don't mind being bought out, if it's done by the Nation—
'Ope the Nation 'll relish the figger, that's all.
Bless yer heart, Sir, the Nation won't do it, not never.
That dashed Local Hoption must go to the wall,
And Sir WILFRID will find he's been too jolly clever.
Brum. Easy, easy, friend BUNG! An old dog's slow to cry.
But—well, I looks towards you!
Bung. (*knowingly*). I ketches your h'eye!
[*Left hob-nobbing.*

"THE COURSE OF TIME."—There should be a new Derby Day version of POLLOK's Poem by Sir JOHN BENNETT, who, judging by his appearance at Epsom last Wednesday, is doing a match against Time, and winning it easily. No doubt Time has given him a wrinkle or two—*fas est ab hoste doceri*—but Sir JOHN is quite up to Time. Good Knight, Sir JOHN.

"THE GHOST OF AN ARGUMENT."—Immaterial to the issue.

NEW FRIENDS.

Right Hon. Joey C. "MR. BUNG, I LOOKS TO-WARDS YOU!" Mr. Bung. "SIR, I CATCHES YER H'EYE!!" [They carouse.

PRIVATE VIEWS OF ACADEMY PICTURES.

No. 712. Heavy Washing Day.

No. 687. Mad. "I'll strike you with a feather." Fan-cy portrait.

Nos. 226 and 231.
Rabbits (to one another). "Don't be frightened. It isn't a real Lion, or anything like it."

No. 413. Watch Dog with Telescope.
("An artistic joke.")

No. 220. Football.

DOMESTIC MELODIES;

OR, SONGS OF SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

By Sancho Preston Panza.

VI.—ON THE RECEIPT OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

AND is my hair as thin as that,
And are my feet so big,
And am I really getting fat,
With eyes like slumbrous pig?
And does the smile, wherewith I thought
To show the peace within,
Appear with wreathed folly fraught
Like this insensate grin?

Small wonder when, amid the dance,
I seek the young and fair,
They ask, with soft, confiding glance,
"Oh, *would* you mind a square?"
While rage and wounded vanity,
Like mingled powders fizz,
I cry, "Is this dark daub like me?"
And conscience cries, "It is!"

Ah! like the splash that makes you mad,
And AMARYLLIS scream,
When in swift launch the careless cad
Goes hurling up the stream,
Or when the cloudland crystals fleck
The air with feathery mazes,
A snowball bursts upon your neck
And makes you jump like blazes,—

Or when the booby-trap is sprung
Above your chamber door,
Or when the chairless weight is flung,
Unchecked, upon the floor,
Or like the street-door's sudden slam,
So is the shock to me,
Contrasting what I really am
With what I hoped to be.

Farewell the dreams of fond romance
Of wedding-bells and dresses,
The dear discomforts of the dance,
The fancied fondness of a glance,
False smiles and doubtful tresses.
Henceforth I spurn the worldling-crew,
Renounce my cousin MABEL,
And yield myself heart-whole unto
The pleasures of the table.

ONE DEGREE BETTER.—"*Beg your pardon—Grant your Grace*"—the ten dissentients haven't begged his pardon, but the Senate has granted his Grace, and GRANDOLPH is to have his honorary D.C.L. at the same time that it is conferred on H.R.H. Prince ALBERT VICTOR.

MR. PUNCH'S GREAT DERBY CRYPTOGRAM.

RIGHT again! From amongst the thousands of letters *Mr. Punch* has received from those of his readers who have deciphered—and profited by—his Great Derby Cryptogram, here is one:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You Grand Old Oracle! I drink your jolly good health in '74 Champagne, and I've taken care that you shall have the fullest opportunity of responding in the same splendid tipple. Your Cryptogramic Derby "Tip" was as clear as mud. I took it like a shot, and am a Twenty Thousand-Pounder to-day in consequence. "First here will, of course, be first at Epsom," says the Tip; the very *first* paragraph of BACON's contribution gives the name of "the absolute Winner," as the advertising humbugs have it. That paragraph hath eight sentences. Put the first letter of the first words in those sentences together—those first words being, As—Youth—Racing—Shopboy—How—It—REGIOMONTANUS's—Eighty—and *you have the name of the Derby Winner of* 1888—*Ayrshire!!!!!!* Wonderful! DONNELLY's not in it. Yours, opulently, I. S. POTTEM.

True, Mr. POTTEM; but that's not all. The Cryptogram is full of "tips" from beginning to end. Look a little lower down. "Not as the *Crow* flieth, but as the Swallow wheeleth," says the mystic script. And "*Be eyes right ready yet.*" Put this and that together, and you have the *second* in the Derby, "Crowberry" to wit! To make assurance doubly sure, *Mr. Punch* says, still further on, "See me reverse! In this way. 'Yonder real runner evidently bears winning *or* "realising" colours!'" Read the initials here in reverse order, and you get a second, "Crowberry." And "Crowberry" *was* second. And did not those who backed him for a place win or realise?

Yet again. Take the latter sentences of the Cryptogram. "The *van* cannot be in the rear. *Don't I evidently mean another nubibustic secret lucidly and not darkly to reveal?*" And there you have "Van Dieman's Land," the third in the Derby! Q. E. F.!!! Was ever so complete a "Tip" as this of *Mr. Punch's?*

But even this is not all. The Cryptogram contains—as DONNELLY says BACON's does—*an elaborate arithmetical cypher.* Here is a specimen:—

The (1·7) Derby (3·80) Winner (3·108) of (3·9) Eighty-eight (3·89-90) is (1·13) A (6·1) Y (6·8) R (6·11) S (6·25) H (6·23) I (6·5) R (6·37) E (6·9).

Like Mr. DONNELLY, *Mr. Punch* means to "withhold the full explanation" of this bracketed-dotted-hyphenated-mathematico-mystic cypher. His readers will, doubtless, prefer to work it out themselves. He would simply, in conclusion, call their attention to the significant warning already given in last week's Cryptogram:—"And mind ye are not put off the scent of the veritable quarry by obvious herring-trails, diverted from the true track by false clues!"

Hooray!

PUNCH.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

"By the bye, I wish you would get me a Card for the Duchess of Beaumorriss's Dance!"

"I'll try. But you'll have to get a Costume from her, or a Bonnet, or *Something*,—as she only asks her *Customers!*"

METROPOLITAN MEMS.

Thanks, I prefer *not* crossing the Park after dark unless attended by a squadron of Horse Guards.

No, when I referred to the "horrible crime" in Oxford Terrace, I was not speaking of the affair of the day before yesterday, when a harmless bank clerk was set upon in broad daylight and "settled" by ten roughs armed with daggers, whose excuse was that they "mistook him for somebody else." I mean yesterday's murder—of the City Missionary, his wife, and three children by the escaped convict in the East End.

As there are two suspicious-looking men now coming up the front steps, armed with jemmies and carrying skeleton keys, perhaps it would be as well for us to go out on the roof and drag the ladder up after us through the sky-light till they have completed their survey of the premises.

Dear me! This is the twenty-seventh fresh clue that the Police are said to have found to the murder in North-East Highbury since it was committed two days ago.

It can hardly be said that the detectives have exhibited no energy in connection with "the West Dulwich Flaying-alive Case." Why, only yesterday they arrested my maternal aunt and two of my cousins up from the country on the charge of being the persons wanted for the crime, and only released them after twenty-four hours on bread-and-water in a dark cell, upon the urgent assurances of the Vicar of the parish, the local Medical Man, and a firm of Solicitors, that they were really quite innocent.

Between tip-cat and unarrested assassins, a walk along the streets of London is becoming as exciting an achievement as a trip across the Dark Continent.

I am sorry you do not like my new Botany Bay port, of extra quality, for which I gave sevenpence the half bottle, but I really cannot go down into my cellar to get any other kind, because I heard a very strange noise just now; and the only question remaining is, whether it is the Manchester murderer, the two Canonbury ditto, or the unarrested members of the Regent's Park gang, who are down there.

The Channel Bridge in the Air.—What sort of structure would be the most suitable for bridging over the "Silver Streak"?—The *Pons Asinorum.*

SHUT, SESAME!

(*A Fairy Story of the Regent's Park.*)

"So, Captain Rip," said the Enchantress, "you have had your sleep for a hundred years, and now you are quite awake?"

"Thank you, fair lady," replied the Knight of the Road, raising his feathered hat courteously, "that indeed I am. I do well remember a century ago here were the Mary le Bone Gardens—a lonely spot all round, and excellent for gentlemen of my profession. In those days there was no Wimpole Street—we only had Welbeck Mews; and as for Cavendish Square, it was hardly finished."

"Your wish has been realised," smilingly replied the Enchantress. "It is 1888—the year after Her Majesty's Jubilee."

"How different from a hundred years ago!" cried the highwayman. "Then the roads were infested with robbers who courteously offered the benighted citizen either to take his purse or his life. Things are changed now!"

"You can see for yourself," replied the Enchantress, rather dryly. "If you want me, cry 'Open, Sesame!' and the gates will yield me up." Upon this the fairy disappeared.

"This is indeed pleasant," said the reformed thief. "How delightful to ride in comfort and peace in this beautiful park! How happy must be the inhabitants living in the neighbourhood! How——"

He had got thus far in his soliloquy, when suddenly a rabble of shouting jibing roughs surrounded him.

"Do you come from the Grove?" yelled one.

"Are you from the Dock?" shrieked another.

And then with one accord they fell upon him and tried to kill him! Captain Rip set spurs to his horse, and with great difficulty escaped. As he galloped away, ruffians of all kinds sprang up from every corner, and tried to stop him. "Open, Sesame!" he cried when he had distanced his pursuers, and immediately the Enchantress reappeared before him.

"Well," she asked, "what do you want with me?"

"I never in my life saw anything more brutal—more barbarous! Prithee, 'Shut, Sesame!' Close the gates!"

"No; that charm won't work," sorrowfully explained the good fairy. "The First Commissioner of Works has ordered the gates to remain open, and he is more powerful than I. I cannot close them for you!"

"Then let me sleep again. Perhaps a hundred years hence the state of the Regent's Park may be better."

"At any rate," responded the obliging Enchantress as she granted him his request, "*whatever that change may be, it cannot make matters worse!*"

A REAL "EMERGENCY MAN."

"One rescue was effected in a most praiseworthy manner by a labourer named David Buchanan, who ascended the ladder, but, finding it too short to reach the upper story, climbed at great personal risk to the window-sill, and from there handed down one of the girls."—"*Times*" *account of the disastrous fire in the Edgware Road.*

'Tis a real relief, 'midst official unreadiness,
To find an example of prompt pluck and steadiness.
One man did not know how to fear or to fail!
It lightens the gloom of that heart-chilling tale.
Bravo, my brave "labourer"! *Punch* doffs his cap
At the labour of love of this stout-hearted chap.
There are few seeking fame at the mouth of the cannon
Who show cooler courage than David Buchanan!

"The Merry Wives" at Oxford.—The Sister University has gone far ahead of Cambridge in admitting ladies to take parts in their Theatrical performances. What do Margaret Hall and Magdalene say to such goings on between the Undergraduate Amateurs and "Merry Wives," which is evidently only a synonym for "Frisky Matrons"? An admirer of the present French high-heels fashion on the stage says that there ought to be a Ladies' Thespian College, to be called *All Heels*, in contradistinction to *All Souls*?

House of Commons, Thursday, May 31.—House resumed after Whitsun Recess. SPEAKER back in Chair in renewed health and vigour, whereat all rejoice. Benches not overcrowded. Most of the Sixth Form boys, including G. O. M., extended their holidays till Monday. Only Treasury Bench crowded. JACKSON looking round empty benches rather thinks he'll get a block of votes in Committee of Supply. Turned out otherwise. House once in Committee, two or three gentlemen on Opposition Benches unexpectedly display consuming thirst for knowledge. GEORGE CAMPBELL wants to know whether Government have "really and truly abandoned the Soudan?" W. MCARTHUR inquired about the new King of Samoa. A. PEASE, not to be outdone, trots out that well-known ex-Irish Member, King JA JA. Sage of Queen Anne's Gate blandly insisted upon being informed "What is the policy of Her Majesty's Government in Europe?"

"A nice comprehensive question," said PLUNKET. "Reminds me of true story about GEORGE ELLIOT (not the Novelist) dining with DIZZY at Hughenden. 'And what,' said rotund Baronet, settling himself comfortably after dinner, with leg extended on second chair, 'and what do you think of GLADSTONE?'"

FERGUSSON put up to answer cloud of questioners. They mock themselves of him. Things beginning to look cloudy. Old Morality sent for. Comes in hurriedly. Throws himself into breach, to great relief of FERGUSSON. Delicious to hear him, in measured tones, with grave countenance, unsuspecting the joke, declare his "determination to maintain the peace of Europe." Not W. H., *or* H. W., but NAPOLEON BONAPARTE SMITH!

Morning Post announces arrival in Town, after holidays, of JOSEPH GILLIS, from his Château in Ireland. Here, sure enough; observing absence of G. O. M., naturally assumes office of Leader of Opposition. Questions Old Morality as to course of public business. At midnight, when progress reported, returns again to front, and takes charge of things generally. Seats himself above Gangway, the more surely to catch SPEAKER's eye. Members in charge of Private Bills vainly endeavoured to advance them. JOEY B. down on them like the Eagle of Skibbereen. His shrill "I 'bject" rings through House; discomfited Members retire; Bill after Bill postponed, and so home to bed. *Business done.*—Civil Service Estimates.

Friday.—A sleepy night. Yesterday quite exhilarating, by comparison. First deep in discussion of relations between Trustees of Savings Banks and the State. Then PICTON introduced the Small-pox from Sheffield; Members fled in affright. Not to be reassured by ANDERSON, who discoursed at large upon private rights in Mussel-beds in the tidal waters of Scotland. Then Supply. CONYBEARE objected to abandoning Isle of Ascension. GEORGE HAMILTON, on part of Government, offered to retain Island if CONYBEARE would go and live there during Parliamentary Session. This suggestion for removing from House what GRANDOLPH picturesquely calls "The Curse of Camborne," received with general approval; noting which, CONYBEARE naturally dissented.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.

A REAL "RICHMOND GEM."

"Sir JOHN WHITTAKER ELLIS has completed the purchase of The Castle Hotel property from Mr. TOD-HEATLEY, and has presented it to the town of Richmond, for the preservation of the beautiful view of the River which the site commands."

Vide Daily Papers.

BY WHITTAKER ELLIS
The Castle Hotel is
To Richmond presented,
So Richmond's contented;
So, too, completely,
Is Mr. TOD-HEATLEY.
Right sort of Swell is
Sir WHITTAKER ELLIS;
Deserving his wealth;
Punch drinks his good health.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A SENSATION BALLOON ASCENT.

SCENE—*Pleasure Grounds, from which an Ascent is to be made. Crowd of British Sightseers discovered, struggling to get as close as possible to the Balloon.*

A Jaded Female (who carries the basket, and has been gazing at the Balloon with a face utterly devoid of expression). And is she going up in *that* thing?

Her Husband (who is always a trifle "nasty" when he comes out to enjoy himself). Wodger 'spose she 's going up in—a steam-ingine?

The Female Aëronaut appears amidst frantic applause, and waits till final arrangements are completed.

A Morbid Sightseer. Fine woman, ain't she? Looks a little pale, though. There 's some interest in seeing a woman do a thing o' this sort. [*Gloats.*

Uninformed S. Can you tell me, Sir—is the lady going to sit on the trapeze?

Well-informed S. Oh, there 'd be nothing particularly new in *that!* You see that rope hanging from the bar? Well, there 's an india-rubber pad at the end of it, and she takes hold of that in her mouth, and is carried up, hanging by her teeth.

Uninformed S. (*uneasily*). But I suppose she 'll be tied on, or something?

Well-informed S. Oh *dear*, no! Why, where on earth would the attraction be *then?*

[*The Uninformed S. feels that he has said something rather foolish, and subsides.*

Highly Respectable Briton (to his family). Well, I'd entirely forgotten there was any such performance as this going on, or I wouldn't have come: but I suppose, now we *are* here, we may as well—eh?

[*They all suppose they "may as well—eh?" and do.*

First Apologetic Spectator. There wouldn't be so many looking on if there was any *harm* in it, would there? [*Remains gazing.*

Second Ditto. It's no use setting up to be better than one's neighbours. If *I* don't look on, others *will.* [*Remains gazing.*

The Humorous 'Arry. I say, fancy if she was to be took with a sneezing fit up in the air, eh?

His Admiring 'Arriet. Oh, go *on*, do! making me larf like that!

The Jaded Female. Nothing but her teeth to 'old on by! I dunno how *mine* 'ud stand it.

Her Husband (with marital candour). I dunno 'bout your teeth—but you 've got *jaw* enough for anything!

Loquacious S. Ah, it's getting near time now. See, she's taking the pad in her teeth—she'll give the signal in a minute!

A Timid Girl. Oh, I can't look—I *must* hide my eyes—it's so awful!

Practical Mother. Don't talk that ridiculous, Sarah Ann—hiding your eyes when you've been paid for to look—it's waste o' money!

Cheery S. (*with a breezy courage, as if he were going up himself*). Don't be alarmed, there's really no danger—not the slightest, she's *accustomed* to it!

The Morbid Man. No danger—unless she turned giddy and fainted.

Loquacious S. (*with importance*). Ah, I see the Flying Man come down, *I* did. That's fifteen or sixteen year ago now—but I see him. He did fall *clumsy*, too. Come down *any'ow*—like this.

[*Illustrates with gestures.*

The Morbid M. If you get up to any height at all, and *then* fall—why, it stands to reason (*with a grim gusto*) you smash like a hegg!

Loquacious S. That's true enough. I've 'eard of 'em making 'oles in the ground. But they say you're dead long afore you reach the bottom.

The M. M. 'Oo says so? Not the parties themselves. (*Perceives with surprise, that he has said something entertaining, and proceeds to elaborate.*) *They* ain't in no condition to say, one way or the other.

The Humorous 'Arry. Don't she take 'old on it, neither! *there's* a grip for yer! Shouldn't care for my '*and* to be where that pad is. Wod are they waitin' for now, eh? They're takin' their tea up in that bloomin' car!

[*'Arriet giggles responsively.*

The M. M. Now's the time. If the balloon was to give a jerk——

Crowd. They're off . . . . A-a-h-h! How she did shoot up, didn't she? She's got to look quite small already.

They stare up, huddling up against one another in the pleasurable thrill of an entirely novel sensation.

The Humorous 'Arry. 'Owd yer like to see *me* 'anging up there, 'stead of 'er, eh, 'Arriet?

[*Cynical Bystander, who does not appreciate* 'Arries, *considers privately that the exchange would be a highly beneficial arrangement for most parties concerned.*

The Crowd. You can jest make her out still. Keeps her 'ands be'ind 'er, you see. It's worth coming out for—I will say *that* much!

The Jaded Female. Poor thing!

Her Husband. Pore thing? Wodger tork sech rubbish for! Ain't she *paid* for it? I wish *I* got as well paid for 'arf an hour's work.

The Practical Mother (*to Crying Child*). There, there, Polly, what's the good o' taking on *now?* If the lady *do* fall, she won't fall on top o' *you!*

Cheery S. She must be at least a thousand feet above the earth now. You can only just see the balloon.

Highly Respectable Briton (*to his conscience*). After all, it's the courage and the—er—grace and skill of the thing one comes to see.

The Morbid Man (*turning away, with a feeling of slight depression*). She won't fall—*she*'s right enough. There's nothing to look at any longer. I'm off!

The Humorous 'Arry. As soon as she thinks no one's a lookin' at 'er, she'll nip up into the car. She won't keep on a bit longer than she can 'elp, I'll lay. I'm goin' to 'ave a try for a coker-nut.

Dispersing Crowd. Well, I wouldn't ha' missed it for nothing. We mustn't forget to look in the papers to see if she comes down.

Patriotic Pleasure-Seeker. It really is a fine sight to see a people enjoying themselves in a simple natural way like this, in the open air. When you think of Spain, where the only notion of pleasure is a bull-fight——

[*His sense of superiority overpowers him.*

ROBERT'S SILWER WEDDIN IM.

I've married hin for twenty-five long ears
To fare Loowerser, my own nupshal spowse,
And tho' life isn't allers beer and skittels,
I've ne'er repented of my marridge wows.

I looks around and hears the world's wild rore,
All trying of their best to appy bee,
And allers pitys the old Bacheldore
As has to set at home without no She!

Supposin as he's bin and made sum money,
There's no fond Wife at tome to share his glee;
Supposin as he don't feel well, nor funny,
There ain't no woice to make his misery flee.

But if the Usband's had a fruteful day
How gladly does he hasten ome to tell her,
And off they goes to see sum cheerfool Play
In cumpany with her fare sister Bellar!

No! taking notes of all our hups and downs,
My married life has prooved, quite free from banter,
That singel blessedness is full of frowns,
And appy cupples wins it in a kanter!

Robert.

A MILITARY MATINÉE.

(*By a Rank Civilian.*)

June 2.—Show called *Trooping the Colours* advertised for 10 sharp. Parade Ground full. Performance doesn't commence till 10·30. Our Only General riding to and fro between Horse Guards and Marlborough House, looking anxious. What has happened? Has a button come off Commander-in-Chief's uniform at the last moment, and no needle and thread at hand? Has the civilian valet put out a wrong costume for H.R.H. the Prince? Can't the bearskin be found anywhere?

Several stout Warriors on horseback ride in. Impossible to distinguish them—that is, more than they are, as, by their medals and gold trimmings, they are all sufficiently distinguished individuals already.

Officer in front riding in stateliest manner on highly-trained steed. Suddenly, highly-trained steed starts back on seeing the soldiers. Stately Officer nearly turns a catherine-wheel over charger's head. Equanimity and equilibrium restored. Which is the Prince? Which is the Duke? From this distance whichever you like, my little dear. Everybody remarking distinguished Officer in bright blue. Someone says, "Oh, he's a Blue Hungarian." Explanation gives general satisfaction for the moment. What are they going to do now?

10·30.—Life Guards' Band in full fig. (why "fig"? fruitless inquiry this), with usual gold coats and jockey caps (why "jockey caps"?), plays a snatch of National Anthem. Snatch is repeated at intervals. Air never played right through. Why? Don't they know it by this time? Lieutenant Dan Godfrey should see to this, or, if not Godfrey, at all events, one of the Military Musical Leaders. *A propos* of Band, lady inquires, "Where is 'the Saluting Bass'?" Never heard of instrument being employed in this manner. Point out to her that the Band is only "wind" not "string": therefore neither Bass nor violoncello present: therefore no "saluting Bass." If "Saluting Bass" were here, there would also be a Bowing and Scraping Fiddle. She explains that she meant "B.a.s.e" not "B.a.s.s." Polite of her to spell it in this manner. If sarcastically inclined, might have omitted the "B" in second word. Military gentleman, a spectator on my right, points out the "Saluting Base," which consists of H. R. H.'s, Field Marshals, and such like.

Having come here to see the colours trooped, I want to know where are the colours. Don't see them,—that is, not what *I* should call "colours." Military person says, "There! they're going to fetch the colours now." Soldiers march languidly across while Band plays Luther's Hymn, or something like it out of the *Huguenots*. I expect to see several flagstaffs and flags that have braved a hundred years the battle and the breeze. Oh, dear no. "There are the colours," says military friend, pointing. "What those!" I exclaim, seeing only an officer of some sort holding something like a small pocket-handkerchief on the top of a stick. "Yes," answers military friend with pride, "those are the colours." Officer with pocket-handkerchief on stick and body of soldiers march languidly along, as if they had all been out late the night before ("the night before the battle, Mother!") and were very tired. Think they'll all lie down presently and go to sleep. Same idea probably strikes Conductor of the Band, as he gives signal for striking up lively air from *Old Guard*. Arthur Roberts and Victory! All brisk again. Pipers in National Highland costume might now do a reel. They don't, and all relapse again into solemnity, relieved occasionally by the snatches above-mentioned of the National Anthem. Then some gallant officer, mounted, rides into centre, and shouts something perfectly unintelligible. "That's all wrong," mutters my military neighbour, discontentedly; "there's no such word of command in the British Army." Military man probably right, as whatever the command was, nobody moves, and no one takes any notice of it. Crowd breaks up. Distinguished Warriors ride away slowly. The colours have been "troop'd." *Sic transit gloria* Saturday morning. Monotonous as a spectacle. Next time better entrust the management to Generalissimo Augustus Druriolanus assisted by Hengler.

G. O. M. to G. Y. M.

"It is all moonshine, Gentlemen."—*Mr. Gladstone to Excursionists à propos of the Irish policy of "some persons at Birmingham."*

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe C.,
When we were first acquent,
Your visage smug and shaven
Filled me with much content.
But now you've gone exceeding wrong,
Your policy's no go,
It's moonshine, and it makes me mad,
Joe Chamberlain, my Joe.

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe C.,
We used to pull together,
And some thought you'd succeed me, Joe,
When I had run my tether.
But now you call me trickster old,
"Past praying for!" Oho!
Moonshine! I shall not ask *your* prayers,
Joe Chamberlain, my Joe!

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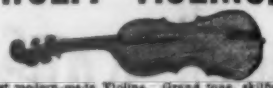

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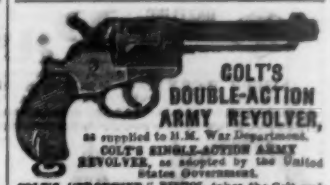

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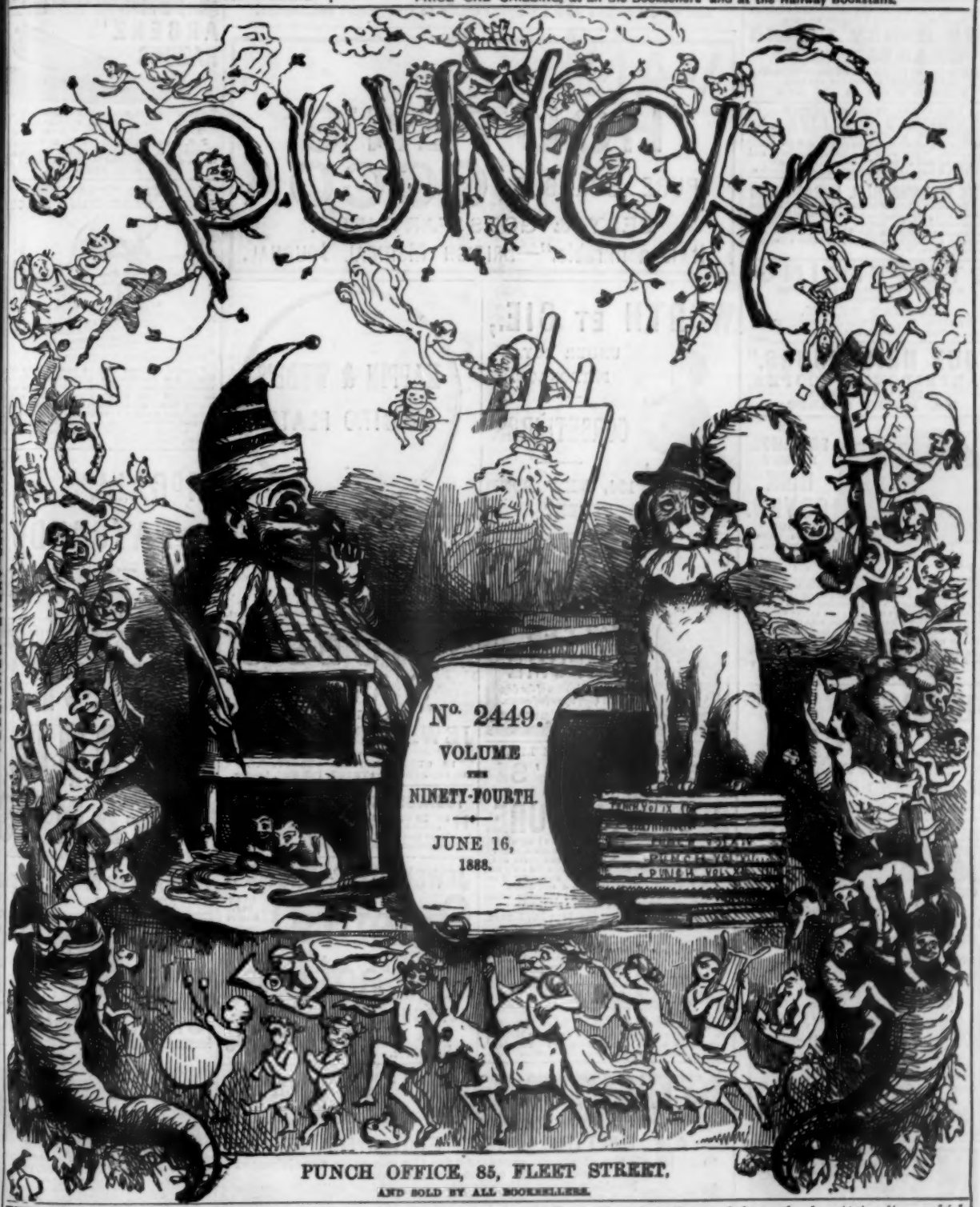

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SCENE—*Scotland Yard. Prominent Member of the Clan-na-Gael Conspiracy gang discovered interviewing Chief of Detective Department.*

Prominent Member. The top o' the mornin' to ye, Misther Inspector. Shure now ye didn't expect to see me at all?

Chief of Department. On the contrary, Mr. O'BLAZER, I was advised of your visit.

Prominent Member. Ah! there now! Shure, ye know everything! Maybe, now, ye've got hold of my little programme?

Chief of Department. Yes, I think I can give it you. (*Takes paper from pigeon-hole.*) You were to blow up the Mansion House yesterday, the Clock Tower to-day, Buckingham Palace to-morrow, and the Bank the day after. That is correct, I think?

Prominent Member. Bedad, Sorr, it is. But with your four fellows a stickin' to me like leeches wherever I go, it's divil a bit of it I can carry out, anyway. Ah! well, ye won't be knowing, I guess, what I've got in this little bag here (*producing black hand-bag*), and what I'm meaning to do with it?

Chief of Department. Yes, that bag contains three pounds and a half of dynamite, and you have brought it here with the intention of blowing up these premises. I think perhaps, under the circumstances, it will be safer in my keeping. (*Takes it.*)

Prominent Member. Well, there now! Shure ye baffle me entoirely. There seems just nothing for me to do but to be getting home again.

Chief of Department. I think, perhaps, that is about the best thing you can do. We'll undertake to see you safe on board.

Prominent Member. Ah! well, there, now, I'm very much obleeged to ye. Good mornin', Sorr!

[*Takes his leave, and is seen safe on board for New York, where he arrives in due course, to "report progress."*

APPROPRIATE.—Dr. FLEMING is said to have succeeded in curing roaring in horses. When he visits the Irish Exhibition, the Band have arranged to salute him with the air of "*Rory-no-More.*"

STRANGE CASE OF MERRIMANIA—COMPLETE CURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As Merrimania is nowadays not an uncommon ailment, I think you will be interested to learn how I completely escaped from it. My Doctor, on my last visit to him, found that I was in the highest possible spirits—I laughed, made jokes, I was full of amusing stories. He shook his head, and recommended an immediate course of Exhibitions.

"I do not advise you to visit the Picture Galleries," he said, as he felt my pulse, "as that would be almost too strong a remedy. The sudden transition from great gaiety to the depths of melancholy, which would assuredly follow, would be injurious. I think you might safely try a little of the waste land at Earl's Court, mixed with a weak solution of Olympia, and the Conservatory attached to the Albert Hall. But, before following this prescription, I would suggest you should prepare yourself by attending an evening *fête* at the Flower Market at Covent Garden. It will give you strength to bear your subsequent treatment."

To hear was to obey; and that very night I found myself in the midst of thousands and thousands of the loveliest flowers—lilies, geraniums, roses, and pansies. On its merits, an extremely pretty sight.

The next morning, in higher spirits than ever, I visited the Italian Exhibition. I am happy to say that the depressingly long passage from the railway platform to the entrance, the immense gallery to the ex-happy hunting-grounds of BUFFALO BILL, and the considerable walk through the building before I could get to the Concert Hall and Theatre, did me a world of good. As I passed under seemingly endless arches of artificial vines, I became duller and duller, and felt my face growing longer with every step. Some of the exhibits, too, had a decidedly sobering effect, especially those of British manufacture. I passed through a marquee wherein some Minstrels in the costume of Neapolitan fishermen, were giving rather a humorous entertainment, and entered the saloon devoted to a "wonderful performance" of "FRATELLI PRANDI's celebrated Italian Burattini, or Marionettes." There was a stage, with a proscenium suggestive of "the Theatre Royal Back Drawing Room," and a full-sized orchestra. The *lever du rideau* was "a gorgeous representation taken from the Scriptures," called *The Universal Deluge.* It went with roars of laughter from the "great procession of animals" down to the final *tableau* depicting "the flight of the unfortunate victims, the raging of the exterminating waters, and the roar and crash of the thunder," which again (to quote the programme) "proved a truly marvellous scene." Some of the animals were rather feeble about the legs, and many of the unfortunate victims preferred waltzing in the exterminating waters with greater vigour than grace, to attempting to escape. However, as a whole, the performance was fairly amusing, although I have my doubts whether it would quite suit the Polytechnic, even in these days, when that once popular institution is given over to the rulers of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The "Magnificent Historico-Allegorical Fantastic Ballet, in fourteen scenes, entitled *Excelsior*" was not so entertaining. It was long, and (after the novelty of watching the puppets had passed off) wearisome. However, it suggested to me that some of our pieces relying more upon music, scenery, and *mise en scène* than on dialogue, might be played with advantage by Marionettes. For instance, I should like to see *The Mikado* dealt with in this way at Earl's Court. *The Pompadour* too, so full of interest to the antiquarian, would lend itself admirably to this treatment; and again *Masks and Faces*, with its graceful *gavotte* (invented by Mr. D'AUBAN) could be included in the *répertoire.* Possibly, in the cause of Art, Mr. and MRS. BEERBOHM TREE and MRS. BERNARD BEERE might be induced to lend their valuable assistance in carrying out this really excellent proposal.

It appears from Mr. SIMS's expression of hearty approbation which is printed on the programme, that the eminent melodramatist thinks that these Marionettes "will draw all London." Of course he will give up WILSON BARRETT, and one of his melodramas would be just the very thing for the Puppets.

Thoroughly depressed by the "Burattini," I left the Italian Exhibition and asked for a railway ticket to South Kensington. "If you wish to go to the Anglo-Danish," said the clerk, "you won't get in. I may tell you, Sir, that it is closed because it is being reserved to-day for the female Freemasons who are taking tea with the Royal Family."

Warned in time, I asked for a ticket for The Irish O'Lympia, and completed my cure. Whatever the Exhibition may be in its future, it is at this present moment a most melancholy spot. The grounds are a mass of brick and mortar, which are gradually assuming the appearance of completed houses and artificial ruins; the exhibits, with the exception of some bottles of whiskey, are spiritless. The music of the Connaught Regiment and the Inniskilling Fusileers is not wildly rollicksome. Ten minutes of Olympia reduced me to tears, and I felt that my doctor's experiment had been successful.

Yours weepingly, A WISER AND A SADDER MAN.

THE MODERN VENUS ATTIRED BY THE THREE DIS-GRACES.

Costers' Comments.

First Coster. 'Oo wos it as married—the Royal Germans, I mean—a couple of weeks ago?

Second Ditto. Don'tcherno? Why, it was Prince 'Enery, son of the Hemprer, spliced to the Princess Hiren.

Nuda Veritas.—How cold a Non-betting Man must be! He never "has anything on"!

Imperial Improvement.—There seems to have been better and more hopeful news from Germany lately. The only question now seems to be about The Diet and the Constitution. Surely Sir Morell Mackenzie's advice will be sufficient on these two important points.

"I love old churches," said Mrs. Ram. "Such curious figures outside, and then the quaint gargles with the open mouths used for rain water."

THE MAGISTRATE'S SONG.

THE cases were over, the Magistrate rose,
Quite glad to be able to beat a retreat;
He held his handkerchief up to his nose,
For the Dalston Court-house was not very sweet.

And he sat him down in his private room;
But suddenly leaped again to his feet
With a scream that made the Reporters stare
And the Clerk jump up from his seat.

The Solicitor paused in extracting his fee;
His Client slipped out of the way;
The "Drunks and Disorderlies" sniggered and grinned,
And thought 'twas a curious "lay."

Then the Magistrate said, "I have known many Courts,
But never until to-day
Have I seen a judicial *sanctum* filled
With—well, with creatures of prey!"

ITALIANO IN KENSINGTONIO.

Suggestion for Improvements (by an Occasional Correspondent).—There ought to be such a tramway as there is on a long pier, to convey passengers at a halfpenny apiece from the District Railway Station to the top of the steps of the Italian Exhibition and back. As it is—it is a weary walk. An enterprising individual might make a fortune here with a tramway or bath-chairs, or atmospheric or electric rail. I went to see a rehearsal of PRANDI'S Marionettes on Tuesday, by special invitation. But though my visit was post-prandi-al, we were too soon for Signor PRANDI, who was hard at work erecting the Marionette Theatre. "Could I interview the puppets?" I asked, not relishing having come there for nothing. There was some hesitation; a consultation between Signor PRANDI and two assistants, and then a courteous official informed me with a bashful air, as though admitting me to a delicate confidence, that he was "afraid I couldn't see any of the puppets to-day, as they were all undressed." Not for worlds would I intrude, I replied, and, having promised to come another day, I retired.

THE *World*, in an article entitled "The Rhapsody of Rapping," asks some pertinent questions, to which answers should be given by the individuals who are mentioned by name in Mrs. HOME'S book about her husband, as witnesses of the marvellous manifestations on which his spiritualistic reputation was founded. These answers will be deeply interesting to all who either have not made up their minds long ago on the subject, or are Homesick of the whole thing.

"SLIGHTLY MIXED."

Mistress (to Maid, who has just received a Month's Notice). "I WOULD RATHER NOT GIVE YOU A CHARACTER AT ALL. BUT IF YOU INSIST UPON IT, OF COURSE I SHALL TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU."

Maid. "AND IF YOU DO, MA'AM, I SHALL SUTTINGLY BRING AN ACTION FOR DEFIMATION O' CHARACTER!"

JOHN BRIGHT.

(AIR—"*John Brown.*")

WE are glad you're on the mend,
For you're everybody's friend,
And the troops of your admirers still increase,
JOHN BRIGHT!
You've a fashion of your own,
Which the English race has grown
To bear with even when it does not please,
JOHN BRIGHT!

So when you're well once more,
A congratulatory roar
Will sound from every section of the State,
JOHN BRIGHT!
And each will brim his glass
To a patriot first-class,
Who's as sturdy in his love as in his hate,
JOHN BRIGHT!

Sober Britons fly "like birds"
To listen to your words
Of fiery force, of stately sound and sweet,
JOHN BRIGHT!
And they love your common sense,
And your hatred of pretence,
And fashionable fawning and deceit,
JOHN BRIGHT!

ROYAL PARKS AND PLEASURE GARDENS.

À PROPOS of the first illustration of the Pleasures of a Pleasure Horse in London, which appeared in last week's number, several Correspondents wish to know—

First. If gravel is very expensive, because the Authorities in charge of the Park are very sparing in the use of it in those most dangerously slippery places, the Park Gate entrances.

Secondly. Who *are* "the Authorities" who have the management of the Parks and of Kensington Gardens? Is it the First Commissioner, the Hon. DAVID ROBERT PLUNKET with "GEORGE RANGER" of St. James's, Green and Hyde Parks, with the Police Commissioners?

Thirdly. Can't the Hon. D. R. PLUNKET find, somewhere pigeon-holed away in his office, plans for rides through Kensington Gardens, under shady trees, as in the *Bois de Boulogne?* And if he can't, cannot "the Dook" find them in his office of Ranger? If any difficulty, refer to former intelligent officials, Mr. SH-W L-F-VRE and B-RTIE M-TF-RD.

Fourthly. What has become of the tan-ride right round Regent's Park? Who "ranges" Regent's Park? Apparently no one, at present, except Roughs.

Fifthly. (*For Sir Charles Warren.*) Have such Policemen as are stationed at the corners of thoroughfares close to Park Gates, received strict orders that, on the appearance of anyone on horseback,—attempting to cross the road in order to enter the Park,—they are at once to occupy themselves in cracking jokes with a casual acquaintance, or in cracking nuts, or to become apparently absorbed in the deepest contemplation of nothing in particular until the perplexed equestrian shall have arrived at the haven where he would be, or somewhere else where he wouldn't be? R. S. V. P.

DURING the stifling heat of real summer weather a fresh representative of Ayr, or a representative of fresh Ayr would be indeed welcome in the House of Commons.

IN Kent an immense destruction of nut and and apple crops has been caused by maggots, "owing to the wholesale slaughter of sparrows which has been carried on in the district." In future, perhaps, farmers will not grudge the sparrow his grub.

MUSIC OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

SANTLEY is back again, fresher than ever. He came out strong at Mr. CUSINS's Concert on Thursday last. SARASATE was in great form. "Always thought he was a female violinist," said Mrs. RAM, "but I suppose I was thinking of SARAH BERNHARDT. Yet why call himself SARAH SARTY? So misleading." SARAH SARTY, on the violin, and CUSINS, on piano, played together. "Mind your p's and Q's-ins," said SARAH, and the pianist did so; at least he would have minded his "p's" and "Q's" if the key-board of the grand piano had included them. PIATTI was so carried away by his own performance that, though twice recalled to himself by a thoughtful and appreciative audience, he each time forgot to take his instrument with him. Mrs. KENDAL recited, and everyone was glad to re-sight Mrs. KENDAL. The duet between NORDICA and SARAH SARTY, who obbligated with the violin, while Madame sang "*Jours de mon enfance*," was a big treat. Even our Cusins-German couldn't have given a better concert than the CUSINS-English. More power to his elbow! On second thoughts, no—as pianist, he has quite power enough already. Why wasn't he in the last be-Knighted batch of musicians? Sir Organist of St. Paul's will henceforth be known as the "Organ Swell." So much for the Music of the Past, now for the——

"MUSIC OF THE FUTURE." It is a very near future, for it is to-night, one of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* at the Albert Hall with—well, read the programme and do what you like. Even SIMS BEEVES is announced! "One can call spirits from the vasty deep, but," &c.—ahem!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 4.—HARCOURT appeared to-night in favourite character of *Uncle Pumblechook*. *Pip*, for this time only (first appearance on Westminster Stage), EVANS, the elect of Southampton. HARCOURT proposed to bring him up—literally "by hand," as *Pip* was brought up in the *Gargery* household. What *he* had to do in the matter not quite clear. HERBERT GARDNER, who escorted EVANS on other side, right enough. Before EVANS was returned, he was the only Liberal Member in the Home Counties. HARCOURT sits for Derby; rather remote from Southampton. Never saw EVANS till he met him on return from America, and hailed him Member for Southampton. No more to do with his good fortune than *Mr. Pumblechook* had with *Pip's*. But, all the same, insists upon effusively welcoming him.

Uncle Pumblechook.

To-night stands at Bar, half a foot in advance of new Member, softly stroking chin, and smiling to himself, awaiting moment of triumph when SPEAKER shall call on new Member to advance to Table. All described long ago, as far back as when *Great Expectations* was written. No need of Cryptogram. Read straight forward.

"'My dear friend,' said *Mr. Pumblechook*, taking *Pip* by both hands, 'I give you joy of your good fortune. Well deserved. Well deserved. To think that I should have been the humble instrument of leading up to this is a proud reward. But, my dear young friend, you must be hungry, you must be exhausted. Be seated. Here is a Chicken, had round from the Boar. Here is a tongue had round from the Boar. Here's one or two little things had round from the Boar, that I hope you may not despise. But do I see afore me him as I have sported with in times of happy infancy, and may I?—*may* I?'"

And HARCOURT does; shakes hands with the blushing EVANS, and then strides up floor of House amid thunderous cheers of Liberals; EVANS always half a pace behind, HARCOURT, bowing gracefully, face flushed, and pleased smile as resounding plaudits rise.

"'Pon my soul," said GORST, looking on with undisguised admiration, "I do believe HARCOURT thinks it was he that won Southampton. Shouldn't wonder to see him take the oath and go up to be introduced to SPEAKER."

Stopped short of that. Just remembered EVANS when brought up by table. After half a moment's hesitation reluctantly wheeled to the right and resumed seat on Front Bench. Then House had opportunity of seeing new Member, who speedily disappeared in obscurity of back benches.

Business done.—Imperial Defence Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY's tender heart touched by abject depression of House after six hours' debate on what some Members call the Cantonment Acts in India. Thought he would stir them up a bit. He did.

EBRINGTON had Motion on paper ordering copies of certain statements alluded to in course of proceedings before Select Committee on admission of Strangers. An innocent-looking proposal. EBRINGTON a harmless person. More unpromising material for uproarious scene never agglomerated. Apparent impossibility of getting up a row irresistible attraction for TIM. Noted that EBRINGTON was not in his place.

"Please, Sir, I did."

"Where is the noble Lord?" TIM thundered.

Nobody knew; but the very way of asking question suggested suspicion of guilt. Members below the Gangway began to cheer. TIM swelled visibly in majesty of wrath. Who, then, had moved the Resolution?

"Please, Sir, I did," piped STUART WORTLEY in trembling voice; "but I'll never do it again."

"Moved from Treasury Bench!" cried TIM, with scornful sweep of extended hand. "Ha! ha!" And all the Irish Members cried, "Ha! ha!" and CONYBEARE said, "Ho! ho!" Old Morality moved anxiously in his place; made ghastly attempts to smile. TIM's eye accidentally fell on ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Occurred to him ATTORNEY-GENERAL is retained in forthcoming libel action, "O'DONNELL against *Times*." Putting this and that together, EBRINGTON away, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in his place, the Mace on the table, yesterday being Monday and to-day Tuesday, what could be clearer? A plot! a wicked plot to defame the character of Irish Members. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL was artfully using the House of Commons and hoodwinking that child of nature, Viscount EBRINGTON, in order to obtain evidence on behalf of his employers in the libel case.

"Could anything be clearer?" TIM asked, winking at JOSEPH GILLIS, who sat watching him with ecstatic admiration; and all Members below Gangway shouted "No!" and Members above Gangway chuckled, and Members on Ministerial Benches stared, not understanding the matter a bit, half fearing there was something in it. Prettiest sight of all, face of ATTORNEY-GENERAL; in rapid changes indignant, scornful, angry, contemptuous, perturbed, and, finally, unsuccessfully assuming feeble imitation of that far-away look DIZZY used to put on when Big Ben clumsily girded at him. A most excellent piece of fooling, lifting TIM HEALY at a bound to first rank of comedians.

Business done.—C. D. Acts in India condemned. TIM HEALY takes a rise out of ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Thursday.—LORD-ADVOCATE beginning to think life not worth living. As he says, "Life would be endurable only for its Scotch Members." They have illogical and indefensible idea that LORD-ADVOCATE is representative of Scotch Government; that when they want information on particular points, or have suggestions to offer, they may address him. That, of course, all nonsense. On Monday not less than five Scots-wha-hae combined to put down questions addressed to LORD-ADVOCATE. He just stopped away till questions had been reached second time, then coolly turned up and answered them all together.

To-night HUNTER, following on trail, put a wordy question. Seeing that so-and-so was so-and-so, and that if so-and-so did not happen, something might occur, would the LORD-ADVOCATE see his way to do so-and-so?

"No, Sir," growled the LORD-ADVOCATE, half rising from the bench. Ribald Conservatives laughed at this snub. HUNTER sat for a moment gasping for breath. Scots gallantly massed themselves behind him, pushed him forward into front again. HUNTER repeated question at greater length, with added solemnity. Resumed his seat. All eyes turned on LORD-ADVOCATE. Said never a word.

Presently got up and strolled out, presenting his most familiar aspect to Scotch Members.

"Fact is, TOBY," he said, as we talked the matter over later, "if these Scotch fellows are going to begin to put questions to me there must be a Parliamentary Under Secretary for Scotland. Ireland can't have everything."

The Lord Advocate's attitude towards Scotch Members.

Neglected Wales treats itself to rare luxury of moving adjournment. Discusses Police outrages. T. ELLIS triumphantly shows that Wales not so far behind Ireland, after all. Motion to go into Committee on Local Government Bill at last. Debate turns on reform of parish vestries. STEVENSON wants it dealt with in Bill. Supported by GLADSTONE, and, startling reunion—CHAMBERLAIN!

"Don't like look of this," said Old Morality to PLUNKET. "Dripping water wears away the stone."

"Not very serious, after all, on Division," said First Commissioner. "Remember what Lord DUDLEY said of CANNING's Party in 1813? 'They dined fourteen and voted twelve.' Well, CHAMBERLAIN's Party in House can seat seven at high tea and vote five. We should manage to survive that."

Business done.—In Committee on Local Government Bill.

Friday.—Spent a cheerful morning sitting in Committee on Local Government Bill; pegging away for four hours, got through eighteen lines; Bill contains 4,360; GOSCHEN, making himself intensely disagreeable, going about Committee with conundrum: "If it takes four hours to pass eighteen lines, how many days will it take to pass 4,360?"

"No joke this!" RITCHIE says. But JOACHIM says he's given up joking. This a simple rule in arithmetic. So leave him to do it.

Business done.—Got under weigh with Local Government Bill.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday Night, June 4.—Grand performance of *L'Africaine* with splendid cast. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES and Princesses present punctually, and the house a brilliant one. Madame NORDICA as *Selika*, and M. LASSALLE as *Nelusko*, decidedly "off colour," as they don't make these two characters anything like as black as they were originally painted. Both *Selika* and *Nelusko* ought to be "kept dark." The contrast between *Selika* and the fair *Ines* is impaired by this want of mahogany dye, and much of the dramatic force of *Selika's* performance is lost.

The two DE RESZKÉS play and sing like the thorough artists they are. Yet opera heavy, and what ought always to be a startler—the orchestral gymnastic performance with which the Last Act opens—takes nobody's breath away, and is not encored. Disappointment. The savages boarding the ship aren't half savage enough. Merely colourable imitations of savages.

That "artless thing," Miss MCINTYRE, more artless than ever. Called before the curtain, she comes on looking utterly surprised, as much as to say, "What on earth do you send for me for?" Loses her way, nearly walks over the footlights on to Signor MANCINELLA's head, but is prevented from taking this dangerous step by Madame NORDICA, who hands her over to the care of JEAN DE RESZKÉ, who in his turn convoys her to the O.P. side, and sees her safely off.

Entr'actes too long. I retire, humming the first bars of "*The Minstrel Boy*," which had somehow got into MEYERBEER's head when he composed the music of *L'Africaine*.

Tuesday.—*La Traviata*, with ALBANI, instead of ELLA RUSSELL, as the heroine. ALBANI, heart-breaking; ELLA, chair-breaking. As the fair and frail *Violetta*, ALBANI looks frailer than ELLA. In excellent voice. Encores and bouquets: former declined, latter accepted. RAVELLI the Reliable as *Alfredo* the Little. D'ANDRADE, as *Papa Germont*, reminding me of that other heavy father in *Mignonne*, with the telling ballad. First cousins, musically and dramatically, I should say. If *Traviata* were played, as it ought to be, in modern costume, what a chance there would be among the principals and chorus for "making up" after Society's celebrities! "*Mr. Alfredo*" is a suggestion in itself likely to prove a great attraction. In the lobby I meet the popular proprietor of the largest circulation in the world. "Just up from my little place, Hall Barn," he says; "always come up from Hall Barn to hear Hall-Barni." *A propos* of HALL, I have only seen the HALL of the Opera once this season. He is depressed by the absence of MR. GLADSTONE, who used to come so frequently to the Opera, and is not reassured by the Conservative tone of the Organising Committee. He only consoles himself by reflecting that the Opera is under the Liberal Management of DRURIOLANUS. Still he is not happy, and wears his *Gardenia Gladstonia* with a deference.

Wednesday.—Crowded house. DE RESZKÉ Bros., as *Faust* and *Mephistopheles*, summoned by enthusiastic audience at finish of Act I. Nothing de risky about the DE RESZKÉ, the two Poles—strong poles, too, capable of supporting the Opera. Poles together, yet Poles asunder in their voices. Madame NORDICA received with vociferous applause; is encored also vociferously in that gem, "*The Jewel Song*," but declines with thanks. After that sweet thing in duets, "*Dammi ancor*," everybody exclaims "*ancor*," but remembering the presence of ladies, omits the first word, which does sound strong, even in Italian. At end of Third Act NORDICA re-appears, supported by the two Poles—North Pole and South Pole—EDOUARD and JEAN. All three greeted with well deserved ovation. After

Madame Nordica supported by two Poles—not sticks.

enthusiasm, reaction sets in, and Opera drags a bit towards the end. Mdlle. BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent, good as ever as *Dame Marta*. Altogether, excellent entertainment.

Thursday.—*Don Giovanni* again, with LASSALLE as *The Don*. Different, of course, from TOOLE as *The Don*, but in some respects has the advantage over the latter. TOOLE is rarely now seen in Itoolian Opera, but if he were to appear, *The Don* would be, of course, the very part for him.

The timid MCINTYRE now plays *Elvira*. This *Elvira* is a size or so smaller than the *Don's* other victim, Madame FÜRSCH-MADI, and thinner, though perhaps taller, than the coquettish *Zerlina*-*Arnoldson*. This is better than representing the *Don's* attachments as being "all very fine and large." RAVELLI the Reliable in it, of course, and his song rapturously received.

Friday.—The *Nozze* . . . , which I did *not* see. I did *Nozze* before.

Saturday.—*Les Huguenots*. House full, no standing room. Chairs at a premium. Exceptionally brilliant cast. *Valentina* would be Madame NORDICA's finest part, vocally and dramatically, were it not for her *Marguerite* and *Carmen*. Must compliment ELLA RUSSELL on her equestrian performance. Can scarcely believe that this Queen of Song, on horseback, is the sprightly *Susanna* of the *Nozze di Figaro!* No doubt of it, and in magnificent voice. A most impressive *Conte di San Bris* is EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ. EDOUARD is "all there," and there's a good lot of him. A gallant *Raoul* is the Polar Star, JEAN DE RESZKÉ, shining brightly in the darksome duel scene, and afterwards going through the grand duet, and through the window, triumphantly. SCALCHI first favourite as *Urbano*—"*no-no-no-no-no!*" *Encores* not taken,—Opera long enough without; but huge basket of flowers, for two, handed up, after Second Act, to be shared by NORDICA and ELLA. The latter got it, and gave NORDICA a rose. Dare say they will share after—the Opera's over. Who sent it? The K-ng of SW-D-N? Mustn't mention his M-j-sty's name, as he is *Incognito* in the Royal Box, disguised with either the blue ribbon of the Garter or a Masonic scarf round him, enjoying everything immensely, and no doubt going back to supper at the palatial Grand Hotel, where he is naturally more at home than in the cheery little snuggery known as Buckingham Palace. Altogether, taking principals, special chorus, and our old friend *Mise-en-scène* (perfect this time), this setting of *Les Huguenots* is well worth repeating.

LONDON IDYLS.

"IN THE GLOAMING, OH, MY DARLING!"

"It is no use shutting our eyes to the fact that the Parks take the place of drawing-rooms for a large part of the community. . . . . Until Masters and Mistresses are willing to provide a reception-room for the 'young men' of their five or six maid-servants, the Parks must be their trysting-ground, and therefore ought to be kept free of rowdyism. Respectable young people of the class to which I allude deserve as much protection from 'gangs of men and women' as do the residents of our terraces."—*Vide "Penguin's" Letter to the "Times," June* 6.

THE RED TAPE TANGLE.

ENSNARED at last! Coil-caught, and hempen-shackled,
He who the most tremendous odds has tackled
In open jungle;
Enmeshed, he who defied all open foes,
By lurking enemies who creep and glose,
And blindly bungle!

Brave sight! Poor Leo in a hopeless tangle,
Whilst his foes laugh, and false friends wildly wrangle.
'Tis little wonder
If, folly-hampered when his need is sorest,
The roarings of the Lion through the forest
Resound like thunder.

The forest-king in a rope-tangle shut!
So *Gulliver* was snared in Lilliput
By pigmy hordes!
A hundred petty bonds will hold a Titan,
And he whom battle's thunders cannot frighten
Is tamed by cords.

Out on the fumbling factions who have framed
The clinging snare by which stout Leo's shamed!
Anathemas hearty
From patriot lips, stirred to a noble spleen,
Fall on the traitorous votaries of Routine
And thralls of Party.

Oh! for some swift access of Samson-strength
To snap these worse than withes! Then at length,
Limb-free, stout Leo
Would fiercely face his foes abroad, at home,
And from the courage-quickened land would come
A loud *Laus Deo!*

JAMES'S ABDICATION.

JAMES The First, Etchist, is no longer President of the R.S.B.A. He has retired from the Presidency, and taken with him a following of twenty-three members. These will probably set up a Society, and call themselves "The Unlicensed Whistlers."

We said, a few weeks ago, that the sudden craze for listening to The Female Whistler seemed ominous for the Male Whistler. Why did JAMES abdicate? The public were indebted to him for novelty in the R.S.B.A. arrangements; also for the "*velarium*," which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

In the meantime, Mr. WYKE BAYLISS has been elected, *vice* JAMES abdicated. An abdicated JAMES means the commencement of a line of more or less popular Pretenders. But—who is WYKE BAYLISS?

NO INVASION NEXT WEEK! on account of the Military Tournament, with Band and Musical Ride, at the Agricul-tooral-lural Hall.

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

THE Favesdropper, by Mr. JAMES PAYN, or, as the Author would say in a second title, "*Paynful Experiences of a J. P.*" The somewhat novel idea of the book is that the writer becomes invisible, visits various places, and overhears of course all sorts of pleasant things about himself. The scene in the club is the best. As an invisible practical joker, Mr. JAMES PAYN occasionally, but consistently conveys the quality of invisibility to some of his jokes. We have his word for it that the jokes are there—as we have the word of our friend who sees a ghost—but we can't see them ourselves. Those we do see are side-splitters. Yours ever,

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MAKING IT HOT FOR THE SWEATERS.—Fashionable West-End Tailors, and Fashionable Furniture Makers are accustomed to pretty heavy charges—which their customers have to pay. But what will these eminent tradesmen have to say to the very heavy charges brought against them in the recent evidence before the Sweating Commission? Unless the revelations are proved false, we shall hear of a change of name from Tottenham Court Road to "Swotting'em Court Road," and the wholesale employers of Sweaters at starvation prices will be known as "The Sweating-borgians."

THE RED-TAPE TANGLE.

PRIVATE VIEWS OF ACADEMY PICTURES.

No. 227. Arrival of Performing Troupe.

No. 1072. Undefeated Artist went on Painting till his Feet were frozen off.

Nos. 749 and 745. With Gun. Frightened by False Fire.

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 19.—Cummings called, bringing with him his friend Merton who is in the Wine Trade. He made himself at home at once, and Carrie and myself were both struck with him immediately, and thoroughly approved of his sentiments. He leaned back in his chair and said, "You must take me as I am," and I replied, "Yes—and you must take us as we are. We're homely people, we are not Swells." He answered, "No, I can see that," and Cummings roared with laughter, but Merton in a most gentlemanly manner said to Cummings, "I don't think you quite understand me. I intended to convey that our charming Host and Hostess were superior to the follies of fashion, and preferred leading a simple and wholesome life to gadding about to two-penny-halfpenny Tea-drinking afternoons, and living above their incomes." I was immensely pleased with these sensible remarks of Merton's, and concluded that subject by saying, "No, candidly, Mr. Merton, we don't go into Society, because, neither of us cares for it; and what with the expense of cabs here and cabs there, and white gloves and white ties, &c., it doesn't seem worth the money."

Merton said in reference to *friends*, "My motto is 'Few and True,'" and by the way I also apply that to Wine, "Little and good"; and Cummings said, "Yes, and sometimes 'cheap and tasty,' eh? old Man." Merton still continuing, said, "He should treat me as a friend, and put me down for a dozen of his 'Lockanbar' whiskey, and as I was an old friend of Cummings, I should have it for 36*s*., which was considerably under what he paid for it." He booked his own order, and further said that at any time I wanted any passes for the Theatre, I was to let him know, as his name stood good for any Theatre in London.

April 20.—Carrie reminded me that as her old school friend Annie Fullers (now Mr. James) and her husband had come up from Sutton for a few days, it would look kind to take them to the Theatre, and would I drop a line to Mr. Merton asking him for passes for four, either for the Italian Opera, Haymarket, Savoy, or Lyceum. I wrote Merton to that effect.

April 21.—Got a reply from Merton saying he was very busy, and just at present couldn't manage passes for the Italian Opera, Haymarket, Savoy, or Lyceum, but the best thing going on in London was the "*Brown Bushes*," at the Tank Theatre, Islington, and enclosed seats for four; also bill for whiskey.

April 23.—Mr. and Mrs. James, Miss Fuller that was, came to meat Tea, and we left directly after for the Tank Theatre. We got a 'bus that took us to King's Cross, and then changed into one that took us to the "Angel." Mr. James each time insisting on paying for all, saying that I had paid for the tickets and that was quite enough. We arrived at Theatre, where, curiously enough, all our 'bus load except an old woman with a basket seemed to be going in. I walked ahead and presented the tickets. The man looked at them, and called out "Mr. Willowly! Do you know anything about these?" holding up my tickets. The gentleman called to, came up and examined my tickets, and said, "Who gave you these?" I said rather indignantly, "Mr. Merton, of course." He said, "Merton? Who's he?" I answered rather sharply, "You ought to know, his name's good at any theatre in London." He replied, "Oh! is it. Well, it ain't no good here. These tickets which are *not* dated, were issued under Mr. Swinstead's Management, which has since changed hands." While I was having some very unpleasant words with the man, James, who had gone upstairs with the Ladies, called out, "Come on!" I went up after them, and a very civil attendant said, "This way, please, box H." I said to James, "Why, how on earth did you manage it?" and to my horror he replied, "Why, paid for it of course."

SIX TO THE HALF-DOZEN.

Invasion à la Française.

Monday.—Departure of the Grand Army of the Leicester Square from Paris.

Tuesday.—Destruction of the British Fleet all over the world.

Wednesday.—Bombardment of Folkestone and Margate, and sacking of Pegwell Bay.

Thursday.—Battle of Southend. Hanging of "*le traître Monsignor le Lor Maire*" in chains.

Friday.—Execution of M. Cook and five hundred of his *voyageurs*, and attack on "Wauxall-Bridg-Rod."

Saturday.—Rejection of terms of agreement proposed by M. Augustus Harris, for entire French Army to open in the autumn in military piece at Drury Lane.

Sunday.—Occupation of London by the French, and end of the British Empire.

Invasion, English style.

Monday.—War declared. Abandonment of Algeria and all her other Colonies by France.

Tuesday.—The French Fleet knocked into a cocked hat everywhere.

Wednesday.—A French Army, that had managed to effect a landing at Hastings, returned (unpaid) by sample post.

Thursday.—Destruction of Marseilles, Versailles, Boulogne, Dieppe, Lyons, and several other important towns, by a regiment of British Militia.

Friday.—Immense success of General Boulanger (described as "just taken prisoner") in his great song at the Alhambra. The "*Marseillaise*" cheered to the echo.

Saturday.—Advance of the A.R. Division of Metropolitan Police, and arrest of the entire French Army.

Sunday.—Occupation of Paris by the English, and end of the French nation.

The Baron De Mandat-Grancy is said to be preparing a new book, to be entitled *The Irish Jaunting Car*, as a sequel to "*Shay Paddy*."

A NASTY ONE.

Snarley. "I SEE YOU 'RE SPENDING A LOT OF MONEY ON THAT LITTLE PLACE OF YOURS IN SURREY!"

Snobley. "YES, I WANT TO MAKE THE PLACE—A—THOROUGHLY FIT FOR A *GENTLEMAN*, DON'TCHERKNOW!"

Snarley "OH, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN TO *LET* IT!"

OUR ONLY EVERYTHING.

"Lord WOLSELEY is evidently delivering a series of Lectures on the Whole Duty of Man."—*Daily News.*

YES, Genius *is* a Great Gift!
Omniscience has its advantages!
A Man who can lecture on Thrift
In a way which to match one would want ages;
Party Politics then give a turn,
Wallop negligent Whigs and slate cracked Tories,
Then tell us we 've yet much to learn
About people who toil in our factories:
Who knows all about Man and his faults,
Likewise about Woman and *her* vices,
And makes most tremendous assaults
Upon every one of the Services;
Who knows more about cannon than KRUPP,
And more about tactics than SALISBURY;
Who could make Mr. GLADSTONE sit up,
And teach Law and politeness to HALSBURY;
Who concerning Statistics is pert,
And about Lord GEORGE HAMILTON quizzical;
Who can measure exactly our hurt
From a lack of the training that 's physical;
Who knows why we 're running to seed,
And what mollycoddling has made us all;
Who 's certain 'tis easy indeed
For Germans and French to invade us all;
Who knows—but to tell half he knows
About all things from Mayfair to Media,
Would take us from now to Time's close,
And fill up a whole Cyclopædia.
He, doubtless, the circle could square,
He could, probably, scull the new Coracle;
He's a chap who'd make CRICHTON [despair,
A genuine Pocket (Book) Oracle!
What then? Since perfection pervades
His physical, moral, and mental man,
Since he 's the true Jack of All Trades,
A Soldier, a Sage, and a Gentleman,
Our one Only General (that 's clear),
Also our one only Particular;
If England in safety would steer,
And JOHN BULL remain perpendicular,
There is only one thing we've to do—
Perch him on pre-eminence lonely,
Dictator! We *can't* go askew
If we'll only be ruled by The Only!

MOVEMENTS OF MR. WILLIAM SIKES.

From the Cracksman's Circular.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES arrived in London this morning by the 10 A.M. train from Portland, having murdered a warder or two and left early. There were a number of friends to meet him. After making them a short speech, he adjourned with a select few to the Burglar's Arms Hotel, where a *recherché déjeuner* was served. He left in a private Hansom for the residence of a friend *en route* for Paris. During his short stay Mr. WILLIAM SIKES visited the houses of several wealthy merchants in the suburbs, and removed a considerable amount of superfluous silver, gold, and valuable jewellery. The lot will be sold in a few days' time at MELTER MOSS's Lost Property Auction, of which due notice will be given in this journal and in the *Police Gazette*.

At the request of his admirers, Mr. WILLIAM sat for his photograph. One specimen copy he subsequently sent by Special Messenger, as a present, to Sir CHARLES WARREN, and another he left personally on the Chief of the Police Intelligence Department, Whitehall. Mr. W. SIKES conversed pleasantly for several minutes with some of the chief constables on duty, and bidding them farewell, drove back to the house of the friend with whom he was staying.

In the evening of next day the first burglary of the season (in this neighbourhood) took place at the house of Mr. SNOBBINGTON, whose gold plate was left out on the side-board on the occasion of the reception given by Mrs. SNOBBINGTON to the Half-Crown Prince of SAXE-HAPENSE. Mr. WILLIAM SIKES, who is a great collector of old jewellery and gold and silver plate, was naturally attracted by the display, and was not contented until he had become the happy possessor of some of the most splendid pieces in the set.

Friday.—A man said to be uncommonly like Mr. WILLIAM SIKES has been arrested, and is now in the custody of the police. The proceedings are necessarily secret.

Saturday.—Another man more like Mr. WILLIAM SIKES than the other has been arrested. The other one has been cautioned and discharged. He promised not to look so like W. SIKES again, and thanked the police for the care they had taken of him.

Sunday.—The man arrested yesterday has been discharged. On being confronted with the photograph it was ascertained that he wasn't like Mr. SIKES at all. He was immediately dismissed with a caution. A wire from Paris brings the intelligence that Mr. W. SIKES was present at the Grand Prix, when several distinguished French gentlemen, residing in the neighbourhood, lost considerable sums of money. Unfortunately the news arrived too late for any member of the Intelligence Department to avail himself of it.

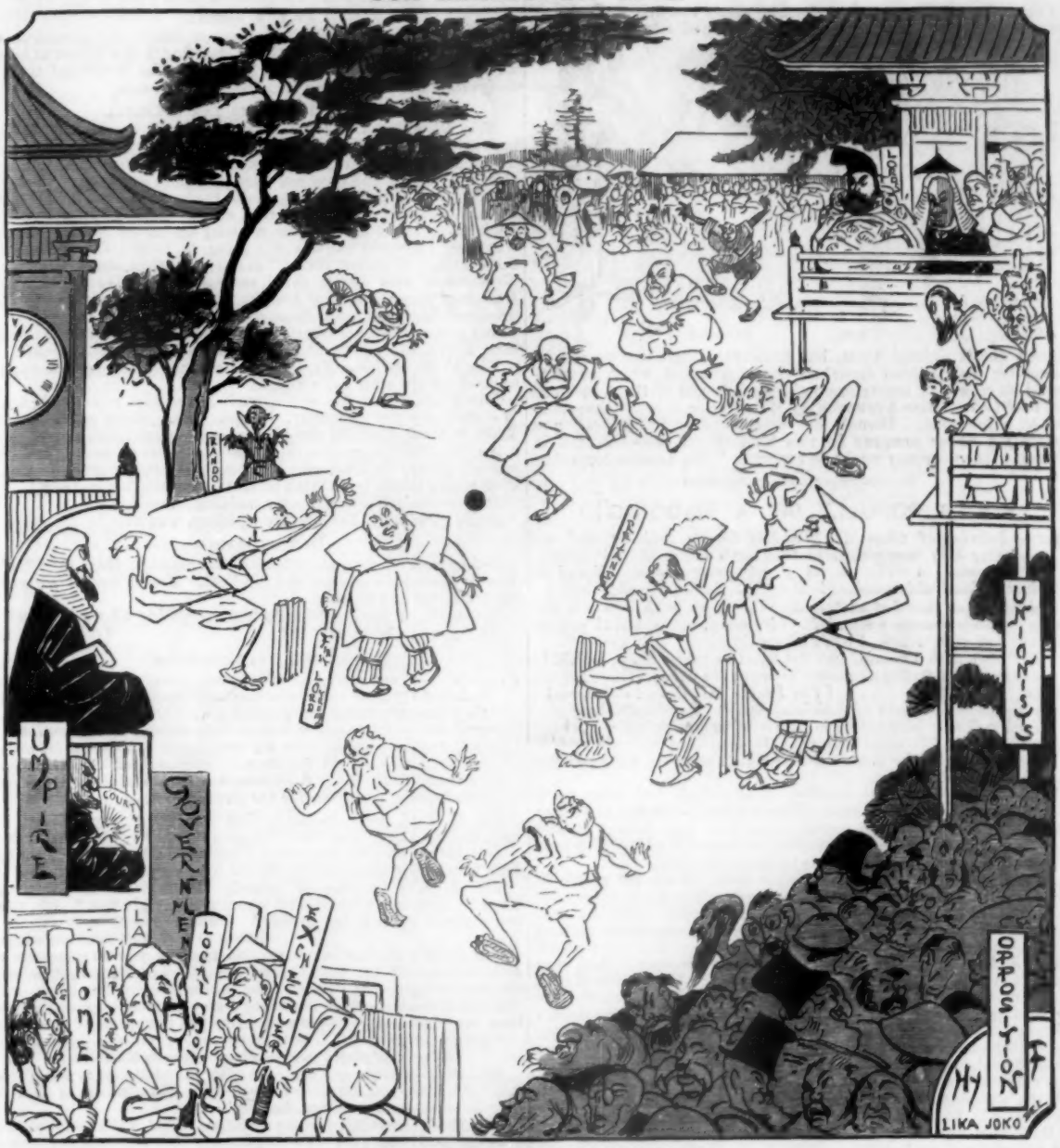
Due notice will be given of Mr. SIKES's return to town.

MRS. RAM went to see one of her little nephews at Eton on the 4th of June. "A pretty sight," she said. "I hope Mr. IRVING was there, as the fireworks quite reminded me of that wonderful scene on the Brocas,—in *Faust*, you know."

AN Honorary Academical distinction was conferred on Mr. J. L. TOOLE as *The Don* last week. He is now a Fellow of—Infinite Humour. *Sunday Times*, please copy.

A VERY "BIG BIG D——."—The DUKE of MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN (!!)

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 3.



THE COMMONS CRICKET MATCH.

HANSOM IS.—Quite sure of success will be "The Shrewsbury and Talbot Cab and Noiseless Tyre Company"—so the *World* gives the short title—in opposition to the old "Noisy Tyre-some," rattling, shaky Hansoms of the past, and of the present too, for the matter of that. But where are the neat little brougham cabs? the *voitures?* and the roomier double brougham, to hold four comfortably? There are a very few of these about, but, if well horsed, they are far more useful for Londoners generally, nine months out of the twelve, than the best Hansom ever could be. *Happy Thought.*—If the new Hansoms come out as very "Swagger" vehicles, they should be known as "*The Noiseless Tyre-and-Side-on Cabs.*"

"SORRY May's passed," said Mrs. RAM. "No more plumber's eggs at dinner."

"THE TEACHERS' GUILD."—There is a suggestion in this title of a Golden Age of Literature. Last week this incorporated Society held a satisfactory meeting. Among the speakers was Sir P. MAGNUS, whose name no student of DICKENS can ever come across without being reminded of his Pickwickian relation, the "*Peter Magnus,*" who so amused his friends by signing his letters to them "AFTERNOON." Sir P. M., however, did not amuse his friends on this occasion, but he interested them.

MRS. RAM'S Nephew read out from *Truth*:—A flutter has been caused at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, by the falling-in of the Rectory of Bletchington, Surrey."—"Good gracious!" exclaimed his Aunt, "I do hope no one was indoors at the time! Was anybody hurt?"

LOST TO SIGHT.

COME like shadows, so depart. The shady characters of *Ariane* went first, and then their caricatures followed after them. The

"Small by degrees and beautifully less."

Stranded.

injured ghosts claimed them, but apparently there was no sort of reason for their sudden departure from the Strand, which was witnessed by crowds of hearty sympathisers, who, all of them, took one last fond look at Miss ATHERTON as MARIUS seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Though lost to sight to memory dear, and certainly a better company for this kind of skit does not exist in London. The Company might be known as "The London Skittish."

VOCES POPULI. (AT A WEDDING.)

SCENE—*Interior of Church. Wedding Guests arriving, and exchanging airy recognitions as they settle down in their places. Bridesmaids, in various states of self-consciousness, collected at door. Loud and sustained buzz of feminine whispering.*

Policeman, on guard at another door (to people with a mania for seeing complete strangers married). Very sorry, ladies, but if you're not provided with tickets, I can't let you in.

The People with a mania, &c. But this is a public place, isn't it?

Policeman (not feeling competent to argue the point). Those are my *orders.* [*The People, &c., depart disconsolate.*

Verger (to Guests with pink tickets). Any of those seats there.

"Pink" Guests (attempting to pass a crimson rope which bars the central passage). We want to be near the altar—we can't see here!

Verger (in a superior manner). The higher seats are set apart for parties with *white* tickets.

"Pink" Guests (to one another, indignantly). And after we'd sent that girl a salad-bowl, too! [*They employ themselves in picking out "White" Guests who ought properly to have been "Pink," remark that it is the most shamefully managed Wedding they* ever *saw, and recur bitterly at intervals to the salad-bowl.*

Mrs. Ripplebrook (who always comes early "to see the people"). Oh, there'll be a tremendous crush, of course—they know *everybody.* Look, the DE LACY VESPES have just come in—what a pity it is that eldest girl has such a red nose—she'd be *quite* goodlooking without it! . . . There's NARCISSUS RUNDERCRED, you see *him* everywhere. (*Bows and smiles at him effusively.*) Horrid creature! And *how* fat he's getting! Do you know who *that* is? That's Miss MABEL MAYCUP, of the "Proscenium," you know,—looks ever so much older by daylight, doesn't she? I suppose she's not one of the *bride's* friends! By the way, have you ever met *him*—this Pilbergilt man, the bridegroom, I mean? Oh, my dear, a perfect horror! Ten years older than she is, and one hears *such* stories about him! In fact, it was only his money that—but her people were *delighted*, of course. Ah, she's coming now; look how the bridesmaids are all "preening" themselves! That's the bridegroom—*doesn't* he look yellow?

Best Man (in a whisper to Bridegroom). Pull yourself together, old chappie, you are looking *so* chippy!

Bridegroom. I *feel* chippy, too. Fact is, those farewell suppers are a mistake—I'll never give another.

Mrs. Ripplebrook. Now the choir are going down to meet them. Don't you wish they'd invent a new hymn for weddings? I'm *so* tired of that "Eden" one. There she is. I always think this is such a *solemn* moment, don't *you*? Can you see whether it's silk or *suède* gloves the bridesmaids are wearing? That's her father, whose arm she's on. They say he disapproved, but he doesn't count. Her mother's behind, with the hook nose; why on earth *she* should cry, I *don't* know—it's all *her* doing! She makes a pale bride, doesn't she? But white duchesse satin would be trying even to a beauty. I hear she threw over poor young OLDGLOVE most shamefully. *Why* does that tiresome old Bishop mumble so? I can't hear a word.

Housemaid, belonging to Bride's family (to Nurse). I wonder at that LOUISA JANE taking on herself to cry, when she only came Tuesday fortnight! Now you and me have got some *claim* to cry.

The Nurse (loftily). Them kitchen-maids can't be expected to know their place, or what's required of them!

IN THE VESTRY.

General congratulations, compliments, kisses, and signatures.

Bridegroom (to Best Man). I say, dear boy, I look to you to square all these Johnnies, you know. [*Which is his irreverent mode of designating the Bishop and his assistant clergymen.*

IN CHURCH, DURING THE INTERVAL.

Mrs. Ripplebrook. Very daring of them to be married in May, isn't it? I knew a girl who was married in May once—and the very first time they gave a dinner-party, her cook came up drunk soon after the salmon, and gave her warning before everybody! *dreadful*, wasn't it? I suppose you'll go on to the house and see the presents? Do—*I'm* going. Oh, you've seen mine? It *is* handsome, isn't it? I *was* going to get her quite an ordinary one at the Stores—but that was when I thought she was only going to be Mrs. OLDGLOVE. Ah, there's the "*Wedding March*" at last; here they come! [*Bride and Bridegroom pass slowly down central passage, recognising their friends at hazard; several are left unnoticed with their elaborately prepared smile wasting its sweetness on the bride's brothers. A young man, rather negligently dressed, who has been standing behind* Mrs. RIPPLEBROOK, *the whole time, forces his way to the front.*

The Y. M. (to himself). She *shall* see me—if she has the courage to meet my eye after her conduct!

The Bride. What, Mr. OLDGLOVE? I'd no idea you were in town! We shall see you presently, I hope. [*She passes on, leaving the* Y. M. *to think of all the scathing replies he* might *have made.*

An Old Maid (weeping in the Gallery; she has got in as "the Bridegroom's Aunt," a character in which she attends every wedding). Poor young things!—to think of all the troubles before them!

Bridegroom's Friends. Pretty wedding, wasn't it?

Bride's Friends. *Not* a pretty wedding, was it?

IN THE CARRIAGE.

Bridegroom (finding the silence embarrassing). Hope they'll give us time enough to change, and all that. Horrid bore if we missed our train and had to wait!

Bride. Oh, if you are going to find everything a bore *already!*

Bridegroom. Well, *isn't* it? [*Silence returns.*

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Presents laid out; Guests wandering round, keeping a furtive look-out for their own offerings, and feeling deeply incensed if they are not prominently displayed. Others consult the congratulatory telegrams as though they were of European interest. A Detective *noticeable by his sumptuous get-up and his uneasy bearing, watches the jewellery.* Shortsighted Old Gentleman *(friend of the Bride's) approaches, and, misled by* Detective's *festal attire, takes him for the Bridegroom.*

The S. O. G. (with emotion). This is a great responsibility you have undertaken to-day, Sir. I hope you will be—ah—worthy of it.

Det. (professionally sensitive). Thank you; but it's not the first time I've undertaken such a job, not by a very long way.

The S. O. G. (moving off aghast). This is dreadful!—they *can't* know! *How* many times, and where are they all now? Oh, someone ought to speak to her mother! I would myself—only——

[*Goes in search of some champagne.*

The Bride's Mother (to Guest). So kind of you to remember my girl, and to send her that charming—(*she suddenly forgets whether she is speaking to the donor of the nineteenth carriage-clock, or the fifteenth fish-slice*)—that charming—er—(*mumble*)—quite the prettiest—er—(*mumble*)—I ever saw. But you always have such *taste.*

[*Mild surprise of Guest, conscious of having presented, in despair, a plated toast-rack of unpretentious design.*

Mr. Oldglove (who has come on after all—bitterly, to the Bride). All I can wish you, MRS.—(*choking*)—Mrs. PILBERGILT, is that you may be as happy as—as you *deserve!*

The Bride (sweetly). Thanks awfully. That's the prettiest thing I've had said to me yet! (*To Neighbour.*) Oh, Mr. CASHLEY, how *am* I to thank you?—that *lovely* platewarmer! [Mr. O. *retires baffled, and contemplates committing suicide with a piece of wedding-cake.*

IN THE CARRIAGE.

The Bridegroom. Well, *that's* over!

Bride (icily). I wish you would contrive not to fidget so!

Bridegroom. When a fellow has about a stone and a half of rice down the back of his neck, it makes him rather restless. What are all the chappies staring at us for? I'm sure we don't look as newly-married as all *that!*

Bride (complacently). *You* would not notice such trifles; but EULALIE has really surpassed herself over my going-away dress.

Bridegroom. No, by Jove, I'm hanged if it's *that!*

Bride. Perhaps you think *you* are the attraction?

Bridegroom. Spotted it as we passed that shop-window. I say—er—ALBINIA, I'm not joking—*really* I'm not! There's a beast of a white satin slipper on the roof of the brougham!!

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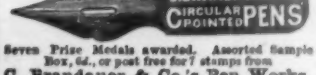

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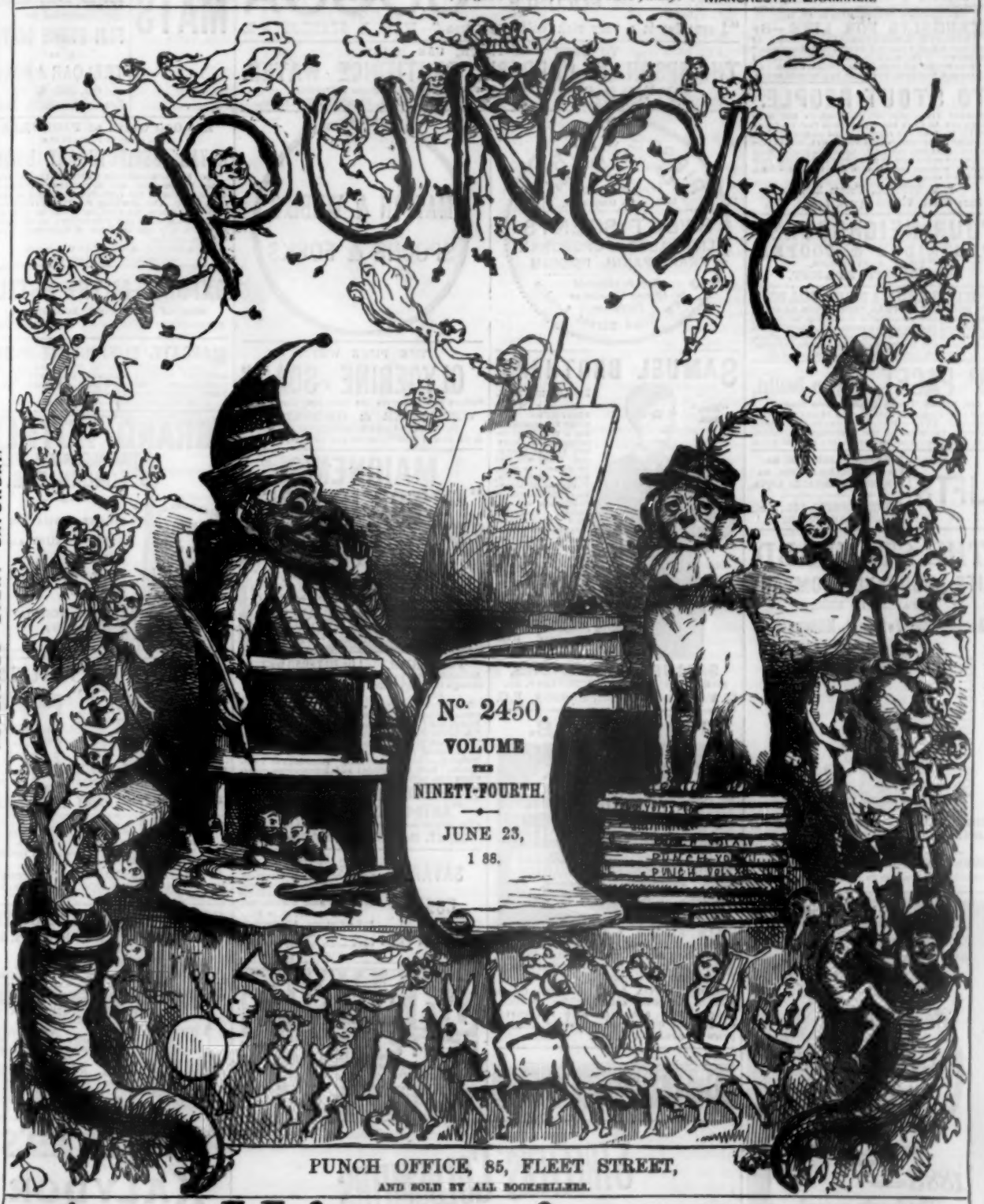

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But seldom the swells of St. Stephens's Ring have found greater excitement
Than watching this last merry mill, for they all were aware what the fight meant.
"Bung's Novice" is young at the sport, but he's known to be game as a sparrow;
Has a right that can lark round his man, and a left that goes straight as an arrow;

FIRST ROUND. "BUNG'S NOVICE" "GOING DOWN TO AVOID."
W. H. Smith (the Bottle-holder). "Certainly, Sir."

He has shown unexpected good form, and the knowing ones readily backed him,
"We pity the other," they cried, "when our Novice has met him and whacked him!"
The "Pugnacious Pump" was a big 'un, but just a bit soft, so men muttered,
And aged and stale; so 'twas thought the young Novice might face him unfluttered.
'Twas true he'd a lump of a fist, and was long in the reach, and a smiter;
But then he was cockcrowy rather, a very bad sign in a fighter.
His temper was awfully nasty; the Novice was cool and collected;
And so it seemed skill against size, and a rattling good mill was expected.

* * * * * * *

It calls for PIERCE EGAN's old pen with a sort of a dash of MACAULAY's,
To worthily follow the fight from the moment they put up their mawleys.
The "Pump" stripped a regular whopper, the "Novice" he peeled a bit forky,
But then he seemed quick as JEM MACE, and as light on his toes as old Corky.
The "Pump" had a rare crowd of backers, and oh, how they holloaed and shouted!
"We'll back you, old boy, till all's Blue!" And they meant it, *that*'s not to be doubted.
A slab-sided slommocking chap was the "Pump," and his mug looked most [cheery;
A trifle smock-faced to be sure, but not the least puffy or beery.
The "Novice" looked clean as a pin, and as hard and as game as a pebble;
But light—very light; his opponent's big bulk seemed his carcase to treble.

* * * * * * *

They spar for an opening. Bang! If, my Novice, your nose that had smitten
As straight as the P. P. intended, I fear Mother Earth you'd have bitten!
The "Pump" swings his arms like a windmill. Smack! Not well in reach, but a whopper!
The "Novice's" counters lack powder, but what a neat feinter and stopper!
Like "CHARLIE," he's all round the ring; doesn't relish in-fighting, that's certain;
He has a light mouse on one eye, and the other has put up the curtain.
The "Pump," well, he won't be denied; if he lands a fair spank on the dial,
It's likely to be a "knock-out;" so the "Novice" of caution makes trial;
The "Pump," is a terrible thumper, but is he the stoutest of stayers?
Close? Not if he knows it, our Novice. A wrinkle he takes from TOM SAYERS.
Down easy, means down without damage; a dodge that is often employed, boys;
And so when our Novice is pressed, he "gets cleverly down to avoid," boys!

* * * * * * *

"No Tory can be more Tory than are some of the Dissentient Liberals," says the *Daily News*. Of course; the fact is No-toryous.

LAT-IN FOR A SPEECH!

THE following letter was picked up last week in Trinity College, Cambridge, shortly after the conferment of honorary degrees on Prince ALBERT VICTOR, Lord SALISBURY, and other distinguished personages. If it doesn't speak for itself, *Mr. Punch* declines to speak for it. It seems to be addressed to the Professor of Latin in the University:—

DEAR MAYOR,—Kindly look at the enclosed draft of my forthcoming address in introducing the new L.L.D.'s to the Chancellor. I want particularly to know if the *Latin is all correct*—and of course you, from your official position, are the right person to tell me *that*. I flatter myself the address will cause a sensation; but, if you don't approve, would you just send me a few hints as to what *you* would say under the same distressing circumstances? (N.B.—Don't put in *too* much JUVENAL!) Yours,

St. John's Coll. J. E. S-ND-S.

NOBILISSIME CANCELLARI,

PRIMUM eminentem Tumorem quem habeo presentare ad te est Princeps ALBERTUS VICTOR, "Ingenui vultûs puer, ingenuique pudoris," ut dicit Latinum Grammarium. (Query—How about the "puer"?—will this be thought *cheek*? If so, please substitute some other word.) Pater ejus est Princeps BALÆNARUM, et est facile princeps, primus inter pares, et e pluribus unum. (Rather eloquent that, I fancy?) Sumus læti videre suam Regalem Altitudinem hic ad præsens, et essemus lætiores si ALEXANDRA (Query—Too familiar?) venisset eocum. (Better than "cum eo"? Shows *style*.)

Secundus est Marquis SALISBURII, Primus Ministrus. Illum recipio libenter, ut collegam mei, et fratrem nam ambo sumus oratores, ego Publicus, ille (I thought I'd better bring in *some* allusion to the Licensing Clauses, if possible) Publicanus! Nomen nobilis Marcujus est celeberrimum. Igitur solum dicam de eo.—(I think it's best to end up with a poetical quotation. Don't you?)—

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

Nunc, O Cancellarius, RANDOLPHUM CHURCHILLIUM, virum gravem, ad te introduco. Quum video nobilem Marquem SALISBURII et RANDOLPHUM in eodem loco, fio enthusiasticus, et compellor exfrangere ut sequitur—O Gemini! (Any danger of people thinking this vulgar?) O Magni Twin-Fratres! Quomodo speramus ut ante longum tempus tu, RANDOLPHE, rursus eris Membrum Dominationis (rather neat for "Government," eh?); nam Campus (Query—good Latin for "the country"?) non potest progressere sine te. Non audeo decidere si tu es optime aptatus ("fitted"—Latin again?) esse Cancellarius Exchequeri, Indicus Scriba, Domesticus Scriba, Dominator-Generalis, vel potius Premier. Egomet (query—conceited?) sum inclinatus dicere ut omnes hi loci, *eodem tempore*, sunt tuus proprius spherus, et tu, probabiliter, putas eandem rem. Nemo alius est tam modestus, tam eminentè consistens, tam doctus, et tam courteosus ad opponentes. Ut poeta canit.

Ibam forte viâ Sacrâ, sicut meus est mos.

In conclusione, tu potes dicere de Parliamentariis bellis,

Quorum pars magna fui!

(would "pars quarta" do better?) cum veritate.

Hic est (query—bald?) Earlus ROSEBERII. Nescio quia Universitas gaudet honorare eum, sed sine dubio est pro ejus profundâ doctrinâ. Habet elegantem oratoricum stylum, et olim fuit Indorum patronus (can't get any nearer to "sportsman" than this—not bad, eh? Now for a tag of poetry)— O ubi Campi

(*i.e.* the *fields* of horses, you see!)

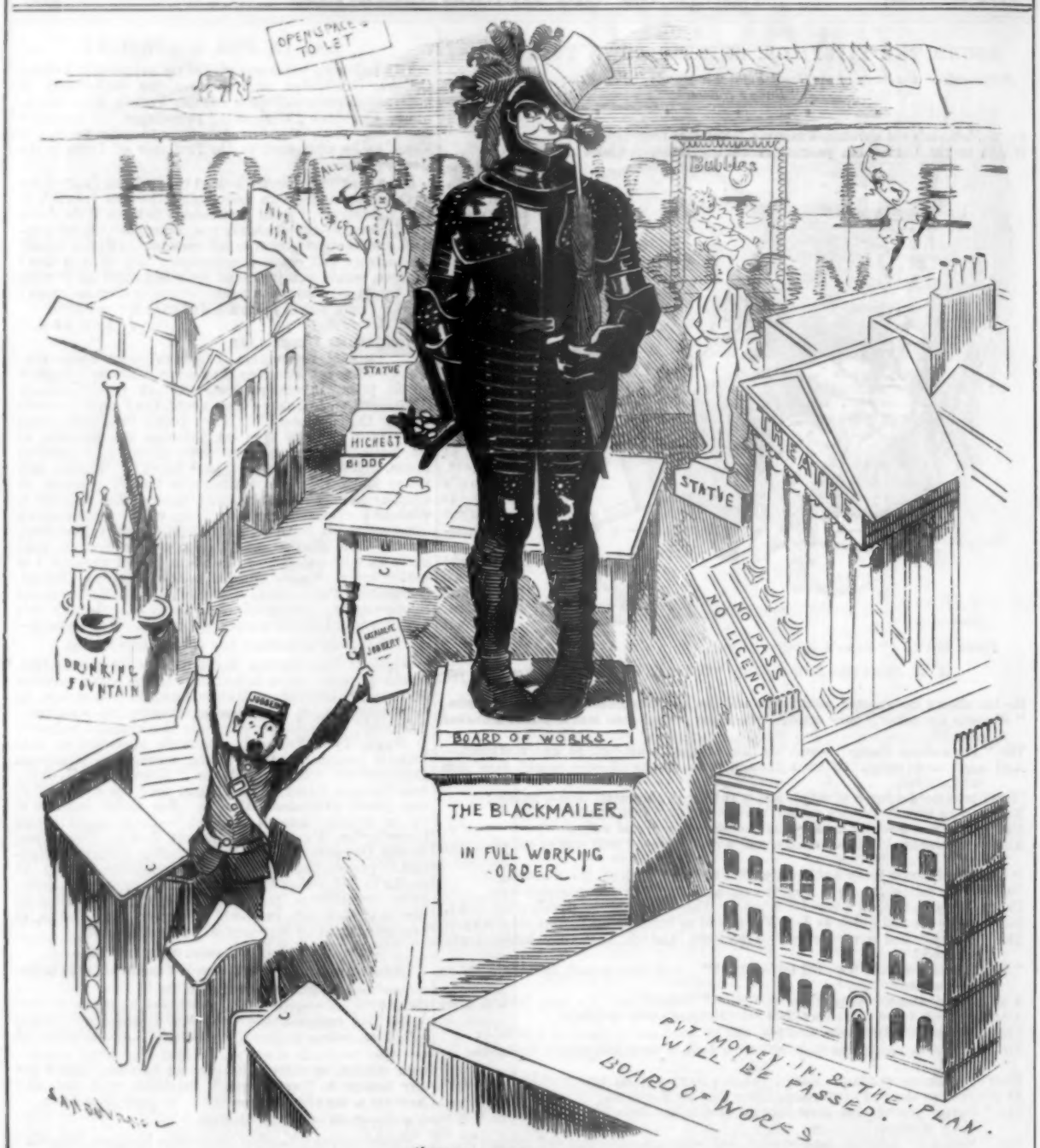
Spercheusque (*Ascot*) et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
Taygete (*Goodwood—why not?*)!

GOSCHENUS est proximus, "inexorabilis, acer" custos publicarum divitiarum. Ut SALLUSTIUS habet id, "De *non* largiundo gloriam adeptus est."

Alios graves viros, O Cancellari, introduco simul, et sine plure Latino—(O fortunati nimium, sua si bona nôrint!)—ut non possum producere aptas quotationes omnes dies longa. Ut HORATIUS dicit—

Quid Cantabridgiæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.

(*I.e.*, I can't go on exaggerating their virtues for ever—does this sound *churlish*? Then I should end up with about ten lines out of the Prosody or the Gradus,—nobody'll notice them, and they'll *sound* learned. Tell me what you think of the above, *candidly*.)

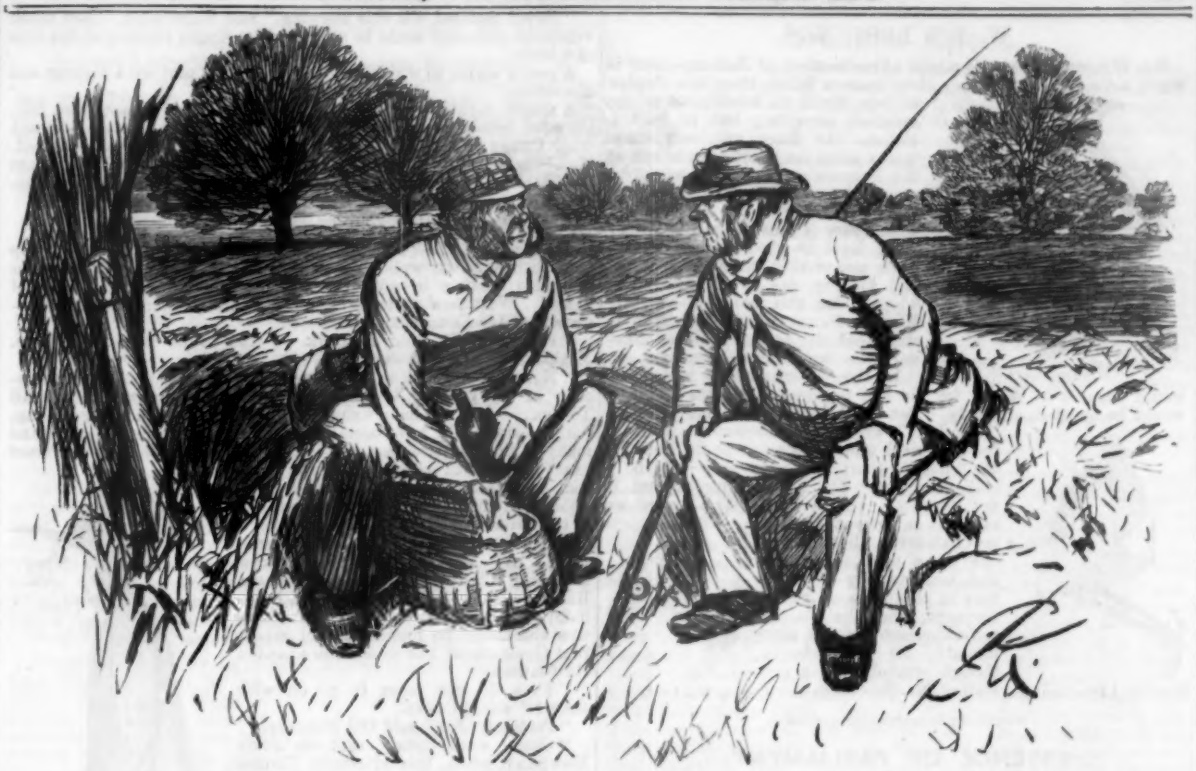


"THE JOBBERIES;"

Or, The Metropolitan Board of Works Making an Exhibition of Itself.

Volunteering a Suggestion.—What! "Cut down a hundred trees in Richmond Park," for the sake of making a Volunteer holiday of one fortnight in the year! Perish the Thought! Rather let the Volunteers "cut their stick" themselves to Altcar, or Epsom Downs, or "Anywhere, Anywhere" outside the radius. Let the Volunteers have a nice place to themselves at Aldershot, for example, where the tag-rag and bobtail of London are not likely to visit them, and where festivities will be less the order of the day than strict attention to business. Should the Crystal Palace Company want to realise, wouldn't their grounds suit the Volunteers as a permanent Camp? The Sydenhamites, who are accustomed to Odd Fellows' *Fêtes* and Fireworks, would be less likely to object to Volunteer Rifle Practice than Richmondians. But this year, and for the last time, the Wolunteers are at Wimbledon.

At the Parnell Banquet au Café Royal, was a Pike the first course, and a Revolver the *pièce de résistance?* The Clan-na-Gaël will probably entertain themselves at a quiet party of Irish-American *confrères*, each of whom will subscribe his dinner-mite. The meeting is likely to go off with *éclat*.



"MIGHT BE WORSE!"

First Jolly Angler (peckish after their walk). "GOT THE SANDWICHES AND ——"

Second Jolly Angler (diving into creel). "OH, YES, HERE THEY ARE, ALLRIGHT, AND HERE'S THE WHISK —— BUT —— TUT-T-T, BY JOVE!—I'VE FORGOTTEN THE FISHING-TACKLE!!"

First Jolly Angler. "OH, NE' MIND—WE'LL GET ALONG QUITE WELL WITHOUT *THAT!*"

THE CIVIL YOUNG 'BUS-DRIVER.

[The Driver once would rudely chaff, or bid you go to Hades,
If you ventured on a mild remark about his "off" or "near" 'oss;
But the happy introduction of those garden-seats for ladies,
Emollit mores (even his) *nec sinit esse feros!*]

AIR—"*The Jolly Young Waterman.*"

AND did you not hear of a civil young 'Bus-driver,
Who from Blackfriars his trade used to ply?
He handled his reins with such skill and dexterity,
Utterly winning each feminine eye.
He looked so smart, and he tooled so steadily,
The ladies all climbed to his roof right readily;
For since the young rogues found the garden-seats there,
His 'Bus never wanted a feminine fare.

What sights of nice girls on his roof-seats he welcomed,
His 'Bus was so clean and well-painted withal;
He was on the best terms with the gay City damsels
Who wanted to Wandsworth to go, or Vauxhall.
Of old the 'Bus-drivers were given to jeering
And chaffing, and rather too frequently "beering;"
But now they behave with politeness and care,
Since those garden-seats brought them the fair sex for fare.

Dear me! just to think now how strangely things happen!
'Bus-Jarvies of old were a nuisance to all;
But their roofs are invaded by lady-fares charming,
And straightway our Jehu is courtesy's thrall.
His language of old was a shame and a sorrow;
But now how politely he 'll wish you good-morrow!
His mien and his manners are most debonair
Since those garden-seats gave him the fair sex for fare!

"THE ORLANDO."—What an inappropriate name for a ship! Alter *Orlando* to *O'er-sea-o.*

"CONSULE PLUNKET."

THE First Commissioner of Works (Chief Ædile not "Consul"—but the quotation applies) has shown a tender care for the nest of the Fly-catcher in Rotten Row. The tree is protected by an iron rail, and the bird is as carefully watched by the police as if she were a dynamiter hatching a plot. The Right Hon. DAVID is evidently a man of sentiment. As an old bird—not quite a Nestor, but, so far, a Bird-Nestor—not to be caught with chaff, he has a sympathy with the little hen who is "up a tree," and whose sittings are temporarily of longer duration than those of the House of Commons. If the House of "Commons" were worthy of its name, it would give further consideration to open spaces for ill-used Equestrians, and, with the assistance of "George Ranger" (who chiefly patronises Battersea Park for his morning exercise) would open spaces across Kensington Gardens, demolish the sunk fence, and give another ride across Hyde Park.

If the placid Equestrians were Radical Rioters or Noisy Salvationists, every attention possible would be paid to their modest requirements; but as they do not assemble in their thousands, and neither rant and roar under the Reformers' Oak, nor threaten Revolution, nor demolish railings, they are treated as a "feeble folk," like "the coneys," or trodden upon as bruised worms which have only the poor space of Rotten Row to turn in. Certainly, except, perhaps, for the Early Christian Martyrs-to-over-feeding, and for riding-masters with pupils, Rotten Row is about the Rottenest Ride to be found in any civilised Metropolis; and Livery London, and every "poor beggar on horseback," ought to protest against its insufficiency. The life of a squirrel in a cage teems with pleasing variety as compared with the very-un-merry-go-round-about course to which the Rotten Rovers are condemned.

Ask for the plans for new rides which were in the departmental pigeon-holes to which we alluded last week. Let First Commissioner of Works, DAVID, stronger in faith than in works, go out against the Philistine Giant, Tie-Wig-and-Red-Tape, and his victory is assured beforehand.

W. B.'S LEGGINGS.

MR. WILSON BARRETT's mural advertisement of *Ben-my-chree* is worth noticing. If *Ben-my-chree* were a Ballet, then this display of legs would be intelligible to the meanest capacity; but it isn't a Ballet. As there are only three weeks more for these Legs to run at the Princess's, the picture might be supposed to have some reference to the piece being on its last legs; in which case it must have had six or eight legs to start with. We're quite aware that these Legs, alive and kicking, are the Manx Arms, adopted for this occasion only by WILSON BARRETT, who may wish to show that the present state of *Ben-my-chree* makes him Manxious.

"His Last Legs."

In the advertisements which we would suggest to W. B. for his last two-week legs, the "chree" would be omitted, and only "Ben-my" remain, or it may be read "My Ben," which will recommend itself to the theatrical mind, and we hope the last one, *the* "Ben,"—short for "Benefit,"—will be a real good one. The above advertisement is not patented, and with great pleasure we make it a present to Ben-my-BARRETT. But there is one thing most remarkable and most worthy of imitation in this form of advertisement, and that is the self-effacement of the actor himself; for it is clearly, though symbolically, a portrait of Mr. No-Body.

His Next Advertisement.

His Last.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 11.—Ministers working RICHARD TEMPLE a little too hard. From time immemorial been Parliamentary usage for Government of day, desiring to bring out certain information, to select Member to take apparently independent action, either by way of moving Resolution, or putting Question. The Agent must necessarily be man of perfect innocency of character. On Liberal side, DILLWYN often been used by Grand and Wily Old Man to put convenient questions. On Conservative side, TEMPLE the very man—INDIAN TEMPLE, as some call him; Lord PAGODA as he will be known when he goes to the Peers; THE TAJ, as GORST always calls him, in recognition of his structural beauty.

THE TAJ seen with moonlight effect the other night, when put up to move Amendments, behind which Government might retire from dangerous position in connection with Cantonments Acts in India. To-night the afternoon sun gilds snow-white towers as THE TAJ rises to ask GEORGIE HAMILTON whether he has noticed latest declaration of Our Only General on arrangements for Invasion of England? Oddly enough, HAMILTON *has* seen remarks; still more surprising, is prepared with lengthy detailed statement in reply. So fortunate he should have done this! Last felicitous touch given by discovery that manuscript is in his breast-pocket. So produces it. Reads with keen delight its pointed passages. Takes up that modest work, *The Soldier's Pocket-Book*. By reference to its pages, convicts Our Only General of error. Quite a treat to hear the gentle GEORGIE refer to book by its homely title. "*The Soldier's Pocket-Book!*" he repeats wherever name may be dragged in.

The Taj.

"Never realised till this morning," said BARTTELOT, "how much venomous contempt could be expressed by simple citation of the title of a book."

A pretty scene, in which THE TAJ played his part with dignity and discretion.

A steady night's work in Committee on the Local Government Bill. Crowded benches, earnest, useful debate. Only one note of discord when CURSE OF CAMBORNE turns up, and moves futile Amendment. Members bound to sit by whilst CONYBEARE makes speech, and must needs divide at his sweet will. But no one will take part in discussion, and, after a while, the CURSE goes home to roost.

Business done.—In Committee on Local Government Bill.

Tuesday Night.—"I remember," said Old Morality, trying to keep pace with RITCHIE, walking home across Palace Yard, "when I was at school writing in my copy-book, 'Punctuality is the Thief of Time.' Wish now we hadn't been so punctual in announcing withdrawal of Licensing Clauses."

"Pooh, pooh!" said RITCHIE. "Had to be done some time. Might as well do it at once."

"Not so sure," said SMITH, wearily. "There's another reminiscence of my youth, 'Never do To-day what you CAN PUT OFF till To-morrow.' If we hadn't shaken things up at the Morning Sitting, perhaps we should have been better off in the evening. Can't stand many of these experiences. What does the copy-book say? Forget exact phrase, but something to the effect that unintermitted distillation of fluid upon a stony substance will in process of time diminish its superficial area."

Truly not a cheerful day for Government. At Morning Sitting withdrew Licensing Clauses of Local Government Bill. Last night Old Morality, with his hand on his heart, declared that there was absolutely no foundation for report that Government had decided to abandon the Clauses.

"Then do you mean to go on with them?" asked CAINE.

"Certainly, Sir," said Old Morality.

"Come, come, now," said Sir JOHN MOWBRAY, when, this afternoon, Clauses abandoned. "Don't you think that for a moral man this is a little ——, eh?"

"Certainly not," said Old Morality, flush of virtuous indignation mantling his brow. "When I said we would certainly go on with Clauses it was Monday. Answer strictly limited to the day. This is Tuesday, and you get fresh answer. I can assure the House I am animated solely by sense of public duty. My only desire is to meet the convenience of the House and further the great interests of the public service."

"Come, come, now!"

At evening sitting JENNINGS moved Resolution condemning reorganisations in public departments. GEORGIE HAMILTON defended system. Showed conclusively that best way to save public money is from time to time pension off all servants over thirty-two years of age, getting fresh relays. CHARLIE BERESFORD, hitching up his trousers and saluting First Lord, told him that he "might reorganise till he was blue in the face. Nothing would come of it as long as present system existed."

Old Morality appealed to nobler instincts of JENNINGS not to press Motion to a Division. Position critical. Whips caught napping. Evidently not a hundred men in hand. Midnight sounded from Big Ben. If only debate could be kept going for another half hour! Messengers, scouring the Clubs, might bring in reinforcements. ARTHUR O'CONNOR evidently going to make speech. Anxious faces on Treasury Bench beamed gratefully upon him. Nothing known of him justified belief that he would talk for less than half an hour. O'CONNOR on his feet; sigh of relief from Treasury Bench.

"Sir," said O'CONNOR, "I move that the question be now put."

The Closure, ah! the Closure! Old Morality remembered something he had read or written out about danger of playing with tools sharpened on both sides. Often wielded the Closure; now cut at him. No appeal. House divided, and Ministry defeated by 113 votes against 94.

"Often heard ARTHUR O'CONNOR speak," said WILFRID LAWSON, coming in just in time for Division, "but I never heard a more eloquent or effective oration than this last."

Business done.—Looks as if it was beginning of the end of the Government's.

Wednesday.—Discussing through afternoon Law of Libel. ALGERNON BORTHWICK brought in Bill to amend it. Capital measure as first introduced. But LORD CHANCELLOR and HOME

SECRETARY something to say on subject. Neither has particular reason to be fond of newspapers.

"So demn'd impertinent!" said MANTALINI MATTHEWS.

"Awful," said HALSBURY. "Don't remember either side ever said good word for me since I took to political life. Won't even admire my portrait in the Royal Academy. Say it's libellously like me. What I say is, keep things as hot as we can for 'em. What do people want with penny papers? Haven't they got the Law Reports? Must put up ATTORNEY-GENERAL to oppose everything useful in Bill."

So hacked at BORTHWICK's Bill till most good things taken out. A difficult position for BORTHWICK, having prejudices to square in high quarters, and on t' other side to meet impatient snorting from people who think an important Bill can be carried through the House as easily as a walking-stick. Blustering would have spoiled game. BORTHWICK didn't bluster. Worked hard and patiently. Got a very good Bill through. Has earned thanks of all connected with Newspaper Press.

Business done.—Libel Law Amendment Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—Another long night in Committee on Local Government Bill. Benches full; everybody in earnest; thorough business spirit abroad; no long speeches; Member says what he has to say, and sits down; others, in succession, state their view, and Amendment withdrawn, or divided upon; not lively from a spectacular point of view, but, in other ways, admirable.

Exhausting shift for RITCHIE. At the helm for over seven hours, with no watch below. No rest in Committee for the Pilgrim of the Local Government Board. Must be on the alert from moment COURTNEY takes Chair till Progress reported. RITCHIE equal to occasion; always ready; unruffled; puts on no side; ever courteous, and as firm as circumstances permit. Right man in right place, which is a comfort for the House, seeing that it's likely to be in Committee for at least six weeks.

Business done.—Local Government Bill in Committee.

House of Lords, Friday.—Lord MEATH doesn't date his letters from Travellers' Club for nothing. Been taking Walks in London. Discovered series of astonishing things. Yesterday wanted to know about open space near Law Courts. Lord CHANCELLOR snubbed him for presuming to suggest it might be laid out for public gardens. Undaunted, the belted Earl reappeared half an hour later, wanting to know whether the Government would not plant some trees in open space in front of British Museum? Another snub. To-day, comes up smiling. Wants to know how long ungainly wooden railing in Piccadilly Circus is to remain.

Amazing!

"How long, my Lords, how long?" he cried, throwing up his arms in approved fashion of despair.

CARLINGFORD sits, a little dazed at noble friend's versatility.

"No one can say where he will break out on Monday, having had Saturday and Sunday for fresh Walks."

Business done.—Local Government Bill again in Committee in Commons.

On a Recent Episode in Court.

(By L-rd Ch-f J-st-ce C-l-r-dge.)

WHY call yourself "MORDAUNT," your name being MOSES?"
Why alter your names when you can't change your noses?

"I DO not understand," observed Mrs. RAM, "the plan of commencing dinner with some Russian Cavalier spread on small pieces of toast." Her nephew, who had been in Australia, observed that when there was nothing better to be got, he used to eat cakes known as "dampers." "Ah!" observed Mrs. R., struck by the name, "I suppose they're called so because they're a 'whet' to the appetite."

"WADY HALFA RAILWAY."—Sir E. WATKIN wanted to know if this was abandoned, or not? Evidently it's not finished—it never can be more than Half-a Railway. Why ask questions?

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 11.—*Faust* and Foremost. NORDICA, the two POLES, and TERRELLI being the foremost. House crowded. Calls and bouquets after Second and Third Acts. WAGSTAFF says, appropriate flowers for a bouquet to be presented to a *prima donna* taking a call, would be Cally-flowers. WAGSTAFF oughtn't to be admitted.

Tuesday.—RAVELLI the Reliable resting. *Rigoletto* given without him. He deserves several bars' rest. Apology made for Madame MELBA on account of hoarseness. Everyone is a little hoarsey in Ascot week. *Apologia pro voce sud* quite unnecessary apparently, Madame MELBA being in magnificent voice. She brings down the house—quite a Samsonian feat—and is recalled after the First Act tumultuously. She can act as well as sing. Signor D'ANDRADE very good as *Rigoletto*. Once decidedly flat, but that is when he is prostrated, quite knocked over by his grief, so that his voice goes in sympathy with his emotion. Madame SCALCHI is *Maddalena*. Signor GUILLE, as *Il Duca*, reminds me of the fat boy in *Pickwick* when amorously inclined towards *Mary* the housemaid. There is no accounting for feminine taste, but when *Gilda* tells her father how

"Each Sunday whilst I went
To Church, my prayers to say,"
(Good little *Gilda!*)
"A youth of heavenly beauty"
(*i.e.* Signor GUILLE, as *Il Duca*)
"Did follow on our way,"

I confess that the peculiar fascination exercised by this stout *Lothario* over the youthful and devout victim is inexplicable, though it might not perhaps be so had she known that he was a Duke in disguise. I'm afraid that as it was she must have been considerably distracted during the service, and she couldn't have told anybody afterwards what the sermon was about. And all this for a little piping bullfinch of a lover who, as represented by Signor GUILLE, is more of a *Tracy Tupman* undersized than a Tenor. Our stout little friend, the *tenore robusto*, succeeds as a singer, though he doesn't get an *encore* for "*La Donna è mobile*," but as a Fancy Fascinator he is not, so to speak, "in it." BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent not resting like RAVELLI the Reliable. Couldn't both be spared on the same night. Sad story—*Rigoletto*. Always feel melancholy at the finish. Sorry *Il Duca* escapes, but such is life. *The* quartette *encored*, and deservedly so. The conductor with the sherry-white-wine sort of name, Signor MANCINELLI, has band and choruses well in hand. *Mise-en-scene* worthy of Augustan Operatic Era. Mr. CHARLES HALL, Q.C., M.P., who ought to be at Cambridge receiving degrees *honoris causâ*, weeps over the hard fate of *Gilda*, and Lord LATHOM wipes his lorgnettes. Not a dry eye in the house. Dry throats though. Emotional grief makes anti-Lawsonites of us all.

Wednesday.—Hail, Columbia! *L'Africaine* is the Opera, and Mlle. COLUMBIA is the *remplaçante* of Mme. NORDICA. NORDICA resting like RAVELLI. Quite right. Hope "the Balm of Columbia" (whatever that may be—probably something for the hair—never say dye) will restore her. Why won't LASSALLE (fine voice, fine actor, too,—"Avast, there, Messmate!" says the noble Tar, C. B. "He has a magnificent compass." C. B. is a judge of compasses) make up as a real nigger? I don't mean in collars, but in colour. At all events, why isn't he a villain of the deepest mahogany dye? The boarding of the ship by the members of the Savage Club more spirited than last week, when, instead of being untutored Savage boarders, they were as polite and mild as parlour boarders. The two Poles first-rate. The "Artless Thing," Miss MCINTYRE, looking more astonished than ever at her exceptional success as *Ines*. No encores. Evidently not offered lest they should be taken and Opera be prolonged beyond midnight. "Aye, Aye, my hearties!" says Lord CHARLES. "Belay *encores!* avast encoring! Why, my dear eyes, the other Saturday night the last Act of *The Huguenots* was heaved overboard to lighten the ship, for all the world as if it had been a Compensation Clause." Mr. HALL, not CHARLES, "His friend," Q.C., but HALL, B. O., with *Gardenia Gladstonia* in his buttonhole—known here as Floral HALL—wants to know why "Mr. G." doesn't pay the Opera a visit. Mr. CHAPLIN, of Italian Organising Committee explains that "G. O. M. might select a night when Trove-a-tory was being played, and wouldn't like it."

Saturday.—A "Nicht wi' WAGNER." Splendid performance of *Lohengrin*. No applause permitted, except between Acts, as WAGNER's work mustn't be interrupted. JEAN DE RESZKÉ, as the Knight from Swansea, superb, well worthy of ALBANI as *Elsa*, and "No one Else Sir can do it as she can." (WAGSTAFF *passim*.) Madame HASTREITER musically and dramatically powerful as the Orful *Ortrude*, and NAVARRINI equally so as the Hateful *Harold*. M. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ every inch a King, and acts as such. Signor MANCINELLI—pronounced *Marnchinally*, not like the wine *Mansinilla*—shows how perfect the orchestra can be. Crowded and enthusiastic house. "Floral HALL," decorated with *Gardenia Gladstonensis*, breathes again, in consequence of liberal supply of Ayr. *Lohengrin* must be repeated more than once with same cast. DEURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS takes additional title of "*Coventus Horticulturus*." Italian Organising Committee devising laurel crown.

EFFECT OF GARDEN-SEATS ON DRIVERS AND CONDUCTORS.

"Omnibuses conduxisse cum pulchris puellis
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."—(*See p.* 291.)

"THE VIGIL."

"Verse-moi dans le cœur, du fonds de ce tombeau
Quelque chose de grand, de sublime et de beau!"
Hernani, Act IV., Scene 2.

THE prayer of CHARLES, that rose amidst the gloom
Of the dead CHARLEMAGNE's majestic tomb,
Might fitly find an echo on the lips
Of the young Prince, whose pathway death's eclipse
Hath twice enshadowed in so brief a space.
Grandsire and Sire! Stout slip of a strong race,
Valiant old age and vigorous manhood fail,
And leave youth, high with hope, with anguish pale,
In vigil at their tomb! Watch on, and kneel.
Those clenched hands crossed upon the sheathèd steel.
Not lightly such inheritance should fall.
Hear you not through the gloom the glorious call
Of Valour, Duty, Freedom? Death but late
Smote, at the crown and top of patriot state,
The age-unshaken Sovereign, whose white crest
Bore up against the years. Now, ere the test
Of twelve short moons his strenuous soul had tried,
Through fierce affliction, borne with patient pride,
In brave mid-manhood promise-full, and pure
In honour opulent, in love secure,
Passes the gallant Prince Germania hoped,
With the great burden of her fate had coped
For many a peaceful, progress-laden year.
Fallen, like some old knight in full career,
Dead on the field of honour, gripping close
The weapon, Duty, which not mailèd foes,
Nor pain's insidious stress, could force or steal
From the firm hand that served the spirit leal.
A Drama here, of Kings, not low or base,
But of heroic strain!
And youth must face
What snowy age and stalwart manhood found
A weight of sorrow, though with splendour crowned.
Young HOHENZOLLERN, soldierly of soul,
Heaven fix your heart on a yet nobler goal
Than sword may hew its way to. Those you mourn
Heroes of the Great War when France was torn
With Teuton shot, knew that the sword alone
May rear, but shall not long support a throne.
WILLIAM has passed, bowing his silver crest,
Like an old Sea King going to his rest;
FREDERICK, in fullest prime, with failing breath,
But as heroic heart, has stooped to death:
Here, at their tomb, another Emperor keeps
His vigil, whilst Germania bows and weeps.
Heaven hold that sword unsheathed in that young hand,
And crown with power and peace the Fatherland!

TOURISTS' TALK.

From the Very Latest Conversational Handbook.

I LIKE these foreigners; but when I inquire of this inhabitant of this quaint and picturesque old town the nearest way to the ramparts, why does he regard me with such a sinister scowl?

The view of the sea from this position is perfectly delightful, and but for those five men creeping stealthily towards me under the shadow of that bastion, the spot would be quite secluded.

Why, when I begin to make a pencil-sketch of that bathing-machine in my pocket-book, am I suddenly sprung upon from behind, seized by the collar, and hurled to the bottom of this ditch?

It is a curious fact that when I expostulate, and threaten them that I will write to the *Times*, the five men who are holding me down only reply by shouting, "*A bas le Prussien!*"

Ha! here is a company of soldiers coming, probably, to my assistance.

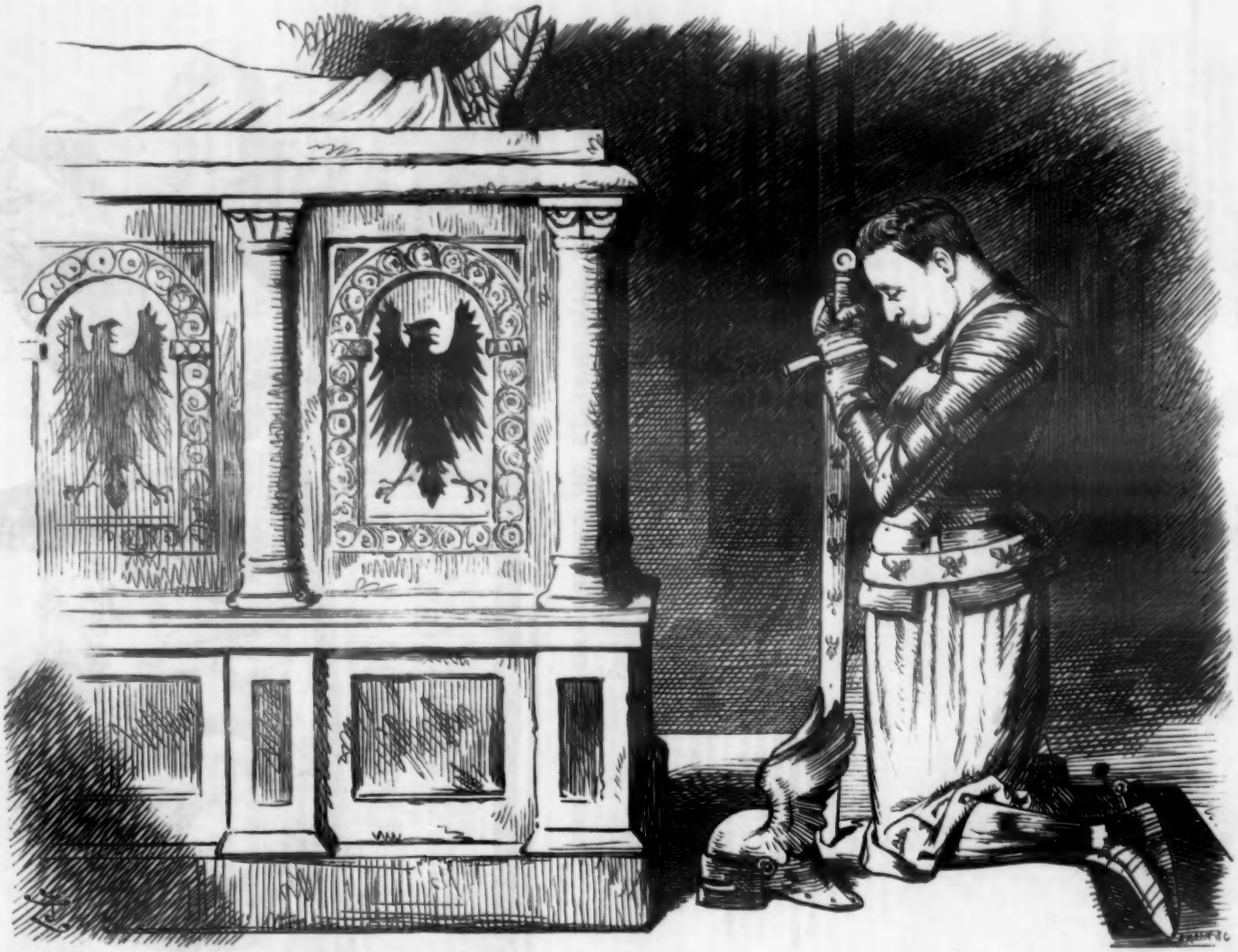
Strange to say, I cannot persuade the officer in command that the *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* found in my coat-pocket is not a Dictionary of German cipher.

I will try to explain to him that my Scotch Tweed travelling suit is not the undress uniform of a Colonel of Prussian Hussars.

What is there about me that should make the mob, as I am marched through the streets, howl and jeer at me as if I were some captured wild beast?

This five hours' detention in a dungeon infested with rats, though, no doubt, a necessary, is by no means a pleasing experience.

I think I have almost succeeded in explaining in pantomime to the Commissary of Police that the photograph of my uncle the Queen's Counsel, taken in his wig and gown, that they have abstracted from



"THE VIGIL."

my pocket-book, is not a striking likeness of Prince BISMARCK, arrayed in his robes as Chancellor of the German Empire.

His dismissing me summarily with the remark that my conduct was "calculated to arouse international susceptibilities, and that I had better take care to be more cautious in future," does not somehow compensate me for my arrest, incarceration, and eight hours' loss of liberty.

Much as I like these foreigners, I think, under the circumstances, I shall leave their quaint picturesque old town by the very next steamboat that starts for England.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A CONCERT.

SCENE.—*The Box-Office, a few minutes before the hour at which little* Master POUSHKIN POPONANOFF, *the very latest, youngest, and smallest of Precocious Pianists, has announced his Morning Concert. Music-loving Public besieging pigeon-hole.*

Clerk (*in answer to several frantic appeals*). All the shilling seats are gone long ago.

Applicants (*imploringly*). But there's standing-room, surely? We don't mind, as long as we can get in!

Clerk (*relenting*). It's just possible there may be a few inches left at the back—you can go in and see, if you like.

[*Applicants pass in gratefully, to stand patiently, for two hours and a half, in a tropical climate.*

IN THE CONCERT-ROOM.

Polite Attendant (*to a Strong-minded Matron, who insists on standing with her numerous family in the gangway between the five-shilling seats*). I really must ask you to go further back, Madam—your tickets were for the shilling seats—you have no right to block the passage here.

The S. M. There's no room in the shilling seats. I have brought my family all the way from Haverstock Hill, on purpose to hear little POUSHKIN, and it's not likely I shall go away now.

[*The* Polite A. *summons two other* P. A.'s, *who urge the propriety of retiring.*

The S. M. (*with spirit*). If those are your orders, execute them! I am only a woman, with these defenceless children, but I warn you that I will yield to nothing but superior force—you will have to drag us out! [*The* P. A.'s *smile at one another feebly, and remain irresolute, with the bearing of baffled tyrants at a minor theatre.*

The S. M. (*following up her advantage*). Then perhaps you will let us have some programmes?

[*The* P. A.'s *supply her meekly, and retire in discomfiture, leaving the* S. M. *and her family, flushed but triumphant, in undisputed possession.*

Musical Amateur in Stall (*consulting programme*). Nothing very new, I see. How often I've heard LISZT play that Rhapsody? But it will really be very curious and instructive to see how this child takes it. I hear some of his renderings are quite original.

Little Master POUSHKIN *appears on platform, and is received with tumultuous applause.*

Enthusiastic Person (*who has read up an account of an interview with Youthful Pianist in the paper*). *Isn't* he sweet? Such perfect self-possession! See, he has to have a little pair of steps to climb on the music-stool! Do you know he positively refuses to play a note unless they put one of his tin soldiers on the piano? I think that's so *charming* of him!

Herr Heumacher Sonnenschein (*in the front row, to his Infant Daughter, a still more surprising Phenomenon, who is coming out next week*). Remember, OTTILIE, you clap your hands the instant the first movement is over; but the flowers you will throw when I tell you.

A Mother, to Master Jacky (*who has just begun the piano, and has been brought here to rouse his ambition*). *Now*, JACKY, you see what a little boy can do when he tries.

Jacky (*who has instantly conceived a violent aversion to the Y. P.*) It's all very fine, but I'd like to see him sit down to play some of my scales—he wouldn't look so cocky *then!*

Governess (*improvingly, to Spectacled Schoolgirl*). Just think, my dear MILLIE, how he must have *practised* to be able to play like this!

The S. S. (*with a shudder*). It's too awful to think of!

The Enth. Person. His playing is simply too wonderful! I like him better than little HEUMANN, or even HOFFNER—he's much *prettier!*

Discriminating P. Well, he has less firmness than young HEUMANN, but more dash; less delicacy, perhaps, than little HOFFNER, but he makes up for that in feeling; and, besides, he's their junior by several years.

A Connoisseur. I assure you I've heard that "Starlight Symphony" played by all the first pianists in Europe, and not one of them—not *one*—entered into the yearning discontent, the dreamy despair, the hopeless passion, with such feeling and perfect comprehension as this little POUSHKIN—a child of seven and a half, Sir—marvellous!

[*End of First Part.* Master POUSHKIN *skips off with evident relief, and is recalled again and again, amidst rapturous plaudits. Little* Miss OTTILIE *throws her flowers when no one is looking, and they fall unnoticed, under the piano, to the intense annoyance of her parent, who had counted upon a paragraph in the papers.*

The Matron with the Family (*to Male occupants of Stalls*). *Might* I ask you kindly to allow my daughters to take your seats for a short time? They are quite unused to standing so long... Thank you, so much!

[*Male occupants rise, and feeling a delicacy in reclaiming their seats, remain standing for remainder of performance.*

The Enth. Person. They say little POUSHKIN spends the intervals in playing with his Noah's Arks and sucking sweets. Here he comes again! Look, his little cheek is quite bulged out. I shouldn't wonder if he had a bull's-eye in it. Isn't he a *duck?* Do you notice how he always sticks his little legs straight out when he comes to the *Scherzo?*

The Concert concludes by little POUSHKIN *taking the lead in a trio with two full-grown performers as his foils. More recalls, general* furore, *subsiding, as the audience breaks up, into calmer criticism.*

First Caviller. After all, you know, I think I prefer DE PACHMANN. This boy took the *Allegro* rather too slow, *I* thought.

Second Ditto. And it's so easy to substitute single notes for octaves. I don't call it legitimate, either, for *my* part.

An Unappreciated Genius. Too sickening, I call it, all this fuss about a kid! Why, I might play Mendelssohn and Chopin till I fell under the piano, and none of these people would give me a hand. *Would* they?

His Friend. Well, not unless you could get yourself up in a frock and bows.

Humble Friend (*to Wealthy Patroness*). Well, my dear, I always say just what I think, as you know, and I *do* say that your little EMMELINE plays with quite as much *correctness* as this little Russian boy, and *far* more brilliancy of execution.

The W. P. Do you really think so? Of course she has been thoroughly well taught—and, now I think of it, if you've nothing else to do to-morrow evening, you might like to come in about ten—I can't ask you to dinner, because our table is full, but——

[Humble Friend *feels herself rewarded.*

A Proud Mother. I've been thinking of such a charming plan, if we can only manage it. I wonder if we could get this little POUSHKIN to come to us one evening, and play that duet from *Zampa* with our JOSEPHINE—she's *very* nearly perfect in it now.

Herr Heumacher Sonnenschein (*to his Daughter*). By this time to-morrow week there shall be one little boy, my OTTILIE, with the nose out of joint.

Professional (*recognising juvenile* EX-Phenomenon). And so you are no longer playing?

Ex-Phenom. I am too big become—I can now stretch the octave.

PLAYTIME AT THE LYCEUM.

Irving Macaire and his little Wee Dog.

THE RANGE OF POSSIBILITY.

1871. Major WATKINS invents a range-finder of the greatest possible utility.
1872. War Office Officials consider experiments satisfactory.
1873. Somebody reports upon it.
1874. Someone else "hangs it up."
1875. No time this year to proceed with it.
1876. Someone forgets all about it.
1877. Nothing done. Stagnation.
1878. Inventor revives it.
1879. Inventor snubbed.
1880. More experiments and more successes.
1881. Invention again pigeon-holed.
1882. Still "under consideration."
1883. Invention declared perfection.
1884. Government uncertain.
1885. Matter further shelved.
1886. Somebody takes an interest in it.
1887. Duke of CAMBRIDGE looks at it.
1888. Invention purchased!

TYPICAL MODERN DEVELOPMENTS

GRANDMOTHER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER.

FOOD, FLOWERS, AND MYSTERY;

OR, THE NURSERY OF THE STRANGE AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—You may remember that one day last week you sent for me in great trouble. You explained to me that you were very sad.

"You see," you observed, "the Managing Director of the Pine Apple Nurseries has addressed me officially, 'begging me to honour him with a visit to view the Company's Show of *Gloxinias* and other flowers in their Grand Conservatory.' This is a most reasonable request, and it cuts me to the heart to have to refuse it! Alas that I should be so busy!"

"But could you not be represented by a substitute?" I suggested, sympathetically.

"Eureka!" you shouted, absolutely beside yourself with joy. "Look at the letter of invitation! You notice either I am to come or 'any delegate I may appoint.' I will appoint you. Read the last paragraph in the letter of invitation—'*Luncheon will be provided at one o'clock.*' You hear, luncheon will be provided at one o'clock!"

"This is indeed kind!" I cried, almost choking with emotion; and then after a few whispered words I took my leave.

The next morning I hastened to the Pine Apple Nurseries. They seemed to me to be situated miles away from anywhere. In the cause of economy I patronised the Metropolitan Railway, two tram-cars, and an omnibus, and after taking several bad shots which resulted in hurried visits to Brompton and Hammersmith, landed myself in the neighbourhood of Kilburn. The Pine Apple Nurseries had several rivals which seemingly were more than successfully holding their own. To tell the truth I did not think much of the "*Gloxinias* and other flowers" belonging to the P. A. N. in the Grand Conservatory, but then I do not pretend to be much of a judge. This by the way.

Outside the grounds was a one-horse refreshment cart. Inside the glass house stood three melancholy-looking gentlemen seemingly on what soldiers call "the alert." Over the door of the Conservatory appeared an invitation to "customers" to enter and inspect the exhibits. I walked in, and the three gentlemen gave a little start on seeing me, as if they were not sure whether I was to be treated as a king, or a convict. However, I disappeared down a side-path, and was left in peace. There were some specimens of ferns and that sort of thing. I did not think much of what I saw, but then, as I have already admitted, I do not consider myself infallible on matters of horticulture. I returned to the entrance, and then one of the three gentlemen observing that "I had been round," let me out. So far I had seen and heard nothing of the luncheon, although its existence had been suggested by the one-horse refreshment-cart to which I have already referred. Once outside "the Grand Conservatory," I began a tour of inspection of a market garden which appeared to me of not very imposing proportions, and in the course of my journey came upon a building which seemed to be used for an office. Standing before it, I heard a pop, and looking through a window I found a luncheon, which presumably was the one promised "to be provided." A waiter in his shirt-sleeves had opened a bottle of wine. There was a table laid apparently for about a score of guests, and through the glass I could see an "arrangement in yellow," which did not seem to me to be very digestible. By-and-by, two of the gentlemen who I had noticed standing in the Grand Conservatory, entered the room accompanied by a lady, and took their seats. It was then I fancy that "the face at the window" was observed, and I thought it respectful to withdraw. I made my way once more to the entrance to the market garden, and was there accosted by the third gentleman who asked me, "if I was looking for anybody?"

Had not the Manchester Murderer been just apprehended, I fear that I might have been tempted to have declared that I was a detective searching for JACKSON. Failing this excuse (the only one that on the spur of the moment occurred to me) I asked a question.

"Have many come to luncheon?"

"Well, no, Sir, not yet," replied my accoster in a tone in which I fancied I could trace a tinge of melancholy. "Not yet," he repeated, and then continued more hopefully, more cheerfully. "But then of course, they can choose their own time—we said one, but any time will do."

I did not ask who the "they" were, nor did I attempt to guess. I merely smiled a soft, genial, innocent smile. There was an awkward pause.

"Perhaps *you* would like some luncheon, Sir?" suggested my companion with high-bred courtesy, which filled me with admiration not unmixed with surprise.

I felt deep gratitude and considerable pride that I, a perfect stranger, should have been singled out for this magnificent display of hospitality.

"Thanks, no," said I, struggling with my emotion, "not to-day. Perhaps at some future date I may look in again."

And then I left him. He followed me with eyes in which there appeared to me to lurk some latent doubt. When I got to the gate, I asked the young man in charge of the one-horse refreshment cart if he could furnish me with the *Menu* of the apparently rather neglected feast. He said he could not. Under these circumstances I regret to report I can give you no further particulars. I can merely subscribe myself, My dear Editor, Yours with a sort of haughty humility,

A REPRESENTATIVE OF "PUNCH," NOT "LUNCH."

Extract from "Evelyn(Ashley)'s Diary."

"*Saturday, June* 16.—Never liked bagpipes. Scotch Ayr out of tune to Government ears. So far as I am concerned, what could I have expected from appearing in the open Ayr but a good blow? Know what GEORGE JOKIN will say, 'O that Ayr! and this ear!'"

MODEL BYE-LAWS.

(*Founded on a recent Appeal Court Case.*)

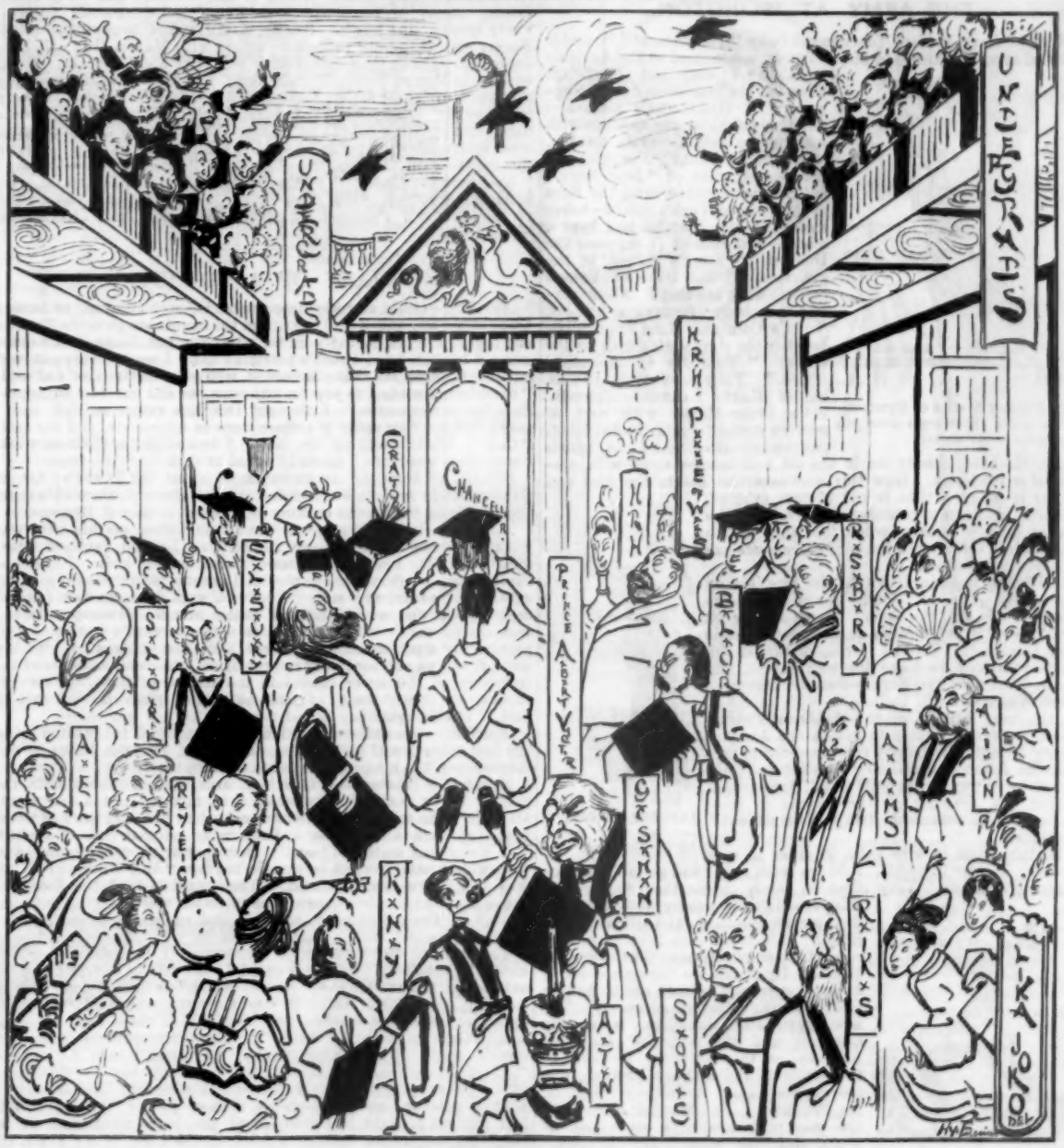
EVERY passenger must show his Vaccination Certificate on being required to do so by any servant of the Company; in default, he may be taken into the Station-Master's room and compulsorily vaccinated with any lymph that may be found on the premises, and in as many different places as may seem suitable to the said Station-Master.

Passengers needlessly communicating with the Guard by ringing the bell or pulling the cord, will be imprisoned and fined not less than five pounds. A Company neglecting to supply any means of communication at all, will not be liable to any fine whatever.

The servants of the Company have peremptory orders to admit nobody to a platform unless furnished with a ticket. Persons found without tickets on platforms will, unless the Station-Inspector and one or two Guards have been previously tipped, be caught by the scruff of the neck and ducked in the nearest horse-pond.

Travellers found riding in the coaches of the Company without tickets will, even if they give the most satisfac-

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 4.



SCARLET LETTER DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

View of H.R.H. Prince Victor and other Celebrities being Doctor'd in the Senate House. All felt a Degree better afterwards.

tory reasons for not having them, be treated as suspicious characters, knocked down and kicked, jumped upon, and then charged double the first-class fare from the station the train would have started from if the line had been carried five hundred miles beyond its existing terminus, and well into the Atlantic or German Oceans.

Ignorance of these Bye-laws will be considered an aggravation of any offence committed against them, rather than otherwise.

The Company are not, and will not be, responsible either for passengers' lives, liberty, or property, under any circumstances whatsoever.

The Company does not engage that the trains will either start or arrive as stated in the Official Time-tables, or that they will ever start or arrive at all. Passengers complaining of unpunctuality in the trains will be bound over in heavy sureties to keep the peace, and to come up for judgment when called upon.

First-class Passengers who, owing to want of room in the trains, are obliged to stand up in third-class carriages for their whole journey, will not be allowed any deduction on their tickets, but will be severely reprimanded on arriving at their destinations.

Third-class Passengers riding in First-class Carriages, on the excuse that "there is no room in the thirds," will be charged the ordinary first-class season fare for a whole year from the furthest station to which season tickets are issued, and will then be forcibly chucked out of the Company's premises.

THE ARMY AT ISLINGTON.

The Military Musical Tournament (why "Tournament"?), under general superintendence of Major Tully, commenced at the Agricultooral-looral Hall last Thursday. Crowd of old Pensioners in red (suggestive of Herkomer's picture,—and they ought to sing a chorus with appropriate action,—shall mention this to Major Tully), Navy Boys in blue—a collection of "Blue Boys," not Gainsborough's—and the Boys of the Duke of York's School—never knew till now that he had kept a school—and girls of (I suppose) the Duchess of York's School, in the galleries. If not Duke of York's School, what are they? All marching in a body; forming a Duke of York's Column. Girls applauding heartily the single-stick drill to the air of "*Meet Me by Moonlight Alone.*" Their evolutions remind me of Katti Lanner. Splendid little Drum-Major, with sort of modern masher's gold-headed stick, pantomimic-size, which he whirls about his head, chucks up in the air, and catches again with considerable dexterity. How this stick-exercise assists the fifes and drums in keeping time is not at once evident. Perhaps it is only intended to frighten the enemy, on any occasion when the band has to go first into action, and the *chef d'orchestre* has to conduct the attack.

New Military System of Gymnastic Signalling. Showing a clean pair of heels to the enemy.

Old friend Captain Dann to the fore, giving the place quite an Anglo-Dannish appearance. He is still the same "hoarse soldier on foot." One great novelty is the new Athletic and Gymnastic Musical Drill, invented by Colonel Onslow, to make the men supple, and hence known as the Supple-mentary Exercise. Lord Wolseley will include it, with sketches, in the next edition of the *Soldier's Pocket-Book*. Anyone unable to review the Army at Merry Islington is hereby recommended to procure the *Illustrated Military Tournament*, published by Warne. Fore-Warned, fore-armed. Notice the drawing of the swords in these pictures. Tournament (why Tournament?) continues.

New Musical Drill. Dandling the Baby,—practice most useful for the Infantry.

Soldiers come in with rifles in order to meet enemy. Enemy invisible. Soldiers stack rifles, and go in for attitudinising to music. Very effective. Only, while they're doing all this, wouldn't the enemy, if half sharp, steal a march on them, and bolt with their rifles? This is an idea that could only occur to a mere civilian. The Aldershot Military Gymnasts go through a lot of athletic exercises, which would have a most startling effect on an enemy. The new gymnastic signalling is greatly admired, and the corps of Aldershot Athletes, or the Bounding Brothers of the Gallant Indiarubbers, retire from the sawdust amid tumultuous plaudits. No bouquets. The Musical Ride, with the band play-tooning, is as popular as usual, finishing with "The Lancers." *Query.*—Of what use is the little flag on each lance? Is it intended to attract the enemy's attention, and then, when he's admiring it, and saying, "Oh, what a pretty flag!" does the Lancer who is "in touch" with him show him the point of the lance by way of explaining the point of the flag?

Romeo and Juliet Drill. Swearing eternal fidelity to imaginary Juliet in balcony above.

Very thirsty work; sawdust making me as husky as Captain Dann, so march from Dann to Beer-she-bar.

"Combined Display, under the direction of Colonel Onslow." Soldiers run in with property banks—London and Westminster Bank one side, old County Bank the other—canvas stream or coloured paper currency between the two. Palings and gate at one end of arena closing in rocky heights held by the enemy under the banner of Probyn & Co., Refreshment Contractors. Bicyclists enter with rifles. Then British Army. They camp out,—light fires, and commence five-o'clock-tea. Probyn & Co. (the enemy) watch proceedings from behind palings; when they see the opposition refreshments they cannot stand it any longer, and sally forth. Enemy (eight of them) shoot at five-o'clock-teaguards (green). Party broken up: bugle. British Army wakes, constructs bridge. Enemy retreat behind palisades—return with Maxim Gun and Nordenfeldt. Maxim Gun loaded with old saws and proverbs. Great wisdom in Maxim Gun. British Army, not to be outdone, suddenly produce Hotchkiss & Co., Limited,—a hundred headaches in every barrel of it! Wise Maxim Gun says, "Bolt!" Enemy bolts accordingly, disappearing behind palisades. British Army in full pursuit, cross bridge, blow up palisades—"Up, Guards, and at 'em!"—storm the rocks—gain the heights—Defeat of Probyn & Co.—Victory! "*God Save the Queen!*" by the Band. Grand Finale, and all over, including shouting. Good show—very. Still going on. The Author of the *Soldier's Pocket-Book* should be known as "The Maxim Great Gun."

DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 24.—Could scarcely sleep a wink through thinking of having brought up Mr. and Mrs. James from the country to go to the Theatre last night, and his having paid for a private box because our order was not honoured; and such a poor play too. I wrote a very satirical letter to Merton the Wine Merchant, who gave us the pass, and said, "considering we had to *pay* for our seats, we did our *best* to appreciate the performance." I thought this line rather cutting, and I asked Carrie how many P's there were in appreciate, and she said, "One." After I sent off the letter I looked at the dictionary and found there were two. Awfully vexed at this.

Decided not to worry myself any more about the James's; for, as Carrie wisely said, "We'll make it all right with them by asking them up from Sutton one evening next week, to play at Bézique.

April 25.—In consequence of Brickwell telling me his wife was working wonders with the new Pinkford's Enamel Paint, I determined to try it. I bought two tins of red on my way home. I hastened through tea, went into the garden and painted some flower-pots. I called out Carrie, who said, "You've always got some new-fangled craze"; but she was obliged to admit that the flower-pots looked remarkably well. Went upstairs into the servant's bed-room and painted her wash-stand, towel-horse, and chest of drawers. To my mind it was an extraordinary improvement, but as an example of the ignorance of the lower classes in the matter of taste, our servant Sarah, on seeing them, evinced no sign of pleasure, but merely said, "she thought they looked very well as they was before."

April 26.—Got some more red Enamel Paint (red to my mind being the best colour), and painted the coal-scuttle, and the backs of our *Shakspeare*, the binding of which had almost worn out.

April 27.—Painted the Bath red, and was delighted with the result. Sorry to say Carrie was not, in fact we had a few words about it. She said I ought to have consulted her, and she had never heard of such a thing as a Bath being painted red. I replied, "It's merely a matter of taste." Fortunately, further argument on the subject was stopped by a voice saying, "May I come in?" It was only Cummings, who said, "Your maid opened the door, and asked me to excuse her showing me in, as she was wringing out some socks." I was delighted to see him, and suggested we should have a game of whist with a dummy, and by way of merriment said, "*You* can be the dummy." Cummings (I thought rather ill-naturedly) replied, "Funny as usual." He said he couldn't stop, he only called to leave me the "*Bicycle News*," as he had done with it. Another ring at the bell; it was Gowing, who said "he must apologise for calling so often, and that one of these days *we* must come round to *him*." I said, "A very extraordinary thing has struck me." "Something funny, as usual," said Cummings. "Yes," I replied, "I think even *you* will say so this time. It's *à propos* of you both; for doesn't it seem odd that Gowing's always *coming*, and Cumming's always *going?*" Carrie, who had evidently quite forgotten about the bath, went into fits of laughter, and as for myself, I fairly doubled up in my chair, till it cracked beneath me. I think this was one of the best jokes I have ever made. Then imagine my astonishment on perceiving both Cummings and Gowing perfectly silent, and without a smile on their faces. After rather an unpleasant pause, Cummings, who had opened a cigar-case, closed it up again, and said, "Yes—I think, after that, I *shall* be going, and I am sorry I fail to see the fun of your jokes." Gowing said he didn't mind a joke when it wasn't rude, but a pun on a name, to his thinking, was certainly a little wanting in good taste. Cummings followed it up by saying, if it had been said by any one else but myself, he shouldn't have entered the house again. This rather unpleasantly terminated what might have been a cheery evening. However, it was as well they went, for the charwoman had finished up the remains of the cold pork.

"Wounded by a shot from an Ayr gun!" exclaimed George Jokin. "From the report it sounds to me like the explosion of a blunderbuss."

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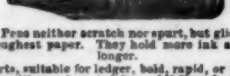

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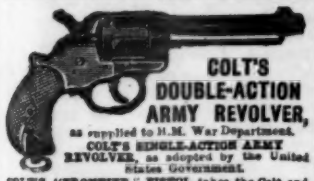

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Yankee Shakspeares came to town
On *Petruchio's* pony;
Such a feather in their cap!
Hope they 'll make their money

gestures of the leading members of this company, and in the peculiar mannerisms of the low comedians. What first struck me, after the remarkable performance of Miss ADA REHAN as *Katherine*, was Mr. JOHN DREW's clever embodiment of *Petruchio;* and passing over the cut-and-dried comic business of Mr. JAMES LEWIS as *Grumio*, Mr. F. BOND as *Tranio*, and Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ as *Gremio*, I was delighted with Mrs. GILBERT as *Curtis*, whom the Americans have changed into an old woman after SHAKSPEARE had made a man of him. Miss PHŒBE RUSSELL looks quite Burn-Jonesian as *Bianca*. About the others, with the exception of Mr. WILLIAM GILBERT, the exponent of *Christopher Sly*, there seemed to me to be an amateurishness which was quite inexplicable. But the two, on whom the success of this Elizabethan Farcical Extravaganza depends, are worthy of the greatest praise, of which to Miss REHAN must be allotted the lion's share.

About the spelling of *Petruchio's* name there is admittedly some slight difference of opinion, but about the pronunciation of it as spelt in the Daly Company's bill, "*Petrucio*," there is a good deal of difference among the Daly Company themselves, seeing that the same person is called at one time "*Petruzzio*," at another "*Petrooshio*," and again "*Petrutchio*," according to the taste and fancy of the individual. If the correct spelling be *Petruchio*, the correct pronunciation would be "*Petrukio*." The absence of uniformity in such a matter is a note of indecision in stage management, and throughout the piece there is constant evidence of their still being bound hand and foot by the old theatrical red-tape of the Kemble-Macready tradition, of which the English stage has well rid itself by a series of Emancipation Acts, passed by the leaders of generations of oppressed players "nobly struggling to be free."

Mr. DREW, as the mad-cap, strong-willed, gay and gallant *Petruchio*, has to thank nature for nothing, and art for everything. He doesn't look the part at all, but plays it within a few inches of as well as it is ever likely to be played. To impersonate a man acting a part, and to avoid appearing theatrical and self-conscious, is exceedingly difficult, though just within the resources of dramatic art.

For Miss REHAN as *Katherine* I have unqualified praise. She looks the shrew, she acts the shrew, she exhibits such demoniac possession as can only relieve itself by inarticulate cries of anger, and by violence of action sudden and uncontrollable. When being starved into submission, Miss REHAN so enlists our sympathies, even in the most outrageously farcical situations, that the men in the house begin to think what a cowardly brute is *Petruchio*, and what a shame it is to use this splendid creature so cruelly, when she might have been conquered by kindness. But *Petruchio* is right; if *Katherine* had once got outside a good square meal, he and his cowboy whip, his Buffalo Bill swagger and his burlesque bluster would have had as much effect on SHAKSPEARE's *Katherine* as it has on the audience who are in the secret. And then to note how Miss REHAN wins the audience who remain spell-bound by her wise and gentle delivery of that excellent lecture on the duties of wives towards their husbands, with which the play practically finishes,—the sentiments of which lecture I noticed were greeted with rapturous applause by the elder male portion of the audience, while better halves appeared to be suddenly particularly engaged in getting at their opera-cloaks and wrappers. I wonder how Mrs. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE liked this finishing speech; that is, if dear ANNE was alive at the time, and ever went to the Theatre to see her husband's pieces. The sort of pantomime "hurry" music played at the entrance of *Katharine* is a mistake, though quite in keeping with the old-fashioned notion of the character which Miss REHAN utterly dispels.

When the Daly Company has left us, the truth concerning this performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*, will be summed up in two lines,

"REHAN the Shrew
And *Petruchio* 'Drew'."

I advise anyone who doesn't believe in the possibility of this piece being acted nowadays, to go and see Miss REHAN as *Katherine*, and I fancy they will remain of the same opinion still, as, without her, where would this muddle-plotted whimsical farce be? But *with* her it is something to be seen says JACK IN THE BOX.

THE CLIENT'S RELEASE.

(*Little Legal Operetta, in Active Rehearsal.*)

A Corridor in the immediate vicinity of the High Court of Justice. A crowd of exasperated Suitors who have been waiting all day, together with their respective Witnesses, Counsel, and Solicitors, in a feverish state of expectancy that their particular case will be the next called on for hearing, discovered huddled together outside the door; a blithe Official steps lightly out. They make an irritable rush at him, and dragging him to the front, with threatening gesticulations, sing the following Chorus:—

CHORUS.

SPEAK! Why this procrastination!
Have you nothing to say cheering!
Can you give no intimation,
When our case comes on for hearing?
Here for days have we been waiting,
None our angry protests heeding,
Seeing fees accumulating,—
Counsel with refreshers feeding!
Say, must we who justice seek,
Wait perhaps, till this day week!

BLITHE OFFICIAL (*andante*).

I know not of anything that I can say
Which will lighten your chagrin or sorrow.
You came yesterday, you have turned up to-day:—
You had all better show here to-morrow!
And if your attendance to-morrow prove vain,
Then come the day after, and—well, try again!

EXASPERATED SUITOR (*con fuoco*).

He treats our prayers, our threats, with scorn:
Each wasted moment means a fee!
Can such a weight of costs be borne!
Will no one intervene?

[*The Scene suddenly opens at the back and discloses the* Genius of the Bar Committee *and the* Good Fairy of the Incorporated Law Society, *surrounded by a blaze of legal light.*

GENIUS OF THE BAR COMMITTEE *and the* GOOD FAIRY OF THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY (*ensemble*).

Yes! We!

[*They wave their wands, while there appears above them the List of Causes, which are subdivided into "Special Jury Actions," "Common Jury Actions," and "Non-Jury Actions," and apportioned in "groups" to particular Judges, each case being set down for hearing on a specified day at a fixed hour. All cower before the phenomenon with satisfied stupefaction.*

Behold! past practice thus we set aside.
See there, your work before you cut and dried.
Delay is dead! Clears off official mist.
You've but to seek your name upon that list.
No more you 'll have to hang about in town;
The day, the hour, the Court, are all set down.
And so we trust we've satisfied our friends—
For Order rules at last, and Chaos ends!

[*They are about to retire gracefully, when they are surrounded by a surging throng of Solicitors, Chief Clerks, Counsel, Clients, and Court Officials, who indulge in a wild appreciative revel as the Curtain descends.*

MORE "G. O. M.'s"!!—Another has been discovered at the Crystal Palace,—"GOOD OLD MANNS." Evidently a pluralist.

THE WATKIN SPIDER AND THE GLADSTONE FLY.

(*New Version.*)

"WILL you walk into my Tunnel?" said the Spider to the Fly,
"'Tis the handiest little Tunnel that ever you did spy.
You've only got to pop your head inside and peep, no more,
And you'll see a many curious things you never saw before.
Will you, will you, will you, walk in, Grand Old Fly?"

Now, this particular Grand Old Fly *was* very "fly," you know,
And had clear business notions and ideas of *quid pro quo*.
Says he, "About your Tunnel patriots doubt, alarmists chafe;
Of course, it's most ridiculous, but *will you swear it's safe?*
Oh, will you, will you, will you, will you?" said the Grand Old Fly.

Said the Spider to the Fly, "It's most absurd, upon my soul,
To see so big a nation scared about so small a hole.
To share the scare that's in the air is worthy, don't you know,
Not of a Grand Old Fly like you, but of a midge like JOE!
Then won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you, plucky Grand Old Fly?

"Will you show the feather white and vote with JOSEPH, Grand Old Fly?"
"No, if I do, may I be shot! It may be, by-and-by,
I'll ask you—but no matter; with you now my lot is cast."
The Spider laughed, "Ha, ha! my boy, I've got you safe at last!
You will then, will then, will then, will then, really Grand Old Fly!"

COLERIDGIANA;

OR, THINGS I STILL WANT TO KNOW.

WHAT is a "Race Performer"? Where is Tattersall's? What is a "Turf Reformer"? Who is WEATHERBY? What is a "pony"? Why is a "pony" sometimes given in exchange for a horse? What is "a friendly claim"? Who or what is the "Derby"? Is it the Earl? Who is Miss CONNIE GILCHRIST? What is meant by "having a bad week of it"? What is the meaning of "winning with a little bit up his sleeve"? What does "six to one bar one" mean? What is "PEARS's Soap"? Who is Mr. BEERBOHM TREE"? What is "Niagara in London"? Why does a MOSES change his name to MORDAUNT? Who is "CORNEY GRAIN"? What are the "Licensing Clauses"? Who are the "Stewards" of the Jockey Club, and what do they do in a rough passage? What is the "Plan of Campaign"? Who is the "Grand Old Man"? What is "The Pompadour"? Who is Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS? Didn't I once make a speech about HENRY IRVING at a dinner? If so, where was the dinner, and who was HENRY IRVING?

TOYING WITH A PURPOSE.

AT the Avenue Theatre Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS in the course of *The Old Guard*, and *à propos* of nothing in particular, suddenly appears as the celebrated walking tin toy figure with the tax-on-wheels cart which has occupied the pavement in the presence of admiring obstructionists for so long. He walks half across the stage and then comes jerkily to a standstill. A man enters to wind him up, and again he urges on his jerky career, and makes his exit satisfactorily, unless the assistant has placed him in not quite a straight line, when the mechanical ARTHUR ROBERTS is unable to go straight. If the Reverend Gentlemen who take an interest in theatrical performances will visit the Avenue—no necessity for Clergymen to "take orders," as they are supposed to possess them already,—they will see Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, after the manner of the "poor player," literally "strutting" his short two minutes on the stage, and, by "going straight," when put in the right way, conveying an excellent lesson to the youth of enfeebled will. And thus the Drama is vindicated as a great moral teacher.

NOTICE.—No room for *Nobody's Diary* this week. So sorry, because it is one of the best chapters. We should be still more sorry, only Nobody cares.

ONE EFFECT OF THE SWEATING COMMISSION.

Swell (at West-End Tailor's, to the Foreman). "AH—LOOK HERE, SNIPSON, I'VE BEEN READING ALL ABOUT THIS SWEATING SYSTEM, DON'TCHERNO,—AND AS I FIND THAT THE THINGS I PAY YOU EIGHT GUINEAS FOR—AH—YOU GET MADE BY THE SWEATERS FOR ABOUT—AH—TWO-AND-SIX—I'VE MADE UP MY MIND—AH—TO DO THE THING WELL, WITHOUT SCREWING YOU DOWN. SO—AH—JUST TAKE MY ORDER FOR *A SEVEN-AND-SIXPENNY DRESS SUIT.*"

ODDS ON THE BAR.

SOME short time ago it was announced that, at one of the Inns of Court, Lectures on special subjects were to be given for the benefit of the members. No doubt a recent case (during which no less a person than the Lord Chief Justice of England admitted his entire ignorance of everything technical in racing) has suggested that a course in Sport would be at the present moment highly popular. If this is so, then we may expect a subsequent examination, of which the following might serve as a specimen "Pass-paper."

1. Explain three of the following expressions in legal phraseology —"Skinning the lamb," "Putting the pot on," "Going a hewler," "Scoring a win by chucking at him an umbrella," and "Standing in with the stable."

2. Given a fashionable jockey, find his probable income, distinguishing between his receipts for riding, training, and horse-dealing, and possible expenses in bringing actions for libel.

3. What is meant by the term "In-and-out running"? Give instances, supplied from cases in the Court of Appeal, in illustration of your answer.

4. Give the pedigrees and list of performances of any two of the following horses—*Ayrshire*, *Success*, *Galore*, *Morebattle*, *Bonaparte*, *Nunthorpe*, *Chitabob*, *Honey Drop*, and *Camaralzaman*. Write opinion stating the chances of any one of them for Manchester Cup.

5. *Justice Froth*, by *Dogberry*, out of *Chancery Bar*, is a three-year-old, who has been beaten in all his trials, but who was first in a match with *Suitor*, by *Common Sense*, out of *Water*: handicap him for the Cesarewitch, giving reasons for the weight you attach to him.

6. Give a brief history of either (*a*) the Derby, or (*b*) the Leger, with 1, 2, 3 in each race from the year 1849 up to the present time, with a list of contemporary L. C. J.'s and L. C.'s.

7. Write a short essay upon "The Ring and the Bar," discussing the advantages and disadvantages of either profession, and giving your reasons for your ultimate preference.

"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."

(*Nursery Rhyme for the Saddlery Knaves.*)

As a matter of course
It makes HANBURY cross
To see how knaves saddle the Cavalry horse.
Fine pickings they finger,
These cheats, I suppose,
Whose "leather" means rotten hides smeared with glucose.

SOUNDS FROM SYDENHAM. — Crystal Palace Company giving HANDEL a turn this week. "HANDEL was never knighted," observes the Encyclopædic Sir GEORGE GROVE, "because the King said that the Composer couldn't possibly want a Handle to his name." Doubt whether Sir GEE GEE ever said this. N.B.—The two Correspondents, signing themselves "WAT-THE-DICKENS," and "GRAYSHUS EVANS!" who wish to know "*if Sir George Grove is one of the Groves of Blarney*," we refer to the eminent Musician himself for a more satisfactory answer than it is in our power to offer them.

"HUTT ANTE;" or, "H'as you were," was in effect the verdict of the Jury in favour of the innocence of the polite HUTT,—"polite" to distinguish him from "the rude Hutt" of romance,—and so the young gentleman comes out of the trial "More frightened than Hutt!" N.B.—On the perpetration of this pun, CAMPBELL, the Harleybury "Marshal," was at once sent for, and, to the tune of "*The Campbell is coming, oh dear!*" the Court was immediately cleared.)

WANTED BY THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY.—Not foemen worthy of their steel so much as steel worthy of their foemen!

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.—As Tory Doctors say, more local than Constitutional.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 18.—Peers determined to reform themselves. Going to let out some bad blood, and let in some new. Not any longer going to stand Members of sacred order smoking short clay pipes, wearing pea-jackets with saucer buttons, fighting in back parlours, running theatres, or running away with other men's wives. On other hand, going to strengthen Institution by specially recruiting from outside. Imperious Ministers in the Commons, when they don't know what to do with an esteemed, but useless colleague, make him a Peer.

"Peers," growls BRAMWELL, "are men who have failed at the Home Office or the Colonial."

"Sometimes," said CRANBROOK, who didn't like tone of remark, "they're failures as Law Officers of the Crown." Glanced with subdued admiration at stately figure of HALSBURY on Woolsack.

However, will be all right now; the Markiss taken matter in hand. Brought in Bill to-night. Awaited with intense interest; listened to with freezing politeness. Turns out to be one of the Markiss's little jokes. ROSEBERY, with high scorn, dilates on modesty of proposal, but will vote for it as admitting though not meeting necessity of reform. DUNRAVEN says ditto. Final blow given to measure regarded as practical reform by SELBORNE heartily approving it. Notion of SELBORNE doing anything heartily rather funny. ARGYLL back again out of the snow-storm. Regards ROSEBERY with freezing displeasure. "What," he asked, "is the Noble Lord driving at in his speeches in this House and out of it?" Then changing metaphor, and seeing visions, he continued: "Men who have been Ministers of the Crown should not throw the great Institutions of this country at the heads of the people." House visibly shuddered at the terrible picture conjured up. Grand Cross regards ROSEBERY through dimmed spectacles.

"A Minister of the Crown," he murmured, "who would lift his hand to throw the great Institutions of the country at the heads of the people, except in kyindness——" Emotion so overcame him, sentence unfinished. Bill read a First Time.

ROSEBERY said nothing. But, speaking at WILLIS's Rooms on Thursday lightly alluded to ARGYLL as "that portentous, political pedagogue." Delicious!

Business done.—Commons at work again on Local Government Bill.

Tuesday.—SINCLAIR came up to take his seat for Ayr. Result of election not exhilarating for Government; absolutely demoralising for House. Number of bad jokes made on subject unprecedented. Professor JOACHIM, who loves his art, descants dismally on situation. "Just one of those opportunities," he says, "that proves irresistible. Jokes to be made about Ayr are obviously numerous, and not above commonest comprehension. The real high-class joke should have subtlety in it. Always regard it as a failure if when I make a joke more than three out of nine people see it." SINCLAIR's reception hearty, but not quite so dramatic as when EVANS came. Lacked HARCOURT's assistance. HARCOURT just as much to do with winning Ayr as he had with victory at Southampton. But engagement in the country keeps him away, and SINCLAIR gets the cheers which he deserved.

More Committee on the Local Government Bill; also another defeat for Government. Bill proposes that Chief Constable shall be myrmidon of Quarter Sessions; JOHN MORLEY moves Amendment to make him creature of County Councils. On Division, taken in crowded House, Government defeated by 30.

"Very remarkable thing," said Old Morality, nervously rubbing his hands, "were defeated last Tuesday. It wasn't for this that we took Tuesdays from private Members."

After excitement of morning sitting, spent cheerful evening with Scotch Members, concerning the Assessment of Property in Scotland for Ecclesiastical Purposes. Turned out in course of debate that this is Scotch for Church Rates. LORD-ADVOCATE very angry; already suffered enough for one Session from Scotch Members; too bad to be brought away prematurely from his haggis to hear HUNTER on Church Rates. Growls and glares. Nearly frightens life out of SINCLAIR. Not used to these ebullitions. WALLACE, strategically getting near the door, shouts out, "LORD-ADVOCATE bears down, with the aid of English Members, the opinion of the country he nominally represents." Then WALLACE flees for his life, and great hush falls on assembly. LORD-ADVOCATE's hand instinctively goes in search of claymore. If he'd found it, and could have come up with WALLACE, there would have been vacancy in representation of East Edinburgh. But weapon not handy; WALLACE fled; has time to subside.

"All very well, TOBY," he said, when I suggested he might "take it out" of LYON PLAYFAIR; "but this state of things evidently can't go on long. Either these Scotch Members must be got rid of, or the Markiss will have to carry on his Government without Me. It is evident we can't breathe the same air."

Business done.—Getting on with Local Government Bill.

Wednesday.—Don't hear of BRADOURNE in these days. Liberals won't talk of him; Conservatives don't like to. Will take his vote, but rather not have his speech. To-day comes letter in which he casts off his son, who stands as Liberal Candidate for Thanet.

Stern Father Br-b-rne repudiating his Offspring!

"Magnificent literary composition, in which the feelings of a father struggle helplessly in stern grip of the principles of a statesman. Doncha?" said WILFRID LAWSON.

"Well, if [you ask me what I think," said Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, "I'll tell you. Have always thought this was one of BRADOURNE's little moves. Having planted himself in Tory camp, thinks it might be convenient if he lodged a son in the Liberal. Then, whichever Party in power, there might be pickings for The PADDOCKS, something sweet for SMEETH. Thought that from the first. This letter convinces me. Nothing better calculated to make honest voter plump for KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN than to be told his father had cast him off."

"Wish I could vary the conversation by saying something complimentary of BRADOURNE," said CHAPLIN. "Curious, that a man who has travelled all round political compass should not pick up a friend. Ever hear the story about ROWTON? When BRADOURNE took town house, showed ROWTON over it. Came to his own study. 'Nice cosy room this,' he said, 'though not very large. It's here where I entertain my political friends.' 'Ah,' said ROWTON, 'It will be large enough for *that*?'"

Business done.—Libel Law Amendment Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—Several important questions on to-night. Sugar Bounty Conference, Night Arrests in Ireland, the Ayr Election, Imprisonment of JOHN DILLON, threatened Vote of "No Confidence." All obscured by COBB's cross-examination of HOME SECRETARY. Seems that Rugby Habitation of Primrose League held high festival last Saturday. Among items on programme was race in which a dog, a lamb, and a hen competed. CHARLES RUSSELL pricked up ears. CHAPLIN pulled out suspicious looking note-book. Somebody murmured "Three to one on the dog."

HOME SECRETARY explained: First of all, the gay sportsmen at Rugby were not in for a lamb, but for a sheep. The dog "a very small terrier." As for the hen, its proceedings utterly unworthy of distinction conferred upon it. When brought up to starting-post

L-rd R-s-b-ry "throwing the Institutions of the Country at the Heads of the People."

grossly misunderstood situation. Instead of leading the way and making the running for the sheep, it settled comfortably on the grass, refused to move, and was carried off. Murmurs of sympathy with disappointed Primrose-Leaguers, MANTALINI MATTHEWS much moved whilst relating the incidents. When he sank back on Treasury Bench, took out cambric pocket-handkerchief and mopped moist eyes. *Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Thunder; lightning; earthquake; Vote of "No Confidence!" JOHN MORLEY gave notice to-day. Old Morality accepted challenge for Monday. Quite like old times.

Business done.—Local Government Bill in Committee.

AN ACUTE ENGEL.

Our Celebrities, a Portrait Gallery, is being brought out by Messrs. SWAN, SONNESCHEIN, & Co. The photographs ought to be first-rate, with regular assistance of Sunshine & Co. assured every month for the ridiculously small sum of two-and-sixpence. J. WALERY is the Photographer, and LOUIS ENGEL—the Unlimited LOOIS ENGEL, of the *World*—is the Monographer. The first Number of the series is out this week, dated July 1st, of which "the Contents" are, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, the Marquis of SALISBURY, and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON. They look like "The Contents," and we should say, after inspection, that the Non-Contents would be very few, if any. Associated as the name of "L. E." is with music, being himself a composer, musician, and musical critic, we should have expected the presence of at least one musical celebrity in No. 1. But L. E., not by any means "an obtuse Engel," has taken care of Number One, and so we suppose it's all right. No Ladies are to be admitted, excepting, a great exception, here and there,—though we should say it will be difficult to keep "*Darling Mine*" out of the collection. He has chosen three distinguished Englishmen to lead off with, and has monographed them in his own peculiar style, which is "so Engel-ish, you know."

"In Camerâ."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday—is "*Black Monday*"!

Tuesday.—The *Barbière.* Miss ARNOLDSEN a most *piquante Rosina*, and RAVELLI the Reliable a musically correct, but not a dashing *Almaviva.* NAVARRINI a melodramatic *Figaro*, and EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ too majestic for *Basilio*,—not his line at all,—but in both cases the music has rarely been better sung. CIAMPI revels in *Don Bartolo;* Signor RANDEGGER and the Orchestra revel in CIAMPI. Jokes, presumably "gag," in Italian. Only one person in front row of stalls, who evidently wishes everyone to know that he understands Italian, laughs heartily. Signor CIAMPI reminds me occasionally of that eminent basso, LIONELLO BROUGHO. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent refuses *encore* for her duenna's song: very considerate of her, as it is getting unconscionably late. Nobody in the audience thinks what the time is, but only what the Tune is while the *Barbière* is being played.

Delightful to listen to the conversation, evidently intended to be overheard, of a well-informed lady and gentleman behind me, who are seldom right. "Here's *Figaro* coming," says the gentleman, and immediately enters *Almaviva.* "This is *Don Basilio*," explains the lady when CIAMPI walks on as *Don Bartolo.* In the Singing-lesson scene Miss ARNOLDSEN gives us the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah.* "Ah, charming!" exclaims the gentleman in rapture, "so like ROSSINI! Best thing he ever wrote." ARNOLDSEN *encored*, sings "*Home, Sweet Home!*" "Well," exclaims the lady, rather startled, "I never knew *that* was in this Opera!" "Didn't you, dear?" says the gentleman, delighted at the chance of setting her right and at the same time imparting valuable information to his neighbours. "Don't you remember it was introduced here, like the "*Last Rose of Summer*" was in some other Opera, and ROSSINI stuck to it that it was his own composition? I think there was a lawsuit about it." "Why does she sing it in English?" asks the lady. "Because ARNOLDSON's an Englishwoman," returns the gentleman conclusively, as if the circumstance were a matter of general knowledge to all *habitués* of the Opera.

Everybody delighted with *Barbière.* CHARLES HALL, Q.C., in ecstasies at the shaving scene; thinks of throwing up his practice, dashing his wig, and taking to the Lyric Italian Stage. Might succeed to CIAMPI, if DRURIOLANUS has no objection. Mrs. SHAW, *La Siffleuse*, is present, and thinks it all "sweet." She would very much like to whistle *Rosina's* part in the Lesson scene.

"Reminds me of the time I was on the stage," observes the gallant SWAINE, A.D.C., leaning on his gold-headed stick, "at Cambridge. Used to sing then. Every air charming, eh?" he says, turning to a fine old English Gentleman in the lobby. "Except the Ayr of Scotland," replies Signor CHAPLINI, as he turns on his heel and hurries out into the wintry night.

Wednesday.—*Faust* again. Enthusiastic Composer, who publishes under the name of WALTER AUSTIN (and why not?), protests loudly in the Hall "after the Opera's over" that "never, never, in all his life, since the palmy days of *The Fire King* at Leeds, has he ever heard such an *ensemble*, or seen acting like LASSALLE's as *Valentine.* If," he continues, addressing Dr. WYLDE, and interrupting him just as he is telling a circle of interested listeners that everyone who made a success on the lyric stage had been his pupil at the School of Music, "If," says W. A., emphatically buttonhole-ing Dr. W., "it hadn't been for the people coming in late and treading on my toes, I should have passed the most enjoyable evening I ever remember at the Italian Opera." "I see," returns the Doctor, somewhat shortly—but brevity is the soul of wit,—"then you didn't enjoy it *in toto;*" and he escapes to his carriage, while the Composer strikes the light lucifer from *The Fire King's* patent match-box, illumines a cigar, and slowly walks out, pondering.

Thursday.—*Fra Diavolo*, for the first and only time this season. Not seen it for years. Though every air in it is as familiar in my ears as household words, yet as the Opera proceeds, I begin to doubt if I have ever *seen* it before at all. Have mixed up the story with *La Sonnambula.* RAVELLI the Reliable more at home in the fun of this part than he was as *Almaviva*,—which he also enjoyed, rather. In the Bed-room scene he is decidedly more comic than the second humorous villain; in fact, RAVELLI the Reliable revels in the Ridiculous, and becomes Recklessly Rollicking.

ELLA RUSSELL, sprightly and coquettish as *Zerlina*, sings the *Diavolo Band-ditty* well and dramatically. Much interest evinced among the audience when she is at her toilet preparing to go to rest. Ladies titter; gentlemen discreetly use lorgnettes. Being the Maid of the Inn, she has to be up and dressed quite early in the morning, in order to fetch the hot water ("She looks fetching," observes the gallant Major A.D.C.), and to call the visitors for the first coach; otherwise the practice of going to bed in tightly-laced stays, and high-heeled shoes, cannot be beneficial to health, even in Italy. By the way, what palatial apartments there are in the small Inn at Pontresina. You would never imagine their existence from the exterior as seen in the First Act.

Signor CIAMPI, as *Lord Rocburg* (first cousin to *Lord Allcash*), is made up after the caricatures of the travelling English in a French comic paper. His very modern travelling costume is an anachronism; as his weeping whiskers, curl-papers, and dressing-gown, are of the *Mantalini* period. He reminds me of "The Swell" in the pantomime, who, when there were comic scenes, used to receive most cruel treatment from Clown and Pantaloon. As a whole, CIAMPI and Mlle. LABLACHE are a thorough burlesque couple; the lady being, of course, the better half. I wait until the treacherous villain gives the signal for the *bel capitan* to come into the trap, and then I rush out to get into my own trap, for I cannot sit there quietly and see RAVELLI Riddled. Delighted with the music. Signor MANCINELLI conducts his Bandits well and wisely. But I am told that this Opera never was popular. Can't believe it: but can't deny it.

Saturday.—*Lohengrin* again. Same splendid cast as before. Evidently public prefer big Operas at Covent Garden to small ones. Exhibitions have not in the least as yet injured Opera or Theatres. Three or four Exhibitions can only injure one another.

PATENTED TITLE.—A Job-master starting in business asked a poetic friend to select for him some appropriate title to put over the entrance to his establishment. "You let out riding horses?" asked the friend. "Exactly." "Well, then, advertise 'Excelsior! No more buying and being sold; try the Excelsior System!'" "Ah! but what is the Excelsior System?" asked the Job-master. "Why the 'Hire System,' of course." And if the friend had been connected with the Board of Works, he would have received a couple of hundred for the suggestion.

SUB (PUNCH-AND-) JUDICE.—If, by the time this appears, CHARLES WOOD shall have gained his case, the verdict may be appropriately stated as "GOOD WOOD."

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—A Vacancy. Great opportunity for an experienced COIFFEUR in want of a first-rate Situation, as, at the end of this Season, Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL will lose their HARE—all requests to Mr. and Mrs. K. that "they would keep their Hare on," notwithstanding—and the Hare-dresser will, it is expected, also quit the establishment.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

Mrs. Triplets "And how is your Concert getting on, Herr Pfeiffer!"

Eminent Violinist. "*Pudiful*, as far as de *Brogramme* is goncerned—Beethoven—Schumann—Brahms! But ze *Dickets* don't zell!! Ach! Py ze vay, Mrs. Triplets, you don't happen to hav zoch a zing as a *Moozicalish Infantile Venomenon* apout you zat you could lend me for ze occasion—ja! Gonzertina!—Pantscho!—Pones!—Gomb!—*Anyzing* vill blease ze British Boblic, *if ze Berformer is onter vife years olt!*"

"WHAT A NICE LOT OF NEW FRIENDS I'M MAKING!"

(*A Catch for Three Voices.*)

Bishop. I am glad, Joe, to find you have altered your mind
About Secular Schooling. Your late recantation——
Brum. Fresh light, my dear Sir, dawns on all—save the blind.
But recant!—oh! pray spare me that insinuation—
A term that is *too* theological!
Bung. Yes.
New friends should let bygones be bygones, dear Bishop.
Our Joseph's old customers never could guess
They would see him—excuse the trade term, gents—in *this* shop.
Make friends with the Publican? Joseph? Nay, nay!
And yet now his face, as a friend, at my bar I see.
Bishop. And I at my School!
Brum (*aside*). Which my foes, I dare say,
Will tell me looks like making friends with the Pharisee.
(*Aloud.*) Well, union of hearts is occasion for glee,
So I give you the toast of "We Three!" gents!
Tutti. "We three!!!"

Bishop. *Tria juncta in uno*—which means, my dear Bung,
Three united in one—should be henceforth our maxim.
Bung. I likes toasts and things in my own mother tongue.
Bung knows which dashed party will snub 'im and tax 'im,
And that's not the Church-and-State party, no fear!
Them's the pride of my 'art and the 'ope of the nation.
You gents wouldn't rob a poor man of his beer,
Nor yet of his morals by free Eddication!
Brum (*aside*). Phew! What a nice lot of new friends, to be sure,
I am making! Well, mine is a game needs finessing.
I now "play the Bishop." If that should secure
A chance for a check, 'twere a boon and a blessing.
(*Aloud.*) Well, Gentlemen, you are for Union, like Me!
So once more, here's the toast of "We Three!" friends!
Tutti (*fortissimo*). "We Three!!!"

THE DRAMATIC CRITIC'S DIARY.

Monday.—Morning performance of a new and original farcical Comedy, in four Acts, called *Plum-Pudding*, by J. Smith. Bald adaptation of a German piece "done into English" several times before.

Tuesday.—Special day performance of *Macbeth: Lady Macbeth*, Miss Rosina Snooks; first appearance on any stage—and last!

Wednesday.—Trial of *Eaton Square: a Comedy of High Life*, by Shakspeare Garrick Potts. Theatre half empty; audience entirely "dead heads." Subsequent provincial tour of Mr. Potts and "his great London Success Company."

Thursday.—Special *Matinée* for the introduction of Mrs. Twentystone in the character of *Juliet*. *Romeo* by her coach, Mr. Moses Methuselah (established as a dramatic agent for more than fifty years).

Friday.—Three *Matinées* and four evening performances. Writing all night so as to be in time for the morning papers.

Saturday.—Visit to new invention in Curtains. Press breakfast. Inspection of Austro-Hungarian Exhibition. Press luncheon. Look in at the Royal Scotch Puppets. Press five o'clock tea. Inaugural dinner at the new hotel. Press banquet. *Soirée* at the Footlights Club. Press supper.

Sunday.—In the hands of the Doctor!

Royal Munificence.—Mr. Pritchard Morgan has offered to present the Conductor of the best Choir competing at the Eisteddfod with a *bâton* made of Welsh gold, to become the property of any Choir winning it two years in succession. Meanwhile, of course, the *bâton* will remain a real Gold Stick in Waiting.

Brought to a Head.—In a recent correspondence commenced by the Author of *Tracked Out*, the question has been raised as to whether a head can live that has no body. Perhaps not; but there are many worthy bodies living with no sort of head on their shoulders.

"DELIGHTFUL!"

Artful Joseph. "WHAT A LOT OF NICE NEW FRIENDS I'M MAKING!"

"The Archbishop referred, amid cheers, to the words of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at the opening of a Board School at Birmingham in the acknowledgment that Voluntary Schools must have their place in the education of the people recognised."—*Times' Report of Meeting of National Society.*

AN AGGRIEVED UNIVERSALIST.

DEAR SIR,—Are Editors to be allowed to do what they like with Contributors?* And especially with Reverend Contributors?† Is a writer in my position‡ to lie down§ and be trampled upon by a tyrannical Editor? Never! And I repeat "Never" for ever.¶ What is my complaint?‖

"The Parson at the Play? O Fie!" *Universal Review, June, p.* 248.

Well, Sir, I sent a serious article to the high-class and high-coloured *Almost Universal Review*—which may well be the colour it is, and blush for its Editor's treatment of me**—a serious article I say, Sir, carefully penned and closely reasoned out, on an interesting moral and theological subject, entitled *Pre-Historic Music; or, The Piper that played before Moses*, and, would you believe it, Sir,†† this flippant Editor, whose name is ARRY COUNTERPANER, illustrates my most serious text with pictures of ballet-girls‡‡ in such attitudes!—Oh, me!—and in the shortest skirts!! Sir, I am very angry. I don't know when I've been more annoyed,—except when I lost my pet rooster, which crowed so beautifully as to be the delight of all my neighbours. Do you remember?§§ If not, I am still more

The Aggrieved Contributor,

Thistledown Vicarage, Bray. H. E. HAWISH.

* Certainly.—ED. † Still more certainly.—ED.
‡ What position?—ED. § Nonsense. Can't write lying down.—ED.
¶ Rather tiring this. Monotonous for the audience.—ED.
‖ Don't know. Consult a Physician.—ED.
** He can blush for himself. The colour of the Review its Contributor ought to be pleased with, as symbolical of Reddy Wit.—ED. (This is meant to be complimentary.)
†† No, we wouldn't.—ED.
‡‡ How did the Reverend Contributor know they were ballet-girls? This letter seems to recall a similar case, concerning which the Rev. Mr. HAWEIS wrote last week to *The Standard*. He had contributed an article on The Parson at the Play—poor stuff, by the way—to *The Universal Review*, and Mr. QUILTER, the Editor, tried to enliven it with illustrations of ballet-dancers, some of which he might have had in stock, and wanted to work off. The only mistake was the introduction of an un-English pulpit, and an un-English-Churchman in it, preaching to some *coryphées*.—ED.
§§ "Do you remember?" Rather—"Can you forget!" as Miss GRACE DAMIAN so feelingly sings.—ED.

DONNYBROOK OUTDONE.

"The Fancy Fair in the old Irish Market-place at the Irish Exhibition, postponed in consequence of the death of the German Emperor, is now fixed for July 17, 18, 19, and 20."

HERE'S wishing good fortune to PAT'S Fancy Fair;
May Ireland in all her best glory be there,
Though *sans* Sprig of Shillelagh, *with* Shamrock so green.
With another guess Fair—that of famed Donnybrook—
She too long has been linked; but how lovely she'll look,
With smiling black eyes, but no blackthorn in fist;
The latter the Sassenach dour *may* resist,
But the former will make us all thralls to the Green!

TWO PROFESSIONS.

WOOD, the Jockey, plaintiff in WOOD *v.* COX, cheerfully owned to making £4000 a-year by Jockeyship. No "Whine from the WOOD" about such an income. A successful Comedian makes from £40 to £80 per week, and an average one about £15. What shall we try to make of our boys—Jockeys or Comedians? "'Tis better to have tried and failed, Than never to have tried at all." Many a rising young Barrister who heard WOOD's evidence on this point must have wished he had gone in for the pigskin instead of the woolsack, unless he felt sure of being LOCK-WOOD, Q.C., instead of CHARLES WOOD. As to the Stage, there is the chance of becoming a TREE, which is not so big, of course, as a WOOD. But in this profession an amateur who aims at being a TREE may finish by being only a stick. Mr. J. L. TOOLE was present on one occasion during this trial, when Lord COLERIDGE stated severely that he would not have his Court turned into a theatre. "Quite right, your Ludship!" exclaimed the eminent Comedian. "Too many theatres already." Mr. TOOLE at once quitted the Court in charge of the Tipstaff. In the evening, however, he played *The Don* as usual.

PARLIAMENTARY MUSICAL DEFINITION.—"G minor,"—HERBERT GLADSTONE.

ROBERT AT A WENSON FEAST.

ONE of them nice liberral intelligent gennelmen who kindly takes charge of the jowvenile Sheryffs, and turns 'em out at the hend of their year of ofishal life quite fit and quite hegar for the more higher office of Aldermen, asked about fifty of his werry hiest frends and aqwaintenses to dinner at that nice little favrite house of mine, the Gildhall Tavern, to do honner to a present of Wenson sent to the Chairman by Her Most Grayshus Majesty Queen VICTORIA herself, to show how compleatly she was satisfied with his conduck as Hunder Sherryff! What a grand and nobel thing is Royalty! Supposing as the appy and onered Chairman had dun somethink to satisfy sumboddy else, they would have most likely said, thank you, Sir, and there an nend. But with Royalty, back cums two splendid Hornches of Wenson, one a Buck-un and one a Doe-un, and Royalty says in this werry royal manor, "eat, drink, and be appy!" And so they did, and so they was. I never never seed a merrier party. They was all quite fust-rate, with jest a few grand old Deputtys sprinkled about here and there jest to give a tone and a charackter to the hole lot.

It was a werry elegant *Menu*, printed in red and gold, and the contents, with one xseption, wurthy of the distingwished cumpany, and the appy Chairman. But what a xception! I appened quite by chance to see BROWN a looking at one, and then begin a grinning and a showing of it to one of his brethren, and then they both looked at me, and grinned again. So my kuriosity was natrally xoited, and I took one up and red it. And oh, shades of UDY and FRANK ERTELLY! what did my wundering eyes read? Between the Sammon, the Turbot, and the Croquets, and the Roast Hornsh of Royal Wenson, appeared the follering line, all in red cappital letters, "*Sucking Pig, Sauce Robert!!*" And, to add hinsult to hinjury, the sauce thus named was what is known to the wulgar as "*Sage and inions!*" I don't know when I have bin so shamefully hinsulted, and BROWN'S ribbledry hadded another pang to my wounded feelings. I don't mind confessing, now that it is too late, that one of my werry fondest dreams was, when the inewitable time came that I had not enuff patience for to Wait no longer, to leave my honerd name assoihated with such a Sauce as shoud keep it in fond memory for countless ginerations of Corporation diners.

The many hours I have diddicated to this noble haspiration is now all wuss than wasted! and O! the many boxes of no matter whoose p-lls I have had to swaller when pursuing my many werry trying xperiments! But all in wain; and one cruel blow from a thoughtless *Sheff* has blited my fondest hopes, and lost me praps quite a nice little propputy. But such is life! We builds up our Carsels of Cards hier, and hier, and hier, and with tears upon tears; and jist as we thinks we is a going for to put the finishing touch to our great Picter, our grand Statty, or an emortal Sauce, somethink happens, and down comes the labour of long ears, and we stands elpless and agarst, amid the ruins of our wastid lives!

But a troose to these sad thorts, and let us, as the French says, return to our Wensons. Well, our Buck wenson we roasted, and our Doe wenson we braized, and amost every one of the gestes tried both, and werry few on 'em coud tell one from t'other, xcept of course the members of the Hepping Forrist Cummitty, who natrally knew both by instinkt. Sum few of the werry sewerest of the wensonian Crickits wentered to say as they didn't think as it had bin kept hanging quite long enuff, but they all looked most remarkable small when the Chairman informed 'em as he had kep it hanging rather more than three munse. To be sure it was in a Cold Store, but still hanging is hanging all the world over, including New Zeeland itself, and it woud ha' been rather unloyal to look a Royal gift Buck in the mouth to see how long he 'd been kept hanging.

The Chairman set the good xampel of short speeches, and all follerd suit. What a nobel thing it woud be if all Royal presents of Wenson was consumed in the same natral and libral way.

ROBERT.

THE RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—Last Wednesday Botanical Gardens Flower Show. Rain of course. Might have been predicted. Gardens soaking. So much wet about—quite Botany Bay.

MRS. RAM says she thinks of sending her youngest nephew to an Agricultural College to study Farmacy.

A STUTTERING Liberal-Unionist said that "the ter-ter-trees he is most f-f-fond of are se-se-cedars."

SECRET MEETING OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

(THURSDAY, JUNE 21ST.)

Lord S-l-sb-ry and Chorus (fortissimo). "BUT SOFT! WE MUST DISSEMBLE!"

ANOTHER LITTLE TALE OF "MR. G."

THE following little story of Mr. GLADSTONE, which is said by the *Manchester Guardian* to be "highly characteristic of his versatile intensity," was recently quoted from that paper by the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"After an interesting interview with a prominent author whose acquaintance he had newly made, in reply to a courteous hope that his life and strength might long be spared, Mr. GLADSTONE said: 'Yes, I confess I wish to live, for two great objects. You can guess one of them. It is to settle the Irish question. The other is to convince my countrymen of the substantial identity between the theology of HOMER and that of the Old Testament.'"

Having been favoured with another little story of Mr. GLADSTONE of the same kind, and one which seems to be, if possible, even more characteristic of his versatile intensity, we subjoin it without comment.

At the close of a deeply religious controversy with a well-known Archbishop whom he happened to meet at a Garden Party, in response to a cautious inquiry whether he felt his life and strength equal to anything, Mr. GLADSTONE much surprised his reverend interlocutor by replying, "I should think so: rather. And I'll tell you what I've got to do before I die. I want to sing the tenor's part in the *Huguenots*, ride the winning horse for the Derby three years running, go up in a balloon hanging on by my teeth, and give a conjuring and ventroloquial entertainment at the Westminster Aquarium. Nor is this all. I'm going to preach from the pulpit of St. Paul's, ride up the Row wearing the SPEAKER'S wig, get a diploma as a double-tooth extractor from the Dental Hospital, drive the Dorking Coach, and go over the Falls of Niagara in a barrel at the panorama in York Street. Add to this that I propose swimming across the Channel from Dover to Calais, writing the Drury Lane Pantomime, and appearing in the Harlequinade myself as Clown, entering a lion's den, putting my head in his mouth and tickling his throat till I made him cough, and then rowing stroke in the Oxford boat next year when they race Cambridge, and you may be pretty sure I've got plenty of things ready to set my hand to. And what's more; I mean to do 'em."

A NEW CHARACTER IN JOURNALISM.—The "Religious Editor"—*vide* letter to *Times*, from the Editor of *The Contemporary Pulpit*, about the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH'S sermons—is a new character professionally in journalism. "I speak not for myself," he writes; the style of "The Religious Editor" being quite Apostolic—much more so than that of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, whose letter of complaint to the *Times* was characterised by flippancy, especially in its joke about "Extra"—"I speak not for myself," writes the R. E., with all humility, "but for all Religious Editors, when I say," &c. And what he does say is, that he is quite willing to pay for the copyright of sermons by the Best Preachers, if each one will revise his proofs, and put his name to his own discourse,—a proposition to which, as it appears, very few of the Best Preachers are inclined to accede. But, anyhow, "The Religious Editor" is delightful. What a paper, called let us say, "*Teresith*," *Mr. Chadband* might have started with *Pecksniff*, *Uriah Heep the 'Umble*, *Stiggins*, and a few others, as principal Religious Contributors. LABBY, M.P., must tremble at the bare possibility of such a notion.

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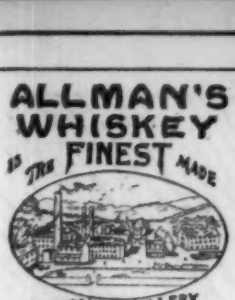

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